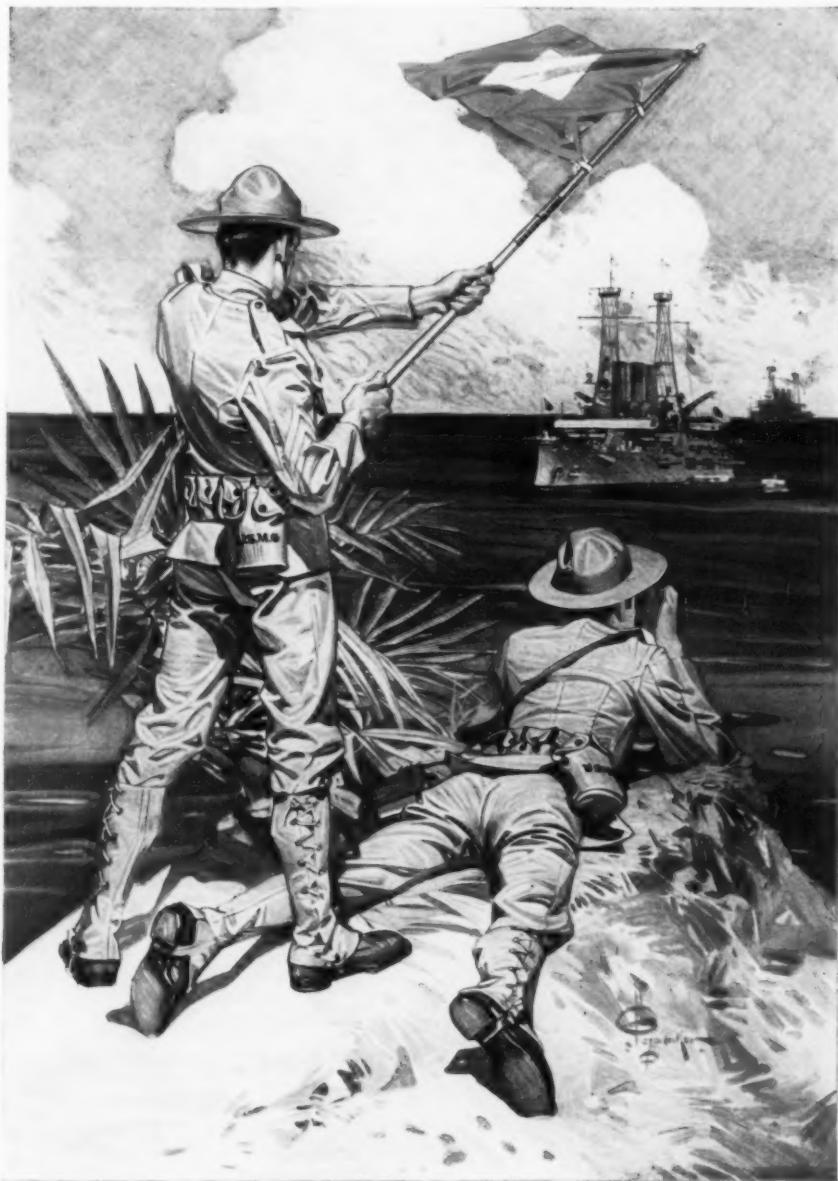


THE LEATHERNECK

October, 1928

Single Copy 25c



SIGNALING A MESSAGE TO THE FLEET

From "The New Book of American Ships"

By Capt. Orton P. Jackson, U. S. N., and Col. Frank E. Evans, U. S. M. C.
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What a cigarette meant there

*Down from a
starless sky . . . and after hours of utter
strain, a moment of utter relaxation. Safety
after peril . . . rest after struggle . . . com-
panionship after lonely vigil . . . no wonder
the solace of a friendly cigarette has a place
of its own in men's hearts.*

What a cigarette means here

*Up from the
sun-drenched earth—drowsily nourished under
smiling skies, the tender leaves of tobacco ripen
into gold or bronze.*

From what soil and rain and summer sun pre-
pare, we select the prize lots. Aroma and fragrance
from Turkey; from old Virginia and the Carolinas,
rare mildness; mellow "body" from Kentucky.
We "age" it and blend it . . . and from earth's
choicest tobaccos we give you Chesterfield.

And about six million smokers tell us it's more
than worth all the trouble we take!

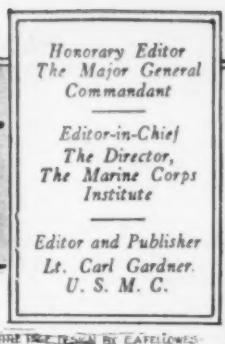
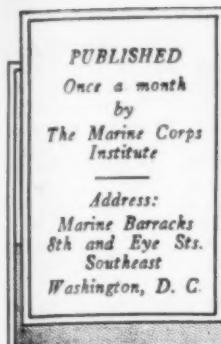
Cigarette Makers of America Co.



*Harvesting a fine stand
of "bright" tobacco
and hauling by sledge
to the curing barn.*

Chesterfield

MILD enough for anybody . . . and yet THEY SATISFY



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NUMBER 10

TRIMMED AND BURNING

By Hapsburg Liebe

BAINSVILLE is the center of jurisprudence in Cantrell County, and a place of variety and extremes. About the best man on earth, and about the worst man on earth were born there, I am told—and of the two Nebo Slayter alone is left. In Bainsville one house boasts of its paintings by old masters; the house next door has hanging in beribboned state a Winchester rifle with eight full-sized and bona fide notches cut in its walnut stock.

In short, Bainsville is down South.

Dale Garland was twenty-four years old, seventy-two inches high, forty-four inches around the chest, at normal, as strong as hickory that has been seasoning for a year up a wood-fire chimney, very easy-going and very good-natured and in love with the world. He was the last remnant of a good old family. He came home from the army wearing a sergeant's chevrons on his khaki sleeves, and because of those V stripes he at once found himself the greatest hero Bainsville and Cantrell County had known since the Civil War day when Jim Tom Adams had let bushwhackers hang him for a spy because he wouldn't tell what was in the message he had just swallowed. Old Nebo Slayter talked with his head henchman, old Judge William Dandridge, for an hour one night, and on the following day the judge proposed to the rest of the ring that they run Dale Garland, "the irresponsible," for the office of sheriff. Dandridge quoted Slayter when he told the rest of the ring that it was their only possible chance of defeating John Millard, one of the would-be reformers.

Garland made the race, and he won. He wired to Knoxville for a new nickel-plated star of authority, and began to inhabit the stuffy little office in a downstairs corner of Bainsville's old red-brick jail. Poor Dale didn't yet know what it was that he had on his hands. It was a woman that told him.

She was a young woman, not more than twenty-two, I dare say. Her father had been Garland's opponent in the race for the office of high sheriff. Dale remembered her best as a slip of a schoolgirl, with her brown hair reaching down her back in twin plaits to twin bows of blue ribbon.

Garland met her just out of the suburbs one quiet evening shortly after his election, when everything except the low songs of mocking birds and the distant murmur of cowbells and the fragrance of honeysuckles seemed a jarring nonessential. It rather surprised him to note that she wore her hair in a pile on her head, and her skirts to a point within a few inches of her ankles.

Dale halted the fine black horse that Judge Dandridge had sold him on payments, and took off his broad-brimmed hat. "Why, hello, Alice!" he cried in a burst of his old boyishness. "You're growin' faster than the weeds in a woman's cornfield!" John Millerand's daughter didn't reward him with even a smile. "I wonder, Dale," she said solemnly, "if you'll ever grow up."

Garland's smile faded at the change that had come over her

already sober countenance; it wasn't far from tragic now. "What's the matter, Alice?"

She stared at him with eyes that were brighter than topazes and as brown, and said nothing.

"Look here, Alice," he said in his soft southern drawl. "We were schoolmates. I used to carry you across the creek every day, twice every day, on my back so you wouldn't wet your feet. I thrashed Pink Lippert until he hollered because he pulled your hair and called you a smarty. I was your sidekicker then, Alice, and I want to be your sidekicker yet—er, that is, I—I—want you to tell me just what is the nature of the insect in the ointment, Alice, please?"

Alice Millerand looked at him squarely, looked away, looked back at him. "I can't believe you realized what you were doing," said she, now more than a little mollified. "You surely wouldn't have done it if you had. Dale, you were Nebo Slayter's own pet candidate, and he's anything but a decent man. He worked hard for you and he bought votes for you. He did it because he means to use you as one of his tools. The reform side was very anxious to put in somebody that could break Nebo Slayter's crowd, and you—you spoiled it, Dale."

Garland frowned. "I heard a lot about that, Alice," he said presently, "but I thought it was only the ordinary mud-slingin' of any election; Slayter and Judge William Dandridge told me it was, and, somehow, they made me believe it. If Nebo Slayter or Judge Dandridge thinks he can lead me around on a piece of string like a monkey, he's got another think long overdue."

"Nebo Slayter has about half a million," she told him, "that he got in one way or another. You remember old 'Timber Joe' Clarkson, who used to live in the big white house out on Clarkson's Creek? He made a fortune in timber, and it all disappeared when he died, and there are those who think that Slayter and Dandridge got it. My father didn't want the sheriff's place for the money it would pay him, Dale, though he could very easily find use for it. He wanted to see this county's political affairs cleaned! It's your county, too, Dale. Most of your folks are buried here, nearly all of them."

"Yes," cut in Garland, speaking more to himself than to Alice, and more solemnly than anybody had ever heard him speak before—"yes, most o' my folks are buried here. And, by God, I'll live up to what they'd want—I beg your pardon, Alice; I forgot."

Miss Millerand smiled. "If an oath can be delightful," she said, "that one was. Keep your lamp of duty trimmed and burning, Dale, and let us know if we can help you. 'Bye!'"

It was the arrival of one of Garland's newly appointed deputies that brought Garland back to himself. Fraser was rough, but he was straight. He rode up and pressed a folded paper, into his superior's hand. "Been lookin' everywhere fo' you, Dale," he muttered. "That's a warrant fo' the arrest o' Young Bill Young, out in the Back Half."

The "Back Half" of Cantrell County was filled with a semi-wilderness of mountains. "Young Bill" Young, son of "Old

Bill" Young, deceased, was uncrowned but undisputed king there. Garland mechanically put the paper in his coat pocket. Deputy Fraser continued: "Looks like he waited until you was elected to kill his man, Dale, and mebbe he did; your pre-decessor, the other sheriff was gettin' sort o' waspy. A phone message happened in jest as I was about to start fo' to look you up, Dale. It was from Nebo Slayter. He said he wanted to see you immejly."

Darkness was settling down thickly when the new Dale Garland reached the town's small business section. Just as he arrived at a corner from which he could see the lighted front window of his office in the jail a voice hailed him, and he drew his horse up short. A tall and slender, thin-faced man, with the eyes of a fox, stepped from the worn brick sidewalk into the dimly lighted street, and in another moment was standing within a yard of him. "Oh, it's you, judge," Garland growled. "Well?"

"I want to advise you a little, Dale," Dandridge began, with furtive glances in several directions. "You're inexperienced, and it's unfortunate for you to have to tackle such a thing as this at the very outset. You've heard about Bill Young?"

"Got a warrant for his arrest here in my pocket," was the sharp reply, "and I'm going to arrest him if I live long enough. What's the advice you mention, judge?"

Dandridge fairly gasped in his surprise. "You know, of course," Dandridge said, "that Young Bill Young is the bell sheep out in the Back Half, and that everybody in the section is blood kin to him, and if you arrest one of them you'll have to arrest them all."

"Then I'll arrest them all."

Dandridge had himself well in hand now. He proceeded with his usual calm cocksureness: "This man Al Fyfer that Young killed—it was in self-defense, by the way—was a worthless rake, and the county is better off without him. You are bound to make some effort toward bringing Young in, I admit; but—er, there's no need to lose your life in the attempt. Don't you see, Dale?"

"See!" Garland laughed a short laugh that was not pleasant to the judge. "My vision is fine. I see that Bill Young has nothing to fear from the law if he killed his man in self-defense, for one thing. For another, I see that Young is likely to talk a lot and give trouble to certain other parties if he's brought into court. I see, too, that he may skip the country if he has time to think the matter over, and if he is urged a little. See? I can beat a telescope! We might as well have an understandin', judge," he went on. "I'm the sheriff of Cantrell County, and I'll put you in jail if you commit a crime, just as I would anybody else. Is there anything about what I've said that you don't just quite exactly get, judge?"

Dandridge put a hand on the bridle of the horse that Garland rode. "You'll either pay me for this animal right now, Dale," said he, "or you'll leave him here. If I get no favors from you, you get no favors from me. Is there anything about that that you don't just quite exactly get?"

Now, Garland had not much money anywhere, and almost none ready to hand. But he had something that money couldn't buy. He dismounted and took off both bridle and saddle, which were property of his own, shouldered them, and disappeared into the night without favoring Judge William Dandridge with another word.

Ten minutes later he threw his saddle and bridle down inside John Millard's driveway gate, went up to the vine-covered front porch, and rang the doorbell. Millard himself came in response to the summons.

"John," half whispered Garland, "I saw a red mule in your back lot this afternoon, and I want to borrow it. There's a chance that you won't get it back."

Millard knew before Garland had finished speaking just what had taken place. "Sorry I haven't a horse for you, Dale," he said.

He hastened toward the rear, and a moment afterward his daughter Alice came to the front door.

Impulsively she caught Garland's hand, gave it a quick squeeze, and dropped it. "I wish you good luck, Dale," said she. "I know where you're going, and you'll probably need a lot of luck. If you can get Bill on that mule, Dale, and then pinch the mule, it will likely save the court and hangman a lot of trouble! His name is Blizzard, and nobody but Dad could ever handle him very well. You can be careful without being afraid, can't you? Bill Young might kill you, Dale."

"Does it matter to you?" he asked, very awkwardly.

"Guess, Dale Garland!" she told him, and she laughed a little. "Guess."

The new sheriff walked toward the driveway gate when he

heard hoofbeats. Together he and John Millard succeeded in putting saddle and bridle on Blizzard, and Garland mounted.

"Better watch him, Dale," warned Millard. "He's as mean as a rattlesnake, and as quick as dynamite. Fasten him when you get off him, or he'll beat you home. Goodbye and good luck!"

Garland rode to the jail. Deputy Fraser came out and received certain instructions, after which Garland rode out a street that ended in a clay road and reached into the hills.

He had not gone far when he met Nebo Slayter.

"That you, Dale? Riding a mule, eh? On your way to get Bill Young?" He fired the questions so rapidly that Garland had no opportunity to answer, and continued: "You can get Bill Young without being killed over it, but not now. Hear me, Dale?"

"I know your game, Nebo. Young does all kinds of dirty work for you, such as saltin' land with iron and coal for you to sell to dupes from the East, and helpin' you with timberland steals—and you give him law protection for 'most any cussedness he feels inclined to pull off. Don't touch this mule, Nebo..."

Young Bill Young was thirty-six years old and the eldest of three wildcat brothers who lived bachelor fashion in a rambling log house at the upper end of a broad gash in the breast of Iron Top Mountain, known as Crippled Dog Cove. He was exceedingly tall, but angular and very thin, long-armed and long-legged, and he possessed, among other desirable and undesirable attributes, an almost unbelievable strength and the cunning of an October weasel. Dale Garland knew better than to think he would find Bill Young sitting idly at home, waiting for him.

Not far from Crippled Dog Cove there was a labyrinth of laurel a mile across that the hill folk knew as Copperhead Glory. A panther might well have lost its way in it. Garland had hunted through the labyrinthine mass of greenery dozens of times in the days of his youth, and he headed for it now.

Garland dismounted softly at the edge of the great thicket and led Blizzard into it. He made the animal fast to a sapling by means of its halter rope. Then he found a tree a safe distance from Blizzard's heels, sat down and leaned his back against it, went to sleep and slept soundly until almost sunrise.

He awoke with a queer sense that all was not well. He found his hat and put it on mechanically, rose and began to look about him. Sitting on a moss-covered log a few yards away he saw the tall young Bill Young. The hillman's face wore the smuggest possible air of complacency, and a rifle lay across his knees.

It was Young that spoke first. "Hi, sheriff," he drawled easily.

Garland smiled his old, slow, boyish smile. "Why, good mornin', William! How are you this mornin'?"

"Mornin'," Young grunted. His eyes twinkled. "Whose mule is that, Dale?"

"Mine while I've got him, and he's crazy to go home."

"Yeah." Bill Young nodded, looked toward the restless Blizzard, then looked back to the sheriff. Maybe ye'd better take him back. But, while you're out here, got any word fo' me, or anything?"

In spite of himself, Garland laughed. "Yes," he said, suddenly sober, "I wanted to see you." He thrust both his hands into his trousers pockets, aimed both eyes at his toes, and sauntered leisurely over to the log. He sat down beside young Bill Young. Bill moved a foot, and turned the barrel of his rifle so that it bore full on Garland's temple. The red mule pricked up his ears and edged over to a point within arm's reach of the two men.

"Are you ready to go along with me?" said Garland.

"As ready as I ever was, or ever will be." Young's right forefinger crept around the trigger of his Winchester, and the thumb of that same hand crooked over the hammer. "Dale," he went on savagely, "do ye, honest to goodness, think ye could take me to jail?"

Garland bent forward slightly, put his elbows on his knees, and laced his fingers together.

"If you'll go without givin' me any trouble, Bill," said he, eyeing his fingers closely, "I'll remember it to your credit."

"Yeah, like H——," said young Bill Young. "Dale, looky here. I ain't had nothin' ag'in ye, and I'd shore ruther not hav to shoot ye."

Garland began to watch Young's hammer thumb out of the tail of his eye. Soon he saw the hammer begin to move slowly back, and he knew that he had best do what he was going to do before it stopped at a full cock.

(Continued on page 54)

The Haitian Campaign in 1919

By Lieut. L. E. Thompson, Gendarmerie d'Haiti



IREBALAIS, the base camp, a tiny village on the south bank of the Artibonite River. Houses of mud and grass, dominated by the Cathedral and the home of the local priest.

The "square," rough uneven ground, sparsely shaded by a few trees, partly cobbled and very hot.

It is now occupied by the Marines, their yellow canvas tents in even rows along the south side, the mess-tents under a huge mango tree.

Thursday is market-day, when the women come from far and near to buy, sell, trade and argue, a scene of color and activity.

The days are hot and the few Marines in camp seek relief from the heat by lying on their bunks in "skivvies" and sipping luke-warm "kola" that has hung in the river from the end of a string in a vain effort to cool it.

The colors fly from a bamboo pole nailed to the roof of the tiny shack that serves as headquarters, just a few steps from the camp.

Skinny native dogs are continually chased from the vicinity of the galley by an irate mess sergeant who must have been at one time an Army mule-skinner—such choice expletives! From the tents comes, now and then, a voice, droning something like a ritual: "Hit me" . . . "Good" . . . or, "Take it!" A Victrola pours forth the strains of "Deep River," played by Maud Powell.

A Gendarme comes through town bringing a dirty, long-haired Caco. This Caco is in rags and his eyes are full of fright and apprehension—the lot of a Caco who falls into the hands of the Gendarmes is a hard one, the lot of a "blanc" who falls into the hands of the Cacos is worse.

A major and two Gendarmes driving in from Las Cahobas. The car stalls in the Riviere Fer a Cheval and a roving band of Cacos opens fire on the party. The major fires back from the rear window of the car, using his automatic, while the chauffeur desperately cranks the stubborn motor.

Three mounted Marines, also coming from Las Cahobas, hear the firing and spur their horses. As they round a turn and enter the scene the major, more or less excited, fires at the leading Marine, whose horse, frightened, rears up and off goes the Marine. He rises, and with a curse grabs his rifle and gets set to do bit of damage.

The situation is speedily sized up and the Cacos, true to their nature, take off in the bushes. Arriving in Mirebalais the Major sputters the story to the commanding officer while, in camp, the three Marines tell their version of it to the eager men.

A brand new doctor arrives, via truck. He is short and red haired and very much in love. Every morning he calls Port au Prince and the ensuing conversation is not for our ears.

Eight o'clock on a dark, rainy night. Thirty-five men in camp. A shot is heard, muffled by the rain to a dull "boom." Lanterns are quickly extinguished and Marines in various stages of dress rush out of the tents. Investigation proved that a Gendarme on watch had accidentally discharged his piece while shifting it from right to left shoulder, but—in the grand rush a huge lieutenant, a Philadelphian, fell in the ditch on the west side of camp and was completely submerged. His automatic was recovered two days later.

Since the heavy rains the Artibonite has been a raging yellow flood. There is a wire cable stretched across it and a sort of ferry has been rigged up, consisting of two dugout canoes, held together by a plank deck. There is a rail on each side about a foot in height and a line and tackle arrangement from the boat to the cable. The idea is to have the current push the boat across the river and then by shifting the lines to the other one, have the current push it back.

It worked with from six to eight men aboard but one night a detail of twenty-seven men was sent out to capture a gang of big "Chefs" who were, according to a prisoner, to meet in a house far in the jungle to divide the spoils of a recent raid. (As it later developed the "Chefs" were conspicuous by their absence.) Anyhow, all but fourteen of the detail were safely across the river. It was raining in sheets and the lieutenant in charge, formerly a sergeant in the 57th Company, was in a rush so he got all the remaining men aboard the craft and gave the order to shove off.

They shoved, the boat tilted, someone pushed, all yelled and, with a grand splash, the boat dumped its load into eight feet of swirling, muddy water. After a series of terrible sounds, floppings, splashes and highly decorated cuss-words, fourteen dripping, muddy and thoroughly angry Marines clawed their way up the steep bank.

April 4th. A clear, warm morning. A column of Marines numbering between fifty and sixty, strangely silent, is strung out on the road leading east from Mirebalais. At the head of the column a tiny white dog is frisking, out of the sheer joy of being alive. But it gets on the nerves of the major in command and he orders a sergeant to kill it. A blow of a rifle-butt ends the life of the little fellow. Shortly after the major is heard to mutter: "Our luck went with that dog."

Nine-thirty, and a halt is made. The major tells the men that there are several hundreds of Cacos somewhere ahead and that when they are reached, and the fighting begins, each man will fix bayonets without command.

This is a grave situation for most of these men. They have never been under fire and that, with the thought of the superior numbers they will engage, causes them to wonder how it will end. However, they remember that they are Marines, and so the column moves onward.

Nine-fifty, and at a signal from the major they halt. On the right is a large field of cane, surrounded by a rail fence. On the left an acre or so of level grassy land. Ahead, at a distance of five or six hundred yards, looms a mountain. Standing in silence the men hear countless voices in the cane. The major and a gunnery sergeant with a Lewis gun slip to the fence and peer through the cane. The sergeant rests the machine gun on the top rail and the major unlocks his rifle. A shot from the major is followed by the rat-ta-tat of the Lewis gun.

Bedlam reigns. The Cacos in the cane, through surprise, are temporarily demoralized. The crashing of their bodies is audible as they tear through the cane. The Marines deploy and fall flat, several facing the rear. The major stands up on the firing line and it appears as though he is trying to unlock his rifle.

Suddenly he staggers back with a shriek and a streak of blood glistens in the sunshine. A sergeant springs up and catches the falling man and lowers him to the ground. The men are stunned for a moment. The sergeant attempts to stop the flow of blood but it is too late. The Major chokes, relaxes, and is still. The promising career of an officer and a gentleman is ended, but even death cannot deny such men the glory and honor that is their due.

The fight is on. The booming of old 45-70's mingles with the sharp crack of Springfields and the steady song of Lewis guns. The vicious snapping of slugs through the dry cane vies with the thudding of tom-toms and the weird shrieking of conche horns.

Behind the lines a Caco, hidden in a mango tree, gets off a few wild shots at the Marines. Before the smoke of the last shot has drifted away a Gendarme officer rises and sends five bullets into the tree and down comes Caco, rifle and all.

A captain takes a squad of men and a machine gun and enters the cane on the right flank of the line. They work their way around to the left front and drive the Cacos before them. At this juncture a wise Caco sets fire to the cane and it spreads rapidly until the heat is intense and the air is filled with smoke and flying pieces of blazing cane.

A corpsman is crouching above the body of the major, straightening the limbs and tying the jaws together. Now and then he raises his pistol and fires into the cane.

A lieutenant has four men off to the left, keeping watch on the road that leads to the river. Suddenly three Cacos dart from the bushes and leap across the road. It is done in a flash but the rifle in the hands of a youngster cracks and the last Caco slumps in the middle of the road and stays there. The lieutenant crawls to him, a distance of perhaps seventy-five yards, secures his gun and returns to his men.

The firing is intermittent. It is one p. m. and the Marines sit in the shade and shake from their pockets the crumbled remains of cheese sandwiches, which they eat and wash down

(Continued on page 53)

MAIL DAY

By Captain John W. Thomason, Jr., U. S. M. C.

ALL hands have been talking about it since the last mail-boat.—"Let's see—today's the twenty-fifth; that cock-eyed mail orderly says there's a P. and N. boat on the fourth—just ten days, huh?"—"Just ten days, hell! How long d'yuh think ten days is, sailor?"—"Aw—what's the sense in mail anyway, down here at the fartherest place there is! Tell you—that last mail we got, I get a letter from my girl—told me about goin' out to Ocean View wit' a damn gunner's mate from the Naval Base—Hampton Roads—you know—on the Sunday after the Fourth o' July. And here it is the end of August. Sometime next fall she gets my come-back, advisin' her to lay off of gunner's mates or say adoo to me. And by that time she prob'ly be cruisin' steady with a corporal of Marines!" "Well, it's ten days, like I said—"

The cruiser rocks to the long Pacific swell—the interminable roll that comes, day and night, wind and weather regardless, out of the blank southwest, from clear around the world. Down here in these naked Pacific roadsteads you cast your anchor cunningly, and make the stern fast to a buoy, so that the bow will always ride up to the swell. Wind and tide are of no special consideration—but in an anchorage a few points off you will roll your innards out, as they say, very quickly. . . . Gulls—the ship's company has noted five species of gulls and will soon know the individuals by their Christian or given names; pelicans—all pelicans are amazingly dignified and answer to the name of "John"; and two kinds of cormorants—which are the esteemed guano-birds of this coast—rally around the ship continually. Pelicans and cormorants do not utter; gulls squall and mew forever, and are a weariness.

Every morning, the deck divisions, scrubbing down with sand, holystoning, and waiting on the ship with the proper mysteries, see the sun come up out of South America, painting with rosy light, very briefly, the incredible bleak barrenness of the Rainless Coast. There is guard mount; the band plays; the bugles go for quarters. The cruiser hums about the routine of her day, a self-contained and aloof little world, suspended in a tremendous boredom. The sun mounts, veiled sometimes in pale clouds that threaten but never perform; and shoreward you observe a place of tumbled sand-hills, drab as an ash-heap, where no green blade or leaf grows, except a few sickly trees in the squalid town that crawls in the lee of a great scarred rock—El Morro. (There is something going on in that miserable town, high affairs of state, concerning the details of which the ship has not the honor of knowing anything.) Far inshore, beyond the hills, beyond the ridges, you can see on a clear day enormous piled-up masses, like white clouds, except they hold their shape—the Andes. There is a bell on the fo-

c'sle that marks the passing of the hours. General drills. Brightwork. Chow. You reflect that, if you were in Scapa Flow or Singapore, Vladivostok or New York, Capetown or Punta Arenas, the general drills would go on, and there would be the same brightwork to be shined, and the bell forward would toll off the same hours in the fashion of the sea.

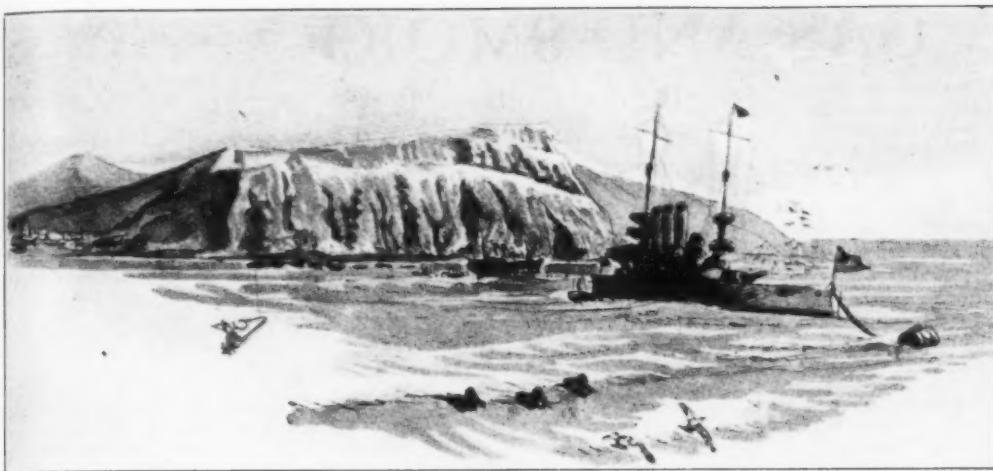
The sea is very old; things do not greatly change upon it. They relate that there was a ship on the navy-list once—U. S. S. "Wateree." The dark spot on the beach yonder, three and a half miles up the coast, is her boilers. In 1869 she lay in here, perhaps where we lie now. American sailors and Marines aboard her went about their little details, as we do now. And there was an earthquake ashore, following which the water receded from the coast, and left every ship in the roadstead sitting on the ocean-floor. To be exact, reclining on their sides. Except U. S. S. "Wateree," which was a paddle-wheeler of Civil War construction, and had a flat bottom: she settled upright. When the Pacific Ocean returned, as it did presently and with violence, U. S. S. "Wateree" floated like the Ark. All the others—there were a lot of them, lying like stranded mullet—were swept up, rolled over, and savaged generally by merciless water—the hulk of one sailing-ship washed up with her own anchor-chain three times around her! But U. S. S. "Wateree" rested tranquilly some miles inland at the foot of the hills, where the tidal wave set her down. Subsequently thrifty Chilenos used her for a hotel, road-house, hospital, God knows what. A later storm came in after her, made sport with her, and deposited her on the beach where her boilers now remain. They say that tidal waves, which occur from time to

time on this coast, are always preceded by an earthquake. Our captain is on record to the effect that, if a tremor starts, he will light off all boilers and go to sea. Or so he was reported by that truthful Marine, the captain's orderly.—"Old Man say that? Well, they do say these earthquakes and such are hard on pore folks ashore—but if it's got to happen, here's a fine place for one!"

So this day, and any other day. There is liberty from one o'clock to five for one hundred men; about twenty valiant souls go over, and the bored shore-patrol. . . . "Not that there's a dam' thing on the beach. The girls, now, they got ankles like beef cattle;—that pisco stuff they sell you, it'll grow hair right in the middle of a guy's stomach! Yeh! Two drinks, an' you'll come back and ask the Exec. for a match, right on the quarter-deck.—All same, a liberty's a liberty! Le's go—" When the launches return after five, the red flag—the chow flag—is at the foreyard-arm, and all the gulls are milling with petulant remarks by the garbage-chute, port side; they know



Gun-striker on Gun 8 has done very well.



The incredible bleak barrenness of the Rainless Coast.

when we eat. The band and the Marines of the guard form across the quarter-deck: the band discourses the national air, and the flag comes down. Out on the Pacific the sun shows through the seaward haze, a tired sun in a smudge of yellow. Looking inland, the hills are lovely in lavender with purple shadows, and the high peaks of the Andes hang far above and beyond, insubstantial as dreams in a sky like mother-of-pearl. Then it is dark, and the Southern Cross, canted and lopsided, blazes out, and the bugles go for movies. Presently, taps. Nine days until the mail.

Even with nothing to mark it, time will get on somehow: it is Saturday; the ship and her people are groomed for captain's inspection. When your mess-boy comes in with early coffee, you say: "Morning, Alipougo. Say, did the mail-boat get in?" "Mail-boat, ess, ser, he come in. Anchor port side—you look—see?" The commander's morning orders say: "08:00—mail orderly to go aboard mail-boat and bring off mail. Mail will be distributed immediately following captain's inspection." "Well, mail's aboard," says the officer of the deck when you come up the hatch, pulling on your gloves, to your division parade. "Guard—tention! Guard present—counted for, sir!" reports the first sergeant of Marines to the Captain of Marines; and "Yes, sir. Nine bags first-class, the mail orderly says, sir," adds that invaluable non-commissioned officer in discreet tones. Sometimes inspection can be longer than other times. And you know the Old Man wants, just as badly as anybody, to see what is on his desk in the cabin—sense of duty's a great thing!

Finally the gold and glitter passes the last compartment to be inspected—Gun 8, in the Marine compartment. The captain goes aft, and the bugles sing "Carry On"—and, "Mail-O!"—Better remind the gunnery-sergeant about those tompions—"Oh, Murphy—here a minute—" The shock-headed company clerk comes on the run from the detachment-office—mail is distributed by divisions. He climbs on a mess-bench, and a hundred Marines, from the guard in their white belts and tight blouses to the captain of the head in skivvies, mass around him. "Non-coms get theirs called off first—Je's, I'm goin' to strike for corporal, I am!" . . . I think that if the folks who write our letters could see those letters handed out, in far places, they would write more of them . . .

There is the detachment sheik; four times, to the envy of all, his name is called. He has a blue envelope from Norfolk, and a pink one from Beaufort, S. C., and a large, square billet from Brooklyn—very elegant stationery—and the biggest and fattest of all is plain white, from a place in Pennsylvania you never heard of. Sheiks, one may remark, make good soldiers. For one thing, they never risk stoppage of shore liberty by misconduct. They are ambitious fellows, loving the gauds and glamour of the higher ratings; they are well aware of the effect a sergeant's chevrons, cloth of gold against blue cloth, make on a simple maid.

There is also the intense chap who gets a lot of letters, almost as many as the sheik. They are from the same place and in the same handwriting. He goes off by himself to read his mail and answer it. You happen to know that he allots most of his pay to a certain savings-bank, which pays four per cent. You

consider that you will probably lose a good Marine in that bird, when we get North; he's due to be paid off. Chances are, you'll have a vacancy for a corporal, and there will be a new service station or some such thing on a North Carolina highway, with the girl who writes those letters on the premises. . . . Gun-striker on Gun 8 has done very well. Has a stack of it. He's retired under his gun, and set his letters in a neat pile. Shuffles them out according to dates—picks out the oldest one—postmarked six weeks since.—"Le's see—where was we

that day?—standin' out of Balboa—" There are the fellows who draw one letter—never any more; go off to read it slowly. Some of those letters will be brought to you to-morrow: things not so good at home, son; your father's rheumatism—can't work; could you increase your allotment, and ask your captain if you can't get out of the navy and come home, for we need you very badly—that sort of thing.

And there are the home papers—little four-sheet weeklies and semiweeklies, Sentinels, and Eagles, and Patriots, and Post-Items. They are read before any one bothers to open the great dailies, New York and Philly and Chicago, that lie now unnoticed on the sergeant's table. Presently men will shuck off their wrappers and seek out the bathing-girls in the picture supplements. . . . Crowd's thinning out—one bird receives, with indignation, the pious publication of a certain sect. "Aw!—I'll be—" But before the next mail comes, he will read it, out of pure boredom—even the testimonials. And there are always men who get no mail. They wait until the last. "That's all there is; there isn't any more," says the company clerk, tearing into his own. And they lounge off, making scornful remarks—

forward, by themselves . . . nobody to join in a little seven-up. Or black-jack.

Then one goes to look at his own. It's the same aft as forward, on mail day . . . the orderly has left it on the desk. Not as much as you'd hoped—there never is—but more than last time, anyway! Saturday morning—inspection over—lots of time—eight-nine—ten letters—an even ten. Not counting two long official envelopes addressed to your job. Sorting them out luxuriously, you find seven directed in that rapid, angular handwriting, honest and distinguished, and not always immediately understandable—like the lady who writes—very like. How her pen, you remember, flies across the paper. Impetuous. And, unless the nib is perfectly new, scratchy. You remember once, with a genuine stab of remorse, inviting her attention to the scratching—prefaced, maybe, by . . . You would give much to recall that word. . . . It was a long time ago. . . . It is also a long time since that raw forenoon in late winter, a nasty gray day, with a wet sea-

wind flailing East River, when you said appropriate things and came up the gang-plank. She—game and all that. So was Jack, valiant in his five years, and not unaccustomed to partings, and not quite sure what it was all about. . . . No tears,

(Continued on page 54)



That cock-eyed mail orderly.

GAS AND SMOKE



AS WARFARE is an omnibus term, sweepingly interpreted by the public to mean any and all kinds of chemical horror which can be perpetrated in modern war. Chemistry, in fact, enters conflict in a large variety of roles. In the preparation of explosives themselves there are wide ranges of chemical materials necessary.

The great efforts made to import nitrates from Chile during the World War, and the projects to secure nitrogen by fixation of the element from the atmosphere conducted by the Germans and at Muscle Shoals bear witness to the importance of chemical industry in modern battle. Von Moltke it was who said that war consists in adapting the means at hand to the end in view, and in this scientific and industrialized age it is not surprising that all the forces of production should be turned to war purposes. But chemical warfare in its strictest application as an effective combat element really includes but few items and its course is by no means difficult to trace.

The ramifications of the subject, and its rather limited scope, can be made plain by quoting from the act of Congress which, in 1920, established a Chemical Warfare Service in the United States Army:

The Chemical Warfare Service shall consist of one Chief of the Chemical Warfare Service with the rank of brigadier-general, one hundred officers in grades from colonel to second lieutenant, inclusive, and one thousand two hundred enlisted men. The Chief of the Chemical Warfare Service, under the authority of the Secretary of War, shall be charged with the investigation, development, manufacture, or procurement and supply to the Army of all smoke and gas-defense appliances; the research, design, and experimentation connected with chemical warfare and its material, and chemical projectile-filling plants and proving grounds; the supervision of the training of the Army in chemical warfare, both offensive and defensive, including the necessary schools of instruction; the organization, equipment, training, and operation of special gas troops, and such other duties as the President may from time to time prescribe.

It is popularly believed that gas warfare commenced during the World War, and that, indeed, is perhaps a proper belief. Such examples of the use of obnoxious or poisonous fumes as have been reaped from the older records are at best isolated. Desperate or ingenious measures were devised by commanders in sore straits. Yet never, until the World War, had gas warfare been waged on any systematic, or broad scale. It came upon the belligerents with a rush. It brought forth protective devices with a rapidity and in a quantity that was startling.

It was on April 22, 1915, that the Germans first used gas, letting loose chlorine from cylinders against unprotected troops. By May 3, 100,000 crude pads had been manufactured by patriotic women and issued to British front line troops on the Western Front. This pad was supplanted by a more efficient "veil" respirator by the end of the month. Neither of these respirators protected the eyes. Both were simply breathing machines. In May and June, 1915, the Germans sent over large quantities of tear gas, fired in artillery shells, using it in serious proportions. In concentrations only one six-thousandth of the strength of chlorine, it watered the eyes so as to make unprotected men practically helpless. By July 6, all British troops in the field had been furnished the hypo or smoke helmet with eye-pieces.

Through their intelligence service, the British then learned that the Germans were planning to use phosgene, and by November, 1915, they had issued the "P" helmet to all their troops. On December 11, 1915, the Germans let their phosgene loose and some protection was ready against it; but that protection was not sufficient and a better means, devised by a Russian chemist, was incorporated in the "P. H." helmet, which was manufactured in very large numbers and issued to all troops by July, 1916.

As the gas was used in greater and greater concentrations, it became necessary to better the masks. It was also desired to make them more comfortable. So a respirator with a large box was devised and issued.

Next the Germans lit upon chlorpicrin and hurled it over in so-called green cross shells. No provisions had been made to absorb it, but charcoal was promptly introduced into the forthcoming small box respirator, issued to all troops by February, 1917. In July, 1917, the Germans turned to mustard gas, which persisted for days in the localities where it was used. A man whose mask became uncomfortable from long wear or whose clothing was readily permeated by this gas became a casualty. Adequate protection never was devised, and only the fact that

By Elbridge Colby
From "The American Mercury"

the German supply was not very large prevented heavy casualties.

During the same month, the Germans introduced the so-called blue cross shell, containing what was known as toxic smoke, which would penetrate a mask, causing irritation of the nose and throat, forcing the removal of the mask, and making the soldier open to poisoning by other gases. The British had partially foreseen this toxic smoke, and had made additions to their box respirator to meet it. Moreover, the German shells were not so effective as had been hoped. Thus was the race between offense and defense kept on during the World War. The same race has continued since 1918, though in laboratories instead of on battle-fields.

II

Gas warfare is not so sweeping and devastating as is commonly believed. It is dangerous principally to the unprepared and the untrained. The man without a mask, the man who does not know how to use a mask, and the man who carelessly or through bravado fails to use his mask—these are the ones who suffer. Others are relatively well protected. Training and discipline save lives,—informed training and rigid gas discipline. It was this which led General Pershing to remark in 1919 that "whether or not gas will be employed in future wars is a matter of conjecture, but the effect is so deadly to the unprepared that we can never afford to neglect the question." And Marshal Foch said: "Chemical warfare should be included in our provisions and preparations for the future if we do not wish to encounter some serious surprise."

It was just such a surprise that struck the allies in 1915. In April, in front of Ypres, the Germans released on a favorable breeze large clouds of their chlorine, thick and obscuring like yellow smoke, heavy and clinging near the earth, poisonous and choking. Unready, unequipped with protection, the British troops were overcome in hosts and probably no one will know—the Germans certainly did not know then—how close the war came to being won at that moment. If they had followed their advantage strongly and rapidly enough, or if they had hoarded their new instrument until they could use it on a more extended front, they might have achieved a really decisive result. But the opportunity was lost. The allies rushed to counter-measures, as we have seen. They also rushed to the pen of the propagandist. They accused Germany of violating international law. They broadcast details of this new "atrocious" method of fighting. They aroused national feeling in their own countries and flooded neutral nations with appeals against this latest "outrage." In so doing they made gas warfare appear to be more horrible than it really was or is.

The report of the Surgeon-General of the United States Army for 1920 says that the casualties in the American forces during the World War show that of 74,779 due to gas only 1,400 or 1.87% resulted in death. Of the remaining 199,438 American casualties, which were due to bullets, shell fire, etc., 44,659 or 23.4% resulted in death. Since the participation in active hostilities by United States troops coincided with a practically full use of gas by all the warring nations, these figures are very significant. From them it appears that gas disables, but does not kill so generally as do the older weapons. It may not be true, then, as the abortive Washington treaty of 1922 stated, that the use of gas had been "justly condemned by the general opinion of the civilized world." Men recover from it, and it does not make them susceptible to tuberculosis, as public opinion once had it. Indeed, the reverse seems to be true. The proportion of World War wounded from other causes who have developed tuberculosis has been one and a half to one and three quarter times as great as the proportion of those disabled by gas who have developed the same disease. The exciting propaganda of the war seems to have been as fallacious as it was effective. The alleged "inhumane" character of gas appears not to exist.

Here one is led to recall the remarks of Admiral Mahan when he returned from the Hague in 1899. He reported that the American delegation had refused to subscribe to a convention which might bar the use of gas. The old seaman spoke like a trained and experienced fighter, and also like a clear thinker. He said:

Until we know the effects of asphyxiating shells, there is no saying whether they would be more or less merciful than the missiles now permitted, and . . . it is illogical and not demonstrably humane to be

tender about asphyxiating men with gas when all are prepared to admit that it is allowable to blow the bottom out of an ironclad at midnight, throwing four or five hundred men into the sea, to be choked by water.

War itself is surely not humane. It is the application of force and ingenuity to bend the will of one nation to the will of another. Certain particularly atrocious methods of waging it have been banned by international agreement, but other devastating and destructive methods have been introduced from time to time. Gas is one of these.

Twenty-three hundred years ago in 429 B. C., when the city of Platea was beset by Spartans in what was a classic siege, the commander of the attacking troops had enormous pots of pitch, sulphur, and burning charcoal placed against the walls. Clouds of irritating gases arising from these were blown through the defences and over the ramparts to annoy, weaken, and distress the defenders.

Writing with obviously first hand knowledge of warfare as it was waged in the Peloponnesian region at this period, Aeneas the Tactician somewhat less than a century later spoke of using pitch and sulphur, lighted by smaller fagots, against wooden engines brought by a foe to batter down or overtop the protecting walls. He added that an inextinguishable fire may be created by the combined use of pitch, sulphur, tow, granulated frankincense, and pine sawdust in sacks.

In his treatise on war, the Emperor Leo VI spoke of the value of Greek fire and of jars full of quicklime, to be scattered upon the foeman's ships to suffocate him. The medieval chroniclers, Matthew of Paris and Roger of Wendover, in describing the famous fight off Dover in 1217, in the reign of Henry III, between the French and the British, say that the British fleet got to windward, sailed toward the enemy, and hurled such quantities of powdered quicklime on board as to render the Frenchmen helpless.

In the annals of Genoa, concerning a war fought between that city and Pisa in 1284, it is said: "A bitter and hard fight began from both sides. In it so many missiles containing lime and other alkalis were used that it seemed as though none were present"—that is, that the eyes were so irritated that none could see. A forerunner of tear gas!

Again, history tells us that when Hunyadi and St. John Capistran relieved Belgrade, beleaguered by the Turks shortly after the fall of Constantinople, and defended it against the energetic attacks of the Moslems, both sides used somewhat similar materials.

Late in the afternoon, July 21, 1456, the Turks hurled themselves against their prey. They filled the moat with straw, rubbish and brushwood, gained a passage and stormed the broken walls. The Moslems set up an attack so terrific that they broke their way into the city as far as the second wall and moat. There the Christians held them fast. The Turks brought up more rubbish and brushwood and filled the second moat. Then they sought to scale the walls. Although the Christians' defence was vigorous, the odds in men and position were in favor of the enemy. But suddenly, at a prearranged signal, the Christians began hurling down upon the massed forces of the enemy bundles of burning sulphur-steeped brushwood. The effect was swift and decisive. The rubbish-filled moat became a pool of raging fire. Caught between the wall and the moat, the Turks perished by thousands in the flames and fumes. The survivors became panic-stricken and fled.

In 1591, discussing gunnery of all sorts, J. Brechtel described methods of poisoning the air by the use of cylinders or bombs containing black powder, sublimate of mercury, arsenic, henbane, aconite, belladonna, or hemlock. But he added that "many well-informed master-gunners regard [them] as of little value." We come thus to the question of practicability. In 1683, a writer named Buchner, discussing the theory and practice of artillery, mentioned such poison bombs and said: "It is not possible to see how great damage could result from their use in the free and open air. Only in a closed space can the poisonous vapors be harmful."

The test is the test of utility. All poison gases are not war gases. Only those can be used that have a certain persistency. A gas that is lightly blown on a four-mile breeze is 352 feet from its target in even so short a space of time as a single minute. They must cling to the ground, not evaporate, or drift upward into the air. An upward floating gas is no longer dangerous after it passes the height of a man's head. They must be readily capable of being handled. They must be easy to manufacture in large quantities.

Chlorine seemed to meet these tests. It was heavier than air. It was a peace-time industrial product, used in hosts of water-purifying and fabric-bleaching establishments. But its disadvantage was that it was too readily detected.

III

In 1899, when the first attempt was made to bar it, gas warfare was scarcely in its infancy. If it had been conceived at all, it was conceived only in isolated minds. It was merely being discussed as a probable result of the great strides taken by chemical industry during the last half of the Nineteenth Century. But as the century drew to a close, and men saw prospects of the actual use of poison gases in war, the problem became more pressing, and so it was brought before the First Hague Conference, and the nations of the world were asked to decide if a prohibition should be agreed upon.

To this conference went an American delegation, bearing instructions from John Hay, Secretary of State. These instructions, which were re-affirmed in 1907, when another delegation went to the Second Hague Conference, spoke concretely and from a distinctly American point of view:

The expediency of restraining the inventive genius of our people in the direction of devising means of defense is by no means clear, and, considering the temptations to which men and nations may be exposed in time of conflict, it is doubtful if an international agreement to this end would prove effective. The delegates are therefore enjoined not to give the weight of their influence to the promotion of projects the realization of which is so uncertain.

At the first conference, the question of gas warfare was thus brought into the full light of day. There almost all of the nations of any consequence in the world, except the United States, subscribed to Declaration IV, 2, which said:

The contracting powers agree to abstain from the use of projectiles the sole object of which is the diffusion of asphyxiating or deleterious gases. The present declaration is only binding on the contracting powers in the case of a war between two or more of them. It shall cease to be binding from the time when, in a war between the contracting powers, one of the belligerents shall be joined by a non-contracting power.

This remained in the archives for eight years, and was superseded by another convention in 1907. Unluckily, the new convention did not win the wide acceptance of the first one. Fourteen states which signed failed to ratify it. Today practically all the great nations, save only the United States, are committed to gas warfare. France, Italy, and Great Britain are intensely interested in it. It has come to stay. At the Washington Conference, true enough, a resolution was adopted prohibiting the use of "asphyxiating, poisonous, or other gases and analogous liquids," but France has failed to ratify, and so the treaty is not binding.

At that time, a sub-committee of military and technical men agreed that it would be practically impossible to frame an effective prohibition against the use of gas in warfare. The committee has been proved right. War gases are too easy to manufacture. Research in this field cannot be checked. The risk of misinterpretation and misunderstanding is too great. Even the words of the unratified treaty are inaccurate. They speak of asphyxiating gases, although such gases have long since been considered obsolete. The burning gases, like mustard, are the more usual type today.

But though France, by refusing to ratify it, destroyed the Washington Convention, the United States not only ratified it on March 29, 1922, but even took immediate steps to put it into effect as far as the United States Army was concerned. The act of Congress which had created a Chemical Warfare Service in 1920 had, as we have seen, charged that service with "the supervision of the training of the Army in chemical warfare, both offensive and defensive." The organization was established. The instruction was well under way. The First Gas Regiment was in existence, and the Chemical Warfare School had its teaching well advanced. But General Pershing, Chief of Staff of the Army, was convinced that the preamble of the Washington Convention spoke the truth when it said that the use of gas in war had been "justly condemned by the general opinion of the civilized world," and so we find him, in his official capacity, issuing this order on June 17, 1922:

Investigation, development, procurement, manufacture, or supply of poisonous gases for the present will be limited strictly to the amount necessary for the research and development of gas defense appliances.

Filling of projectiles and containers with poisonous gas will be discontinued, except for the limited number needed in perfecting gas-defense appliances.

The sweeping character of his intent at the time is revealed by an examination side by side of two orders of the War Department which specified in successive years what should be the approved training doctrine:

G. O. 42, W. D., 1921

G. O. 24, W. D., 1922, Section III, General Orders, No. 42, rescinded
1921, is rescinded
and the following substituted
therefor:

(Continued on page 56)

REJECTED BY UNCLE SAM

By Edward A. Callan, Sergeant Major, U. S. Marine Corps, Retired



ILLIE DOWD was a Pittsburgh boy and he held down a job at ten dollars per week selling newspapers for the Union News Company, at their news stand in Union Station, Pittsburgh. (This was in the year of 1915.) While Willie Dowd was working back of the news counter, many were the times that he envied the young men whom he saw being conducted to the trains by the gay uniformed Sergeant of Marines whose duty it was to see that the applicants who had passed the required physical examination and had been accepted for service in the grand old Marine Corps, were escorted aboard the proper train enroute to the recruit depot. To his friend—big Jack Gill, the sturdy city policeman on duty at the Union Station during the evenings, Willie confided his yearning to see the world and his intention of becoming a soldier of the sea, and into the policeman's sympathetic ear he poured forth over and over again his desire to travel. Policeman Gill was an ex-Army man and he encouraged Willie, for well he knew the value of a military training.

Now Drawde Werdna Nallac was the Sergeant of Marines on recruiting duty in Pittsburgh to whom Policeman Gill mentioned the fact that Willie Dowd, the attendant at the newsstand was interested in the Marine Corps. A quick glance by the Sergeant and his mind was made up that Willie had all the outward appearances of a prospective recruit and a booklet was handed him setting forth all the facts relative to service in the grand old Marine Corps, inclusive of sea duty, tropical service, adventurous trips to far off lands, etc., and as recruiting sergeant, Nallac was no bum slouch when it came to handing out the dope about service in the corps, all of which was based on fact, however. It was but a day or so when Willie Dowd informed Sergeant Nallac that having carefully read the booklet he had decided to join the Marines.

Yes, he would go he informed the Sergeant, but he did not want his mother to know about his intentions, for he was over 18 and at that time no consent of parents was required. But in order to verify Willie's statement about his age, Sergeant Nallac invited Willie to the recruiting office for a preliminary chat about entering the Corps and slowly but surely he drew from Willie the story of his home life.

Willie stated that he was tired of the humdrum life in Pittsburgh, that he yearned for adventure, action, travel—in fact, all that the booklet of the Marine Corps held forth to the prospective recruit. He stoutly maintained that he was over 18 years, hence did not need his mother's consent, but that on the day of his leaving he would break the news, gently, of course, to his gray-haired mother; but that as she had always been so loving, kind and considerate of him and never refused him a request if possible, he knew that he could coax her into granting this one, too. Willie was the only boy, living; two of his brothers were dead; one having been killed in the great Cincinnati mine explosion several years before. The other brother had been killed while employed as a structural iron worker, having fallen off a high building in course of construction. Sisters? Yes! he had two. One was married and lived with her husband up State, while the other—single, worked in a department store for seven dollars a week. Willie did not like to answer when asked as to his father, and after quite a few "ahems" in answer to the blunt question as to whether he was living or dead, he stated that his father had died but recently of tuberculosis after months of nursing by his mother. When gently reminded by the Sergeant that it might be more fitting that he remain at home with his mother and help her, Willie was obdurate. He would travel—then return. He stated that he knew his mother would be averse to him going away, for she was all broke up when the older sister left, and she had always told Willie that if he left she would die of a broken heart.

All the facts ascertained, the Sergeant bade Willie go home, informing him that he would let him know in a day or two. While Willie was at work at the newsstand, the Sergeant paid a hasty visit to his home—a neat little two-story frame cottage and in answer to the knock on the door a gray-haired kindly

faced motherly lady, who seemed by her drawn and tense features to have passed through oceans of trouble, met him at the door. Yes! Willie had mentioned casually that he would like the life of a "Soldier of the Sea," but she had no idea that he had actually applied and had gone so far as to make arrangements to give up his job and leave at once. Without his aid it would be impossible to keep up the modest little home. And oh, how forlorn did Mrs. Dowd look! My! how her lower jaw dropped and then the silent tears of despair. The little home that she had struggled so long to keep together was now to be broken up. When Willie was a tot, many were the nights that she had sat up cheerfully working hand-made buttonholes for ten cents a dozen and how sweet was the pillow when she rested her head, knowing that enough had been earned by her nimble fingers to keep the gaunt wolf from the door. In those years gone by, she fondled Willie's curls and pictured in her mind's eye a far future day when grown to young manhood he would protect her in return for her motherly sacrifices. She pictured how kind he would be, how considerate, and hoping in those days gave her strength. Only a few short years had they enjoyed their present little home. Willie's boss at the station gave promise of a better position with increased pay, but now? NOW? The parting of the ways. A neighbor had warned her of the glib-tongued service recruiters, but she had never dreamed that Willie would want to leave her, although he was eighteen.

Sergeant Nallac sat still and listened. He took in the humble home surroundings at a glance. He heard the old heart pouring forth its sorrow. He would have rather been back in the Philippines facing a dozen insurrectos with bolos than to have gone through such an ordeal. Not given to sob stuff in any sense, it was with difficulty that he cleared his throat, hastily arose and crossed the little room. Gently placing a hand on the weeping woman's quivering shoulder he assured Mrs. Dowd that her son could NOT enlist; that the Government did not desire to break up any home in order to procure a new recruit. He was not given much to sentiment, but he spoke with decision and it kindled a spark of hope in the old wounded heart. The old gray head was lifted slowly and a ray of hope was shown on her countenance as she asked if Willie would really be discouraged at the recruiting office. Sergeant Nallac assured her that his superiors were officers and gentlemen and once that they knew of the circumstances in the case Willie would not be able to enlist. Mrs. Dowd thanked him fervently for the information and seemed to take renewed interest in life as she tidied the pieces of sheet music atop of the old-time house organ. The Sergeant glimpsed the title of the top piece—"Home, Sweet Home."

The next morning, bright and early, Willie presented himself at the recruiting sub-station of which the Sergeant was in charge. But, what a change in the Sergeant thought Willie. How gruff he was. How curt and cutting. Was that the way of the service? His every word was a sting. He was cruel. He was a monster and when he gruffly told Willie to shut up and ask no questions when he told him to read the fine print of a newspaper at ten feet distance and then bawled him out for having poor eyesight due to Willie's continuous cigarette smoking, Willie wondered. Informed that he was rejected for poor eyesight, Willie planned to try the Army and the Navy, but ere he had got down the stairs from the recruiting sub-station Sergeant Nallac had called his old cronies in charge of the sub-stations of the Army and Navy, explained the situation and as Army and Navy men of the ranks are just as human as men of the corps, Willie received scant courtesy when he applied that same morning, at both stations. Willie stopped smoking cigarettes in order to pass the railroad examination for a better position, and for a long while he firmly believed that he had poor eyesight, but happy to say his mother's eyes brightened and notwithstanding what neighbors prate about glib-tongued recruiters, she has had only praise for them collectively even though Willie has always maintained that service men are a gruff lot.

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HE SOAKED HIS WATCH



ANY odd but excellent reasons for a Marine hocking his watch or giving it as security have occurred at one time or another. Lack of funds to continue a liberty has frequently been met by the drastic expedient of permitting some uncle to hold a timepiece in return for cash in hand; but perhaps one of the strangest examples of this kind is the case of a Marine who gave his watch as security to bind the purchase of an animal.

Corporal Lofland, the Marine in question, was enamoured by the weird beauty of a cub ocelot. It was a tiny little ball of yellow and black, a month old and hardly able to crawl about, when first he saw it. But even then he knew what a pet it would make. Accordingly, having no ready cash, he left his watch to bind his part of the bargain, and the ocelot entered the ranks of the unusual pets owned by the Marines all over the world.

Because of his independent nature and vicious temperament the ocelot was named Sandino. For two months he was more of a nuisance than anything else. He had to be fed from a bottle and given nearly all the care of a baby the same age. The diet seemed to agree with his constitution, even his temper. He matured with the passing of time and became a great playmate for the boys, but at times he did develop into a tough customer to handle.

Seldom do Marines remain long at any one post. They are flung from one end of the world to the other, from the Orient to the Occident, or from the Tropics to the Polar Zone; and Sandino, like the rest of the Leathernecks, was subject to transfer. He was taken aboard a transport bound for the United States, and placed in a cage where his activities could be checked. There were many parrots, love birds, and monkeys included in the Marines' menagerie, so the confinement of Sandino was a precautionary policy.

The first two or three days passed without evoking any purrs of satisfaction or contentment from the caged ocelot. The water did not prove to be as great an enjoyment to him as one would imagine. He could be observed gazing at the rail, as if wondering if one of his feline dignity couldn't use it to the same advantage as an ordinary Marine.

Sometime later during the trip several people were seen grouped about the cage. Upon investigation it was discovered that one of the love birds, overcome by curiosity, had ventured too close to Sandino's quarters. Only the wings and a few scattered feathers were left as evidence, and, since a body must be produced in a murder case, there was nothing to do but overlook the matter. However, care was taken to keep all pets aboard locked up, and there were no more casualties after that.

San Diego may be the land of sunshine and roses to some of us, but to Sandino it was a pain in the neck; not half so fine as Nicaragua where varicolored

By Private A. J. EDEN



Corpl. Lofland with "Sandino"

birds sang in the trees; where monkeys swung from one limb to another, chirping incessantly. He developed what looked to be a case of nostalgia and it was necessary to evacuate him from the Marine Barracks to the Balboa Park Zoo. Under the excellent care of the keepers it did not take him long to recover. The gentlemen of the zoo also gave Corporal Lofland considerable information concerning the absolute uselessness in trying to train the animal. They cited case upon case, proving conclusively, in their own minds, that such a feat was impossible. But, somehow or other, Marines have established a reputation of enjoying success at the same things where others have failed. The keeper's assertion that it was impossible to tame Sandino flared up to Corporal Lofland like a red flag of challenge. He began, systematically and patiently, little by little, to convert the ocelot from a wild, carnivorous beast of the jungle into a domesticated cat that enjoyed curling up, lazy and contented, to sleep in the warm sunshine. The Marine suffered many disappointments. At times it seemed as if all his efforts were wasted. Just as Sandino appeared to be reconciled to his surroundings something would occur to awaken the dormant memories of his jungle days. Clawing aside the thin mantle of civilization he would stand, snarling and savage, once more the wild creature of primitive life. These atavistic impulses all the more kindled the corporal's desire to tame the beast. With the determination that lead our primitive ancestors to break beasts of the forest

and plains to their harness, the Marine continued his efforts until at last Sandino, at the age of eighteen months, is as tame as a house cat.

When Corporal Lofland takes Sandino for a stroll in the California sunshine it matters little whether or not the buttons on his "Liberty Blues" are shined. No one looks at him or pays him any attention except to inquire about Sandino. They ask of his species, name, traits, general disposition. The length of the replies that Corporal Lofland gives depends entirely upon just who the interrogator may be. To any maids, curious as they are fair, he discourses at great length on the subject. He explains how Sandino's mother was killed by Marines, and how one of the two cubs came into his possession. He tells of the long struggle he had with the never tractable ocelot, and of his final victory.

With befitting dignity Sandino scorns all food except raw steak, eggs and milk; but his capacity for those items seems limitless. After a fashion his appetite seems as great as his Leatherneck friends. Another Marine propensity displayed by the ocelot is his decided fondness for the fair sex. This is surprising in view of the eager and envious glances bestowed upon his sleek, tawny coat. But even that may be a Marine trait, and whatever the reason may be, Sandino never lacks a group of admiring young ladies praising his wondrous beauty, marvelous strength and extremely fine qualities.

Fight! How that baby can battle! But he has a hard job getting opponents. If a dog or a cat gets one good look at him they heave to and make many knots for the nearest shelter, and anyone seeing his claws and fangs would never question the judgment that led to discretion. He has a peculiar style of battle all his own. It is the natural instinct of the jungle cat. When he sees an animal he makes a spring, twists over in the air, and seizes his prey with the unprotected stomach with his claws, and at the same time he buries his fangs in the throat of his adversary. Thus, on his back, he has his four claw-armed legs free at all times. These, together with his sharp teeth, produce quick and fatal results. Fortunately this method of battle has had only one exhibition; it is needless to name the victor.

Since Sandino's venture into the movies at Hollywood he has been a trifle stuck up. He had his picture taken in the arms of the "IT" girl. Yes, you guessed it, Clara Bow. Oh, well, that's enough to make anyone stuck up, so he can be forgiven. He also condescended to pose with Richard Dix and Ruth Elder in a few stills while they were here at the Marine Base. Since then he pays but little attention to the lesser lights of Hollywood, and none at all to the girls who are not movie stars.

Sandino has proven a mighty fine pet and Corporal Lofland has never regretted the impulse that caused him to offer his watch as security. Of the countless pets around the base none is more popular than the ocelot cub. One of the local

(Continued on page 49)

AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "Doe" Clifford

Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.



"DOC" CLIFFORD

The new highway just completed by the State of New Jersey, running from Union Boulevard to Minisink road, in Totowa borough, will be named Pellington Boulevard, in honor of Raymond Pellington, the first Passaic County hero who made the supreme sacrifice on the battlefields of France during the World War.

Councilman Ernest Morrell, at the meeting of the Borough Council of Totowa Borough, last evening, made the suggestion and it met with instantaneous approval by the board. The clerk was ordered to notify the State Highway Commission and the Passaic County Board of Freeholders, as to the Council's decision on the name of the highway.

Raymond Pellington was a former Totowa boy. He enlisted in the United States Marine Corps when the United States entered the war. He was a high school student at the time, and a fine athlete. Only a youth, his patriotism caused him to shoulder a gun and march away, never to return, a machine gun bullet having found its mark.

* * * *

Major and Mrs. Denig are well known in the Corps and the sincerest sympathy will be extended to them in the sad bereavement which entered their lives at the end of August, in the loss of their son, Charles. The following copied from a letter sent by the Principal of the Manlius School at which he was a student speaks for itself.

"Charles A. E. Denig, the son of Major Robert Livingston Denig, U. S. M. C., Manlius, 1901, and the younger brother of Midshipman Robert L. Denig, Jr., Manlius, 1923-'25, entered this school on September 16, 1925. During his three years at Manlius he proved himself to be an outstanding and distinguished student, a cadet of highest character and a soldier whose conduct and military efficiency was an example to his comrades. He won the highest respect and affection from the members of the faculty and the corps of cadets, with all of whom he will be long remembered as the highest type of Manlius man. Cadet Denig was head boy of the lower school for the year 1926 with an academic average for all his subjects for the year of 91 per cent. He was published as an honor cadet in Special Orders No. 43, November 7, 1927. He was an officer of the Order of

the Phoenix and wearer of the Good Conduct Medal with one gold and one bronze shield; the Military Medal with two bronze shields; the Scholastic Medal with three bronze shields."

THE POEM OF THE MONTH

"The Man Who Has Won"

I want to walk by the side of the man who has suffered and seen and knows, Who has measured his pace on the battle line and given and taken the blows. Who has never whined when the scheme went wrong nor scoffed at the failing plan—

But taken his dose with a heart of trust and the faith of a gentleman; Who has parried and struck and sought and given, and scarred with a thousand spears—

Can lift his head to the stars of Heaven and isn't ashamed of his tears.

I want to grasp the hand of the man who has been through it all and seen, Who has walked with the night of an unseen dread and stuck to the world-machine;

Who has bared his breast to the winds of dawn and thirsted and starved and felt

The sting and the bite of the bitter blasts that the mouths of the foul have dealt; Who has tempted and fell, and rose again and has gone on trusty and true, With God supreme in his manly heart and his courage burning anew.

I'd give my all—be it little or great—to walk by his side today.

To stand up there with the man who has known the bite of the burning fray.

Who has gritted his teeth and clinched his fist, and gone on doing his best, Because of the love of his fellowman and the faith in his manly breast.

I would love to walk with him hand in hand, together journey along,

For the man who has fought and struggled and won is the man who can make men strong.

* * * *

The list of men in the Brooklyn Navy Yard Detachment on my last visit contained quite an array of notable names of whom I must speak. The information concerning each one I was able to secure through the courtesy of the splendidly efficient clerk in the office of the Sergeant Major and incidentally ascertained that Corporal John A. Miller, the individual himself possessed quite a record. Miller was a sailor during the World War making many trips across the Atlantic on the U. S. S. "Wabash," a Government transport. He was on board when she was in a collision off the coast of France in 1918. After the war he made an interesting trip to Archangel, Russia, on the old U. S. S. "Sacramento" and finally received his discharge as a 2nd class yeoman. He enlisted in the Marine Corps, and his present tour of duty is about to expire but he intends to "ship over." There are two other corporals, Charlie G. Mabe and Charles J. Radloff, with 12 and 22 years service respectively. Those who know Mabe speak of him as a real man and "not maybe." Two of the sergeants are spoken of as "real old timers." Their warrants as sergeants date back to 1907 and 1909, while their names have been listed almost everywhere that Marines have served. Their names are Frank

Novotny who is now the mess sergeant and has 24 years to his credit and Chas. W. Dowers. Sergeant Harry Rosenberg has just come back from Nicaragua and already wishes he might go back; in fact, he is quite envious of Sergeant Ferguson who left New York in August and 1st Sgt. James Gifford, leaving on September 15th for duty in the Guardia Nacional. First Sergeant Ford E. Wilkins is also leaving for a tour of duty in another tropical country, via Coco Solo on the Canal Zone. Rumor also says that QM. Sgt. Frank H. Williams who has done three years in Brooklyn will probably soon be assigned to foreign duty.

* * * *

Sergeant Major Joseph J. Franklin with a first-class record of twenty-nine years and two years in the Reserve is expecting to retire next year. The Sergeant Major is one of the Legion of Honor men of whom we are so proud. QM. Sgt. John L. McCormack has charge of clothing and transportation, while QM. Sgt. William R. Sutton is in charge of commissaries, the splendid mess of the detachment being largely due to his ability. Paymaster Sergeant Ernest M. Jones has recently come to the station and is already known as a prince amongst the men and great on sports. Sergeants Harry G. Meisner and Chester W. Niblo have just completed 16 and 12 years service respectively, and were both on furlough on my visit as, of course, both had shipped over. Police Sergeant Arlet J. Dodson has also 16 years to his credit, while Gy. Sgt. Fred N. Dougherty, just transferred from the U. S. S. "Texas," has twelve years, and will doubtless follow on in the usual course. Joseph York, who has been in China, has returned and expects duty as a first sergeant somewhere in the "good old U. S. A."

* * * *

Passing through Hyattsville, Md., recently, a garage man came out to attend to our requirements and I was delighted to find Charlie F. Schomaker the proprietor of one of the most efficient service stations on the route. Charlie was at the Marine Corps Institute two years ago and his work there has evidently fitted him for the successful running of his "Community Gasoline Station."

* * * *

The Marine Barracks at Portsmouth, N. H., Navy Yard hold a choice and dependable group of noncoms despite the nicknames by which friends know them. To read the latter would almost suggest the wild west, but when you meet them they are of the usual fine character of dependable men. The sergeants are as follows: QM. Sgt. Edwin C. Reppenhagen, "Rip," with 11 years record; 1st Sgt. William Halsey, who after 18 years is still known as "Bill"; James W. "Buster" Brown; William J. "Bad Bill" Kelley, and Joseph Y. "Murphy" Flaherty of 22, 15 and 8 years good service. Why Bill Kelley should be dubbed "bad" I do not know, for I have always found him to be one of the fellows worth while. The corporals are eight in number and are as follows: E. M. "Grouch" Barr, M. D. "Curley" Blaney, H. C. "Brown-eyes" Nation, J. O. Philpot "the Mess Sergeant," C. H. "Flannel Feet" Freden,

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OUT OF THE BRIG

By LOU WYLIE



Lou Wylie

Dear Fellows: Even as we threatened to do, we have come to New York. First, there were five delightful days at sea in the good ship "Creole." With second cabin fare only \$48.00, the goil friend, Bill, and I decided, meta-phorically speaking, to follow in the footsteps of all the artists,

newspaper people and poets of any merit that had inhabited the quarter and emigrated northward and hie us forth as second cabin passengers on the "Creole." Chow was top notch, and outside of the first mate (we refuse to call ice cream sailors first officers) acting as though he thought we were trying to steal the logging machine that was put out aft, when the electric machine broke down, and a tumble that we took down the companionway on our own hook the trip was peaceful if uneventful. It was quite lovely to loll on the second cabin deck, under the awning, too lazy to move, and watch the furious pace some of the first cabin passengers set as they seriously took the suggestion for walking given in the Morgan Line's entertaining pamphlet captioned something like "One Hundred Golden Hours at Sea." Some of these passengers, we are almost willing to take oath, hiked all the way from N'Awleens to N'Yawk, and paid the Morgan Line to let them do it. Any time any of you fellows want a good rest take the second cabin trip one way or the other, and loll back in a deck chair and watch these first cabin birds try to lose 75 or 100 pounds excess plumage before they reach their point of destination.

New York was indeed kind to the two little country goils alone in the heart of the great city. There was an introduction to Capt. Coffenberg in charge of the local U. S. M. C. recruiting, another to Reserve Capt. Frank Mallin, and another to Capt. Sugar, also of the Reserve, through the courtesy of Lt. Gardner, of The Leatherneck, and as if by miracle a job, an apartment, and all sorts of hospitable attention was ours. So another illusion went bust aenent the harshness of this cold and crool city. AND, both the men in active service and the fellows in the Reserve sure take their Marine Corps seriously up in this part of the country. Capt. Sugar, who left the Corps a sergeant way back in the days when Marines were real Leathernecks (we refer to the old-time uniform) and now is so wealthy that, well your and our salaries combined would just be caraway seed for his bread, has an especial plaything in the Brooklyn Reserve Company. Anything that company wants Capt. Sugar sees that they get it, all done up nicely, on a silver

platter if need be. The genial, soldierly Capt. Coffenberg is undoubtedly well known to most of you, and Capt. Mallin is the sort of an individual who, no matter how well he looks in his civies always keeps you thinking "what an awful waste to dress a man like that up in a business suit when he is simply made for a uniform." From the above you can easily gather that the Marines both in and out of the service are ALL Marine, and that the old tradition about them being the most clannish of all service men is more truth than poetry.

Recently, while waiting for our train in the subway at Times Square we saw a snappily uniformed sailor propped in the door of a telephone booth. His arm extended across the door so that had she desired to do so, there was no possible escape for the little flapper using the telephone within. She was a typical John Held, Jr., girl come to life, and as she stood tiptoe in her high heeled, fancy slippers we heard her convincingly report into the telephone: "Yeh, Mom, Gladys is with me. Sure, she is right here now and I am going out to her house to eat supper and then we're gonna see a picture." They boarded the next train marked "Coney Island."

From the Idaho Yarn, that interesting little paper published on the Big Ida, we learn her crew had a very nice time at Port Angeles, and Ye Editor of the Yarn in bidding farewell to that city also waxes poetic in anticipation of another visit to San Francisco, and reminiscences thus: "Let us once more ride on the flood and ebb of the tide of San Frisco Bay. For who of us has not spent many a full liberty there?"

Yes, who? we query.

And, speaking of battleships, the officers of the U. S. S. "Texas" are superstitious. If you don't believe it, ask them about the Brooklyn Boys that run around that ship kicking officers and even visitors on the shins. And, sh-sh-sh, the mysterious odor of talcum powder that pervaded a certain part of the big ship on her last visit to N'Yawlins.

MORE SCANDAL

And, since this column seems to be developing into a scandal column this month, how about the officer (again we refuse to commit ourselves, he may have been a policeman, they grow 'em handsome in N. Y.), who came over to New York for one glorious party before embarking for a tour of duty in Nicaragua, no we believe Haiti or Hawaii? Anyhow, after a great and glorious night, dawn found him hallooing up at a friend's window for \$16.50 to pay his taxi bill.

"My God," asked the friend as he advanced the funds to the taximan, "where did you drive him to run a bill like that?"

"Well, sir," said the taxi man meekly, "I loaned him some money to buy drinks with, he ran short, and he's got such a honest face."

Bill, the goil friend, says these kindly old gentlemen in New York who go to such pains to protect these little country goils from the perils of the great city remind her of the drunk who staggered up to the Salvation Army captain and asked him, "'Stree you save young goils?" and when the captain answered in the affirmative, said, "Well, save me one."

It is the glorious autumn again, with pumpkin pies, pork sausage and golds in the doses, that poets are so wont to rave about. Well, at least we weren't left out when it came to a fine large nose to have the colds in, anyhow. Always something to be thankful for! That's me all over, a regular little Pollyanna or what have you.

REQUEST

By Lou Wylie

Bury, bury, bury me by a briar bush,
Lay white pebbles round my grave
And let a singing thrush
Build his nest above me
And when day is done
There'll be the sound of homing wings,
And I'll not be alone.

HOW GUANTANAMO BAY CAME TO BE NAVY BASE

After bottling the Spanish fleet in Santiago harbor, Admiral Sampson looked around for a place where his ships might coal or lie in safety during bad weather. A harbor of the kind needed lay 40 miles to the east of Santiago—Guantanamo Bay. Accordingly, on June 7, 1898, the Marblehead and Yankee proceeded to Guantanamo and took possession of the bay. These ships shelled the Spanish batteries and drove off a small gunboat, then remained in the bay until June 10, when a battalion of 600 Marines arrived to make a landing. They were supported by several ships, including the famous "Oregon." The landing was unopposed by the Spanish, and the Marines were soon ashore in camp.

It was not until the next day that the Spanish began to show any opposition. Then for three days the Marines were subjected to an active fire from the brush. Six men were killed, but the losses would have been much greater had it not been for the exceedingly poor marksmanship of the Spaniards. The Marines were unable to silence or drive off the Spanish because they were hidden in the brush. Finally it was decided to destroy their base, a fort at Caimanera. The "Texas" steamed to within 2,400 yards of the fort and reduced it to a heap with 12-inch guns. While on its way up the bay to Caimanera, the Texas struck several torpedoes, but they all had been rendered ineffectual by bar-nacles which had covered the contacts.

With the destruction of the fort the troubles of the Marines came practically to an end. The Spaniards had enough. But the Marines remained as guard over our naval base until the end of the war. After Cuba had been liberated, we leased the present naval station for a long period of years, and it has been in our possession ever since.



THE GOLDEN WHEATFIELD

By Capt. Harvey L. Miller, U. S. M. C. R.

The scarlet sun of Europe, breaking through the morning mist, Caressed the green tree tops aloft, the yellow wheat it kissed; The morning lark's glad message rose up to the summer sky; All nature smiled, then shuddered—for this day men must die.

Came then the grey-clad scourges through the clouds of gas and smoke To conquer further; on they moved just as the War God spoke. On through the golden wheatfield—Who dared hamper War's machine? An echo o'er the wheatfield boldly answered "A Marine!"

The green tree tops now trembled at the battle's sullen roar; The morning lark's song faltered, yes, then stopped; it came no more. The wheat, the yellow wheatfield, surged much like the restless sea; A day long struggle shifted,—where would the victory be?

Marines, Marines drove onward, forward through the golden grain; Each step they laughed at death and paid in blood for every gain. In France the tale's recorded thus of victory's price so high: "Old Glory called to battle and Marines went out to die."

The grey hordes stumbled, faltered, stopped among the waving wheat, Then like some vast hegira they broke backward in retreat; The scarlet sun of Europe sank beyond the field of dead; The wheat? The waving wheatfield? Ah, the waving wheat was RED!

HOW CAN YOU TELL A "ONCE WAS" MARINE?

By "Bobbie" Ellsworth

If reminiscently he tells Of girls all o'er the world; And snaps into a quick salute When colors are unfurled; His shoes, well polished, spick and span; His clothing neat and clean; Just bet your bottom dollar He was once a drilled Marine.

If to his elders he says "Sir," And always is polite; Or sighs at posters reading: "The Marines are First to Fight!" If Leathernecks hit trouble And you find him on the scene, Shouting, "Devildog, I'm with you!" You have found an ex-Marine.

You meet him by some flowered grave When Maytime breezes sigh. He gazes at a numbered cross Through tears that dim his eye. He kneels and whispers "Buddie," You can rate him with esteem, And bet your bottom dollar He was once a real Marine.

TRUMPETER BILL OF THE FIVE REG. BAND

By M. M. Moore

At the edge of the world where the sun goes down On the rim of a far western land, In a slumbering town of humble renown Lived Trumpeter Bill of the Five Reg. Band.

As a stripling in youth he was modest and shy Till the demon, Adventure, had fanned His spirit to flame then all life was a game To Trumpeter Bill of the Five Reg. Band.

He was first to arise and the last one to bed For his spirit craved all he could stand, And two lives into one—one of work, one of fun, Lived Trumpeter Bill of the Five Reg. Band.

Then along came the war with its muster to arms And great fighters were quick in demand; With his horn in his fist, the first to enlist Was Trumpeter Bill of the Five Reg. Band.

One dark day through the smoke emerged prisoners ten, But one soldier alone in command; With his horn for a gun, he had bluffed them and won, Twas Trumpeter Bill of the Five Reg. Band.

Then they came from the battleships, up through the streets Of New York, shouting victories grand; But distinct over all was heard the shrill call Of Trumpeter Bill of the Five Reg. Band.

And today from that slumbering far western town, When it's broadcasting time o'er the land, Shriek, jazzy and clear on the air you can hear Old Trumpeter Bill of the Five Reg. Band.

Bye and bye when the judgment day comes and we hear Father Gabriel's trumpet command; When the silv'ry note blows, Well, it may be—who knows?— Old Trumpeter Bill of the Five Reg. Band.

THE CURSE OF THE TROPICS

By Lacy Richardson, U. S. M. C. U. S. S. "Texas"

Now you've heard the tales of Kipling and the shooting of Dan McGrew, Of Jesse James and Captain Kidd and knights so brave and true; But how about the Tropics, with its rebels, swamps and slime, Where men are men and a "butt" to smoke is worth a pauper's dime.

Way down in Nicaragua, where the coarse-haired natives dwell, In the land where varmits flourish and it's just one step to hell; On the rim of degradation, in the hills that God forgot, Where the poor souls struggle onward till the devil casts his lot.

If you ever try the jungles, then you'll know just how it feels To wade in mud up to your knees across the slimy fields; And when you look above your head, where songbirds used to play, A hungry buzzard floats around—and maybe you're the prey.

Or you start out on a journey, maybe just a pal and you. The shoe soles wear beneath your feet and mud comes oozing through; And everywhere the spider webs stretch out to your embrace; You feel your bones ache through and through and fever lay its waste.

That's when you think of old sweethearts, and home, and all its joy; That's when you swear—if you return—you'll be a better boy; That's when you think of mother most, and, gents, it's not a joke; That's when you see your own past life loom up in Satan's smoke.

Were you ever in a skirmish when the rain was pouring down And your belly was so empty that it howled just like a hound; When you'd hear the death-stained bullets as they struck on every side And could see your fallen comrade as he moaned, and died?

Then you know just what I'm saying, and you know just what it means To eat your "slum" in messkits slung out of bent tureens; And you've felt the scorching sunshine beat down upon your head, And you've seen the times you'd give your life to be a corpse instead.

Well, that's the life of jungles, and I'm telling you, my friend, It's not a game for children—it's a fight where men are men! And in my humble version, let this reflection dwell: Sherman spoke immortal truth when he murmured, "War is Hell!" (Written in Nicaragua, June, 1928.)

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October, 1928

Thirteen

THOSE "GYRENES"

Oh, the Navy calls 'em "Gyrenes,"
Cusses them in language free—
And the Army it won't own 'em,
Calls 'em soldiers lost at sea.
Just the same when things are hottest
And the fightin' gettin' mean,
There ain't none we'd sooner welcome
Than the khaki-clad Marine.

Sure he ain't no cryin' infant,
He's a man that's fully grown;
And he's tramped the hills and valleys
From Alaska to the Zone.
He don't carry no press agent,
Nor no music-making band,
But his progress ain't unnoticed
When he wanders through the land.

Though the Army or the Navy
Makes the biggest final score,
It's the "Hell fer sartin" Gyrene
That's the first to get ashore.
All he wants is shoes and trousers,
An' his gun and campaign hat,
And I've seen him live in comfort
On a whole lot less'n that.

So here's how, to khaki breeches
And his comrades in the Corps,
For no matter whose the job is,
He's the first to get ashore.
And the heathen ain't a-jokin'
When he plumps down in his jeans,
For he's prayin' in dead earnest
For protection from "Gyrenes."
—Author Unknown.

OPPORTUNITY

Master of human destinies am I;
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps
wait;
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovels and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden, once, at every gate.
If feasting, rise; if sleeping, wake before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every
state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death. But those who doubt or
hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and ceaselessly implore;
I answer not, and I return—no more.
—John J. Ingalls.

HARD KNOCKS

I'm not the man to say that failure's
sweet,
Nor tell a chap to laugh when things go
wrong;
I know it hurts to have to take defeat
An' no one likes to lose before a throng;
It isn't very pleasant not to win
When you have done the best you could;
But if you're down, get up an' buckle
in—
A lickin' often does a fellow good.

I've seen some chaps who never knew
their power
Until somebody knocked 'em to the floor;
I've known men who discovered in an
hour
A courage they had never known before.

THE LEATHERNECK

I've seen 'em rise from failure to the top
By doing things they hadn't understood
Before the day disaster made 'em drop—
A lickin' often does a fellow good.

Success is not the teacher, wise and true,
That gruff old failure is, remember that;
She's much too apt to make a fool of
you,
Which isn't true of blows that knock
you flat.
Hard knocks are painful things an' hard
to bear,
An' most of us would dodge 'em if we
could;
There's something mighty broadening in
care—
A lickin' often does a fellow good.
—Mississippi Bulletin.

CAN YOU?

Can you put the spider's web back in
place

That once has been swept away?
Can you put the apple again on the bough
Which fell at your feet today?
Can you put the lily-cup back on the stem
And cause it to live and grow?
Can you mend the butterfly's broken
wing

That you crush with a hasty blow?
Can you put the bloom again on the
grapes

And grapes again on the vine?
Can you put the dewdrops back on the
flowers

And make them sparkle and shine?
Can you put the petals back on the rose?
If you could, would it smell sweet?
Can you put the flour back in the husk?
And show me the ripened wheat?
Can you put the kernel again in the nut,
Or the broken egg in the shell?
Can you put the honey back in the comb,
And cover with wax each cell?
Can you put the perfume back in the
vase

When once it has sped away?
Can you put the corn-silk back on the
corn,

Or down on the catkins, say?
You think my questions are trifling, lad,
Let me ask you another one:
Can a hasty word be ever unsaid,
Or a deed unkind undone?
—Great Lakes Bulletin.

THE MARINES

By James J. Montague

There is just a handful of 'em; little
scraps is what they're for,
They're a lot too shy in numbers for a
regular big league war;
But you send them N. S. E. or W. to any
clime or spot
Where there's something being started
and the fuss is getting hot,
Where there's wild-eyed riot rampant
and the shots are flying thick,
And there'll be an end of trouble mighty
quick.

They don't ask for even chances; all they
want to have in sight
Is their equal weight in wild cats and
they'll sail right in and fight;
Show 'em any bunch of scappers that
must need be pacified,
An' it won't be very long 'fore the rough-
house will subside;
Just police work is their business, show
'em what there is to do
And it never takes 'em long to put it
through.

Killed and wounded? Yes, a plenty,
though their jobs are always small,
That don't make a bit less deadly a
carerin' rifle ball.

In a war or in a scrimmage half an
ounce of flying lead
Is as dangerous to soldiers, and will kill
'em just as dead.

They may not be splendid figures in
historic battle scenes,
But they're able-bodied fighters—those
American Marines.

THE FEAST

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow, U. S. M. C.
The voyage was born one Friday morn;
we cleared and put to sea.
The rigging creaked, the wild wind
shrieked: "Beware oh, Nancy Lee.
Beware of me and of the sea, the queen
you would dethrone,
Her passionate waves shall be your
graves, your funeral dirge my moan."

For days the sea, calm as could be, lay
dancing in the sun.
It gave us cheer, dispelled the fear that
gripped us, every one.
The wind one day just died away with a
nearly human sigh,
A death-like hush, and then a rush of
waves rolled mountain high.

I've sailed the lakes through great ice-
cakes, I've sailed the seven seas,
But I will swear by all that's fair, I've
hit no stiffer breeze.
The ship just shrieked and groaned and
creaked and plowed on through the sea.
I felt her shake, I heard her break; then
all grew black to me.

When I awoke the storm had broke, the
waves were calm once more.
One hand was smashed and I was lashed
fast to a cabin door.
The long night passed, dawn came at
last and showed a beach of sand.
A heavy sea broke over me and bore me
to the land.

A squad of four pulled me ashore, all
that survived the fate.
The cook and two of the filthy crew
stood by the side of the mate;
From tops of trees we scanned the seas
in search of sail or stack,
But not a spar showed near or far on
that green dancing tract.

I need not tell of days of hell, without
enough to eat;
Of stranded fish, our only dish, cooked by
the sun's red heat.
The mate grew ill and all our skill
seemed of little use,
And one hot day he went away bemoaning
his abuse.

With might and main we searched in
vain, but never a trace left he.
We searched the groves and sheltered
coves and probed the somber sea.
But late that day we were more gay,
the cook had saved our lives.
He had some meat that we could eat, so
we whipped out our knives.

The wondrous feast had scarcely ceased
when a cutter hove in sight.
We went aboard and, thank the Lord, we
dined like kings that night.
The cook went aft and sat and laughed.
We gathered 'round the sinner;
"Well, boys," he said, "the mate was
dead; but there for our last dinner!"

THE BROADCAST

Wherein The Leatherneck Publishes News From All Posts

U.S.S. "MISSISSIPPI" DETACHMENT LEON, NICARAGUA

By "Bennie"

Well, folks, as this is our first microphonic effort we had better start with our adventures after leaving San Pedro.

We arrived in Bremerton, Washington, February 22, and, while the ship tied up for the annual overhauling, half the detachment fired the rifle range at Camp Lewis. Everything went along in fair shape, except we received a soaking by rain while shooting at 500 yards.

On the 15th day of April we tied up at Old Frisco, enjoyed the California sunshine for three days, then departed for the Promised Land, Honolulu. Except for battle maneuvers enroute, nothing exciting occurred, but upon arriving we made some wonderful liberties: cold beer, pleasant climate, and swimming at the famous Waikiki Beach. There were not a few cases of "Waikiki Itch," commonly known as sunburn. We enjoyed several sailing races, and trips to Hilo and to La Haina. Then came the information that we would be transferred to the U. S. S. "Medusa."

We did not leave, however, until July 5, which gave us ample time to see the folks at home. Our liberties to San Pedro were made in khaki trousers, shirts, leggings and campaign hats.

We wish to thank the officers and the crew of the "Medusa" for the wonderful treatment we received while enroute to Coimbra.

It was a very hot Saturday morning, July 14, when he docked, and later we proceeded to Leon by rail. Six Marine detachments are to be found here with us: The "West Virginia," "Texas," "New York," "Maryland" and "Idaho"; also the "Procyon," which is attached to us.

Saw "Bull" Connor coming out of a pair of swinging doors. He had a happy grin on his face; said he had been drinking coca cola.

Kelly, our football hero, is the honorable mess sergeant. Fortunately for us, he entertains the same idea that Napoleon had: "An army fights on its stomach."

"Pop" Simmons felt homesick, so he went out and bought a monkey. It looks exactly like Hartley, our former galley rat aboard ship; which is not flattering to the monkey.

GROANS AND GRUNTS FROM THE 83RD COMPANY, SIXTH REGIMENT

By Corporal Marcus Karlstad

How would you like to join us in opening a keg beneath the shadow of the Great Wall, fanned by breezes from the Desert of Gobi? Well, you wouldn't if you knew the keg contained nails, the wall but mirage, and the breezes just

edge of metaphysics he found it inadvisable to disclose the whys and wherefores.

Our popular First Sergeant, Daniel W. Brosnan, extended his enlistment for duty with the Fourth Regiment. He departed July 12 on the "Chaumont" bound for Shanghai.

The 83rd Company baseball geniuses exhibited their wares and vanquished all other company teams. Sergeant Cuddy showed the opposing batters a few dark ones. "Doc" Mouser and "Whitey" Kirsch were ruled out of the games for stopping line drives and picking up grounders. Several "unusual" plays were pulled, much to the amusement of those on the sidelines.

In volley ball our athletes were not so successful. The ball just simply would not stay off the ground in spite of vicious slaps and verbal reprimands. Gy. Sgts. Hoban and Holz launched an offensive, but the enemy yelled: "Outside," and took possession of the ball. Cpl. Davis played a nice game and was almost ruled out for professionalism. The 15th Company won two out of the three games.

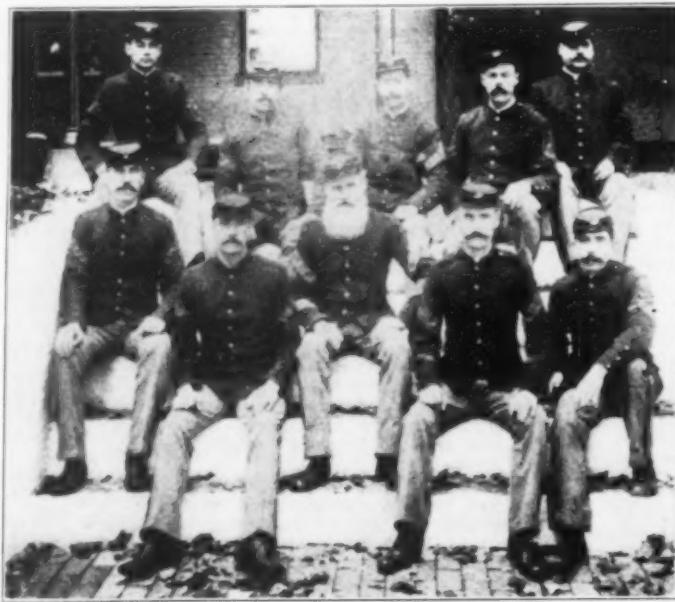
Whenever a doubt exists as to the validity of any law (sea law), or any order posted on the bulletin board, it is submitted to the Arbitrating Board for an airing. Irving J. Gray, a lawyer from the West, is chairman. Harry

Smouse, an eminent orator; Harry Goldman, a representative of Davy Jones; and the writer are the other members of the board. Findings of this court will be made public next time.

The war situation is something like this:

Marshal Chang Tso-lin is dead; out of the game for good they say. Marshal Chiang Kai-shek took North China; gave it to General Yen Hsi-shan for safe keeping. The wolf, Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang, is keeping an eye on this territory. Perhaps he is to be heard from soon. General Chang Hsueh-liang would like to keep Manchuria, but Chiang, Yen and Feng seem to think this territory is part of China. Wu Pei-fu is resting in exile, as is Marshal Tuan Chiu-jiu, leader of the Anfu party.

This Oriental war-brew is always at a boiling point, and each party seems to establish his own government in turn.



GROUP OF MARINES AT PORTSMOUTH, N. H., 1893

Front: Sgt. Gorman, Sgt. Meehan, 1st Sgt. Donohue, Sgt. Sullivan, Sgt. Cassidy. Rear: Cpl. Williams, Sgt. Kirby, Sgt. Whittaker, Sgt. Gilmore, Sgt. Snyder.

left for Manila to attend a conference—typhoon, we call it. But this isn't getting anywhere. It is the gang—our gang—whom we want on the stage.

"Peaches" Beach and Williamson are our foremost soldiers of liberty. Obviously they find it rather interesting to reconnoiter within the impenetrable confines of Victoria Park. "Dutch" Sauer believes in minding the bugle. When liberty call sounds he loses no time in getting under way for a chop suey house in the French Concession, where he generously partakes of the delicious viands set before him. Guess it's "Chow Mein" or "Chow Bingers," don't know which.

An unusual peculiarity is noted when Corporals Dunn, Toney and Harlin are cruising about town. Just why their steps are so long, their tread so light and they are so gay when going south along Barrack Road, is a mystery. Cpl. Mazzie, a psychologist of note, said that because of our apparently limited knowl-

**SAN DIEGO NON-COMS WELCOME
NEW COMMANDING GENERAL**

By Kitty Clyde

Under festoons of California palms and colored lights, with brilliant uniforms and gay evening dresses, to the strains of an alluring orchestra the non-commissioned personnel of San Diego Base on August 22 welcomed their new commanding officer, Brigadier General Dion Williams, and Mrs. Williams. The General has become quite a favorite in San Diego.

The committee in charge of the affair spared no pains in adding all the finishing touches to make the dance stand out in the memories of those present. Members of the committee were: Sgt. Major H. Larn, Sgt. Major C. Nelson, First Sgt. E. Arnold, First Sgt. H. Irwin, Gy. Sgt. N. Moore, Sgt. W. Hunt, Cpl. C. Ackert, Cpl. J. Murdock, Cpl. C. Wetherald, Cpl. H. Burns, Cpl. W. Wilson and PhM. A. Ruth.

Sergeant W. Hunt and his corps of workers did marvelous work of decoration and great credit is due his splendid achievement.

The Commanding General responded to many calls and outlined his plans, which, of course, tend to make this a better and more beautiful Marine Base.

"War Horse" Arnold and his group of entertainers gave the dancers all they desired, never refusing to respond to encore after encore, and rendering many comedy bits to cheer the revelers.

Major G. H. Osterhout is in our midst and we are glad to welcome him—he is a good soldier and a splendid friend of the boys. He is in charge of the Recruit Depot.

Plenty of delicious refreshments and favors were served at the intermission. After "Home, Sweet Home" was played, the gay party broke up with one long Aloha: "We'll Be Back Soon."

**OPENING EXERCISES HELD AT
MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS**

The opening exercises of the Marine Corps schools were held at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia, at 11:00 a. m., September 14, 1928. The commanding officer of the schools, Colonel James C. Breckinridge, made the introductory remarks, and Major General Wendell C. Neville, commanding General at Quantico, the principal address.

At the conclusion of the address, Commander Joseph T. Casey (ChC.), U. S. Navy, pronounced the benediction.

Due to the large number of Marine officers absent on expeditionary duty in China and Nicaragua, the Company Officers' School will not function this year and the class for field officers will be smaller than was originally contemplated.

In accordance with a policy which has been in effect for several years the Infantry has a representative in the class, and for the first time two line officers of the Navy have also been assigned to take the field officers' course this year.

The roster of the student personnel is as follows:

Lieutenant Colonel Robert O. Underwood; Major Bennet Puryear, Jr.; Major

David M. Randall; Major Paul A. Capron; Major William F. Bevan; Major Nedom A. Eastman; Lieutenant Commander Rawson J. Valentine, U. S. N.; Captain Pedro A. del Valle; Captain Walter H. Sitz; Captain Charles A. Wynn; Captain Thomas E. Watson; Captain Walter G. Sheard; Captain George C. Hammer; Lieutenant Edwin A. F. Poehlmann, U. S. N.; Captain William F. Gent, U. S. A.

"NOTES FROM CAVITE"
By S. L. King

Strange as it may seem, this post is still on the map despite the heavy rains



HOLLYWOOD STARS AT SAN DIEGO

Brigadier General Dion Williams, Commanding General at San Diego, taken with Ruth Elder and Richard Dix, who are co-starring in the latest Marine movie, "Moran of the Marines."

we have been having here of late. The rainy season is in full swing now and this place is more than just damp.

A long to be remembered smoker was held here on the 4th of July, and all hands were on deck to see the bouts. Jimmy Lombard, the "Pride and Joy" of the Naval Prison Detachment, refereed the bouts and Cpl. Pearl, of "East Side Fame," was the announcer.

"Bull Dog" Morgan, of the Marine Barracks, opened the evening with a bang by scoring a knock out over "Flash" McGill of Ft. Mills; this more than evened the score for the decision McGill won over Morgan at Corregidor not long ago.

The special event of the evening was a canary weight bout between "No Can Do," the Marine bootblack, and "Can Do" the San Roque terror; the decision was a draw. Those two kids certainly could handle their mits.

"Battling" Hanley, the Marine who ran up quite a fighting record for himself while serving with the 4th Regi-

ment in Shanghai, has completely captivated the hearts of his shipmates in Cavite by his style and ability as a fighter. Hanley won the decision over Soldier Leah of Ft. Mills; the bout was his from the start.

Tommy Wells, the fighting Marine, lived up to his reputation by putting "Sailor" Musson on the canvas three times in the first round. The bell saved Musson on his third time down. Although Musson was game and put forth his best efforts he was so far out-classed that he didn't have a chance. The bout was called in the second round on account of Musson's nose being broken.

The main event of the evening was an eight-round bout between Alexander, who was transferred to the Naval Hospital at Canacao recently, from the American Legation, Peking, China, and Logsdon of Ft. Mills. Despite the fact that Alexander was a patient in the hospital at the time and not in the best of condition, he put up a good fight and lost only by a small margin.

Captain W. H. Davis was detached from this post to the Department of the Pacific via the U. S. S. "Chumont."

Chief Quartermaster Clerk James Lippert arrived at this station on the Army Transport "Grant"; he relieved Quartermaster Clerk W. V. Harris, who was detached from this post to the Department of the Pacific on the Chaumont. We are sorry to lose Mr. Harris as he was liked by all. We are glad, however, to welcome his relief, and wish him and his family a pleasant tour of duty on this station.

Sergeant E. R. Wallingford was paid off here the 14th of July and shipped over the 16th. He has just reported back here for duty after taking a fifteen-day leave. Simeon Mitoff, who was paid off here in 1925, shipped over for Olongapo the 28th of June.

Pvt. F. R. Jenner was paid off here the 18th of July and returned with his wife to the States on the S. S. "President Grant." We wish him a bright and successful future.

Sgt. Caro, the popular young field warden at the Naval Prison, is still going strong. He says that some of his regulars have left him, but everything at his hotel is going fairly well.

"Nick," our "Loco" mail orderly, is still handing out a letter once in a great while to those who are lucky enough to get them.

Pfc. John E. Davidson has been making rather frequent trips to Manila lately, to study Spanish, he tells us. Since he refuses to make the trip without a "Roll" and the only textbooks in evidence so far have been copies of "I Confess" and "True Confessions" magazines, we are wondering if it is Spanish grammar that Dave is studying.

The Corpsmen of the Canacao Hospital gave the district a dance on the 21st of July at the Manila Hotel. The Manila Hotel Orchestra and the Commandant's Band furnished the music, featuring the very latest hits. Refreshments were served in the form of a midnight supper and that went over big. Special boats brought the boys back in time to stand

their watches. The evening was a complete success.

Since Pvt. G. W. Curtiss was transferred to the States for discharge, "Olaf" Olson, our well beloved music, holds the record for getting the most mileage out of the Victrola in the recreation room. Olaf goes back to the States on the next boat and we are beginning to think that it is a good thing. Poor Olaf has been here too long; between the time he sounds reveille and assembly he sits in the recreation room and plays acey-deucey by himself. Assembly was late the other morning and when the sergeant in charge of quarters went to find Olaf he was lying on the floor in an awful state, face cut in two places, clothes torn and bunged up in general. When the blood was washed off and Olaf was able to tell us what it was all about, we found that he had caught himself cheating at a acey-deucey, and wouldn't stand for it. Woe betide the man who gave Olaf a nickel to sound chow bumps last pay day; we haven't had chow on time since.

Speaking of chow, Cpl. Lester Shelton is our new mess sergeant. He has been first cook for some time and knows his "onions." With Pfc. Sam W. Smith as first cook and Pvts. Bill Simpson and "Red" Murray as his able assistants, we have no kick coming from that quarter.

On July 2nd, Major M. R. Thatcher, assistant adjutant and inspector, gave this post the once over and every thing went over 100 per cent. Of course, we don't like to brag but—it was bound to go over big for even Sgt. "Jimmy" Noble was on the field. "Scotty," our recreation room manager, also graced the formation with his presence. "Scotty" says that he has been in this post over two years and hasn't so much as missed one ceremony. Cheer up, Scott. Suppose that you had to work for a living.

Pvt. J. C. Bingham was transferred to the 4th Regiment at Shanghai the 10th of July to join the 4th Regiment Band.

The following named men were transferred to the States on the "Chaumont" for discharge, duty and medical survey: For discharge and duty, Qm. Sgt. C. D. Brannon, Cpl. C. Clegg, D. E. Arnold, E. Crew, R. D. Davies, D. J. Hedgepath, Pfc. R. F. Jolin, J. E. Gray, R. E. McCann, E. Friend, Pvts. L. F. Edenfield, F. D. Harpe, T. E. Logan, W. J. Pitts, L. H. Sturgeon, J. W. Clark, H. E. John,

G. W. Curtiss, R. H. Hendershot, W. L. Keene. For medical survey, Sgt. C. Bramer, Pfc. Austin, Pvts. R. W. Dennison, J. Fickensworth, W. F. Kirkpatrick, D. F. Walton, R. W. Flannery, L. L. Curtiss, A. D. Williams, Jr., A. E. Cooper, R. L. Richardson.

The following named men were transferred to Olongapo for duty the 19th of July: Cpl. H. L. Claude, Pfc. G. A. Farrow, Pvts. J. A. Wood, J. Zaleski, A. R. Henderikson.

The below named were promoted to corporal the 1st of August: Pfc. L. C. Shelton, J. A. Robar; Pvts. F. O. Marvin, Joe Harris and N. L. Burroughs. To the rank of private first class, Pvts. H. M. Keller and R. O. Gable. Pfc. A. M. Ballard and Pvts. D. B. Campbell and M. W. Kay were transferred to this post from the U. S. S. "Sacramento" via the "Chaumont."

FAMOUS LAST WORDS: ALRIGHT, UP YOU COME; YOU SOLDIERS OF THE SEA.

Station C-A-V-I-T-E now signing off.

RAMBLES OF THE SIXTIETH COMPANY AT PUERTO CABEZAS

By Phil Haensler

In our last month's contribution to "The Leatherneck" we related how members of our company traveled up Nicaragua hills to the Eden Mine. We shall continue the story and tell of further experiences that befall members of the Sixtieth Company.

After leaving the Eden Mine the men continued to meet with the usual hardships. The peak of excitement was reached when they captured two gayly bedecked, typical Nicaraguan bandits. The vivid hat-bands they were wearing were promptly appropriated by Captain Linscott and First Sergeant Riewe; no doubt for exhibitional purposes.

Our patrols are extended over a wide area and it is almost impossible to obtain authentic news concerning them; but we have been fortunate enough to secure some information through one of our men who returned to Puerto Cabezas for medical treatment. He says the trails encountered by his patrol were extremely difficult, and in many places practically impassable. However, under the able leadership of Captain Rose and First Lieutenant William Whaling, the trip was made to the La Luz Mine. Four miles distant from the mine is a tiny settlement called "Hiyas." Pitching

their camp in an immense orange grove, the boys were soon enjoying themselves with the fruit. Also, while on this trip, they encountered a huge diamond-backed rattle, easily ten feet in length. Private Daniel shot the reptile, and the rest of the patrol stood around in amazement. Eventually they reached Puerto Cabezas where most of them "turned in" at the hospital for treatment of minor ailments.

The transportation of mail continues to be a vital problem, and, due to the fact that trips were restricted to the forwarding of official communications, the difficulty was greatly increased. However, patrols are now establishing bases where the mail may be conveyed by boat. In the future the men in the hills should be able to correspond as frequently as their friends in Puerto Cabezas.

The first member of our organization to leave for the United States was Corporal Otto J. Banks.

An airplane arrived in Puerto Cabezas the other day carrying three men who took part in an exciting engagement in the Bocay sector. The following story was related by Sergeant Melvin Moiser, Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "Denver." He had been wounded during the combat and is now recuperating in the hospital here.

"We stopped at a place called Shiloh, received our rations and mail by airplane, then set out along the Coco River. I, with one squad, was on the right bank, while Captain Edson and approximately three squads led the way. Suddenly we encountered an attacking party of bandits. In the first exchange of fire we succeeded in killing three or more of the opposition. Our troops deployed and sought protection behind rocks and trees, advancing in approved Indian fashion. After about four hours of strenuous fighting, the bandits, despite the fact they were well armed and had three machine guns so placed that we were covered from all sides, withdrew. I might state that the machine gun was of the latest type.

"It was after the main attack had been broken and our squad was attempting to reach Captain Edson and his command that disaster overtook us. Sergeant Hikeither's party had been ordered to the other side of the river. While the passage was being made Private Myer Stengel was killed by a rifle bullet. Almost immediately our small party was again attacked by a detachment, presumably from the main group of rebels. Sergeant Schoenberger, Trumpeter Payne and myself received wounds that necessitated our removal by airplane. This was done under the command of Captain E. D. Howard."

We are happy to add that Sergeant Moiser and his two companions are recovering rapidly. It is not unlikely that they will soon leave the hospital, although their return to actual duty is at this time doubtful.

Second Lieutenant James M. Ranck, our Company Officer, has apparently recovered from the effects of his recent operation. At present he is commanding the rear echelon.

Earl T. Spencer has stolen a march on some of the boys and is parading around "town" with the title of "Sergeant" affixed to his name. Gunnery Sergeants Conwill and Petillo, the two inseparables, famed throughout the circuit as



African explorers run across many such villages as this during expeditions into the interior of the Dark Continent. This Indian village of Twapi, however, was discovered by Marines a scant seven miles from Puerto Cabezas, Nicaragua.

pinochle performers invincible, are still out in the hills wondering when they'll return to civilization.

Our barracks has the distinction of housing Pat Connolly of the Fifty-first Company. His many friends back home will be glad to hear he has been awarded that much-coveted third stripe.

The latest contingent of troops from the United States contained thirty-six new members for our company. Incidentally they are all recruits from Paris Island, and will no doubt be amazed at the tales of woe they will hear from the "Old Timers."

It is with a feeling of sincere personal regret on the part of every member of the company that we learned of the death of Mrs. Rieuwe, the beloved wife of First Sergeant Fred Rieuwe.

We are now looking forward to the National elections down here. Four members of our company have been selected for the purpose of attending the Spanish school at Bluefields. This is part of an extensive program to educate members of the Marine Corps for intelligence work in the vicinity of the polls scattered at important places throughout this republic.

By the time next month rolls around we hope to have more news for readers of "The Leatherneck" who are interested in the activities of their friends down here in Nicaragua wearing the conventional khaki of the U. S. Marine Corps.

AIRCRAFT SQUADRONS SIGHT-INS IN NICARAGUA

By a Sopolo

As this is the first of another fiscal year we will give you few readers some statistical dope that will give you an idea of our volume of "business" for the year.

In order to guarantee Nicaragua a fair and free election, purged of the English element that has troubled ex-Mayor Thompson of Chicago and the "pine-apples" as hurled by the gangsters, in our ministerings to our "Little Brown Brothers," we have the following figures to offer:

We have burned 180,315 gallons of gasoline.

We have used 14,246 gallons of oil.

We have flown 5,817 hours.

We have a pilot average of 487.7 hours.

We have hauled one thousand seven hundred and eighty passengers (sounds bigger to spell it out).

We have hauled 1,004,058 pounds (502.04 tons) of freight.

We have flown 3,593 flights (not around the field).

We have enjoyed 84 engagements with the legions of Sandino.

We have expended 150,000 rounds of ammunition.

We have dropped 514 bombs.

We have suffered 83 bullet holes in our planes (not self-inflicted only in a few cases).

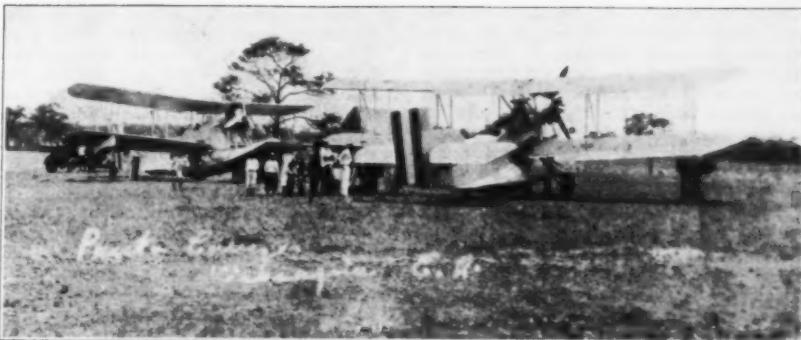
We have had only 9 crashes, due to motor trouble, one caused by a collision with a buzzard, and one unknown.

Our highest time for one week was 220 hours and 20 minutes.

Our highest number of flights one week was 157.

Our highest number of passengers one week was 137.

We feel licensed to use the first person pronoun "we" as we have ever since



Here is a view of the two airplanes which, under the direction of Captain E. D. Howard, make frequent trips from Puerto Cabezas to the interior for the purpose of dropping supplies and mail to Marine forces farther out in the hills.

"Lindy" told the Frenchmen "WE."

Everybody else has abused the little two-letter word, and so will we in a wee way.

But the year passed has taken a toll of four lives and one of the organization is probably maimed for life. The crash of unknown origin 8 October, 1927, took Lt. Earl A. Thomas and Sergeant Frank E. Dowdell. Captain William Byrd and Rudolph Frankforter were killed March 8 when their D. H. hit a buzzard. Captain Frances E. Pierce was shot through the foot on the 29th of February this year when he and Chief Marine Gunner Wodarczyk engaged a group of Sandinistas at Murra, a little mining town in the jungles east of Chipote. Captain Pierce is back in San Diego and still having trouble with the foot.

Lts. Lamson-Scribner and Chappell, surprising the Sandinistas at "chow" on Friday, 6 July, had the 84th contact with the outlaws. Throttling his motor down, Lt. Scribner made a stealthy approach of a finca nestled in the canyon walls of the Guigualia River. On the approach of the shack three men with red hat bands and one immaculately dressed Jefe were seen to run from the house to the brush. Lt. Scribner planted three bombs in the brush and Lt. Chappell saw a man stumble over something after a burst from his Lewis. While there is no way of counting the effects of the fights like the one described, the buzzards were seen a few days later feasting in the brush and swarmed up on the approach of the plane.

Importing some American fireworks from the States, several Managuans sought to help with the Fourth of July celebration and ended up with a call-to-arms at the field here. Somebody awakened from a siesta about 7 o'clock in the evening and on hearing the firecrackers sounded off.

"There is a Thompson Sub being fired at the edge of the field."

Call-to-arms was sounded by every throat in the camp, the glass front was broken from the call-to-arms cabinet and there was much excitement until Lt. Chappell, the O. D., found out the cause of the trouble.

Here is some more dope for the annals of air transportation. On Saturday, 7 July, and Monday, 9 July, three Fokkers

piloted by Lts. Williamson and McHugh and Gunnery Sergeant Sheppard, transported an entire company of ground troops consisting of "lock-stock and barrel," so to speak. Eighty-eight men and three officers with full packs, arms and rations were carried by the large planes in the short time of 40 minutes to the trip. Had the troops been forced to march overland from Ocotal to Apali, two days would have been required with a tired group of men not ready for further marching as was needed in an emergency.

'Member when some swains of the old Marine Corps were fighting for the hand of Helen of Troy or some other "red-headed" woman and the wooden horse was hauled up to the gates of Troy and Helen wanted it for a lap dog. Well, that is about the same case as in Nicaragua, though there "ain't no more red-heads." The Fokkers land with a full complement of bush whacking troops ready for the field the minute they set foot on the deck and in this way patrols are hauled from one station to another here with much saving of time and the health of the men. Not to speak of the morale.

There is one group of farmers who will not be troubled with the recent veto of the McNary-Haugen Farm Relief Bill. First Sergeants Roamer and Dudley, Gunnery Sergeants Smith, Stewart, Kenyon and Whitman and a few other of the non-coms, have rescued a small plot from the rank growth of weeds and jungle grass and have started a garden. Their crops are radishes, cucumbers, cantaloupes, watermelons, corn (not the liquid producing type), and other truck garden products. Crop rotation has been studied assiduously by these "back to the soil" devotees. They plant radishes, the N. C. O. mess consumes all of them, and then they plant more radishes of another color and so on. This is the same "farm" that was started by "Skipper" Adams who is now in the States to return on the next Fokker. The "Skipper" says that he knows the syndicate will not be bothered with static that he has trouble with in radio as all of the respective crops are well grounded.

Major Louis M. Bourne, our new C. O. arrived on the 19th. Arriving via the only railroad in Nicaragua on Thursday, the new Jefe took-off early on Friday to

have a "look-see" over the northern area with Major Rowell. Many of the personnel of these squadrons remember Major Bourne when a Captain commanding the aviation in Haiti. Major Bourne has always been a popular man with the enlisted personnel and is known all over as a man who will "stand up for his men." This is all we'll bring up until some "fall down" on the Major.

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Born of ideals, the Marine Band has grown because of the vision and altruism of its leaders who have nobly placed the love of music above the more stable consideration of money. Too much praise cannot be paid to Captain Branson for the efforts and sacrifices he has made, and for the devotion with which he follows the traditional glory of the United States Marine Band, "The President's Own."

THE TENTH REGIMENT GALLEY

Dear Al: The only way we can break into print is by writing ourselves, so here's the dope. As this is composed of wails from the galley it is only right that I give you a little information on the subject, and start with the crew. After Lieutenant John D. O'Leary and

"Coolie" Jouanillou, the mess sergeant, "Slum Slinger" Faulk rates first. It isn't hard to guess that he is our first cook. Then we have Abie Green, who can't seem to forget that he used to be a leather pusher. That fact causes "Sheik" Strassle to lead a dog's life; and it's a good thing that "Ma" Watkins is on the other watch. He claims to be too delicate for Abie. Then we have in our midst "Caruso" Frymire, the songbird, who keeps the boys entertained while they work. We sincerely hope he follows Caruso's footsteps and joins him soon. Yes, very soon.

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By the way, "Ruskey" Kessel, the bomb thrower, expects to retire soon with a large fortune. The Standard Oil Company is signing him up for the discovery of a new lubricant. He calls it gravy, but it worked so well on rickshaws, tractors and baby carriages, that he has decided to forget his pride and sell the idea. It worked fine on my rifle.

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Well, Jouanillou says I have given away too many secrets now, Al. So, as the Chinamen say, "Bon Jour," meaning see you later.

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By Barrows & Wacker

We are now located in Matagalpa, Nicaragua, one of the largest cities of this country, and I can say that we are all glad to be back in half-way civil surroundings once more.

We have been in this country for seven months, and have traveled over quite a bit of it. We landed at Corinto and worked our way north to the northern area by way of Leon, Managua, Trinidad, Esteli and Yali. We have patrolled from Trinidad to Ocotal, and from Ocotal to Cusili. We have been at El Chipote and all along the Coco River from Quilali to Qua. Since the first of May we have been around Jinotega and Matagalpa districts.

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We are one of the most heavily and efficiently armed platoons in this coun-



try, and yet we have not come into contact with any organized bands of bandits. We have seen a few, and took a few shots at those we saw, but no luck. We have been very lucky, as other columns less heavily armed have been hit several times.

Since we are now back in civilization, I would like to get my teeth fixed that were broken on one of our famous cook's biscuits. They tasted worse, and were harder than "hard tack," Navy issue. Of course, there are a few odds and ends you fellows should know about; one of them is Harry Wendorff, our New York jewelry salesman, or otherwise "Abe, the Jew"; "Silent" John D. Neurt, the quietest man in town; also "Shifty Pete," or otherwise Pvt. L. L. Peterson, the worst gambler in the Marine Corps.

On 26 April, 1928, the squad from the 46th Company joined us at Jicaro, Nicaragua, to fill up our platoon. Among them were Cpl. Forrest L. Gross, a "muy bueno hombre"; also "Kid" Hathaway, our Sub Thompson Machine Gun man from Chicago. Twenty-one years in Chicago, and the "Kid" says that ought to be enough to prove his right to the much coveted Sub Thompson.

The fellows can all speak a little Spanish by now; among the best are Sgt. Hancock, Tpr. Stowe and Pvts. Smith and Metzger.

General Chamorro came to Matagalpa, Nicaragua, August 17th. Oh, Boy! How these "gooks" celebrated. They have a bomb made of black powder wrapped up in a piece of rawhide, and they make enough noise to wake up the dead, but are harmless otherwise. They held parades and meetings all over town, but it is all over now and we have settled down to the usual routine.

The 11th Regiment baseball team from Matagalpa has won the biggest percentage with the 5th Regiment of Matagalpa, and it looks like they will continue to do so, as I am one of the biggest "chow hounds" of this company, and since it is chow time, will have to close.

C & B SCHOOL, PARRIS ISLAND, S. C. By Two Tropical Marines

Here we are trying to show you under again, and first of all we are going to break in a couple of new ones on you. "Rebel" Walter G. McNulty, one of the popular boys from New Orleans, ar-

rived recently. We suspect him of joining the outfit so he could study the living conditions of the Yankees.

The question bothering most of us at present is whether or not Sergeant Frank Urban wouldn't find it far more convenient if he moved his trunk to Charleston. Our company clerk, Dickson, has been made private first class, but he hasn't come through with any cigars yet. Because of his extended knowledge of South Carolina, M. J. Hogan, our cracker-jack storeroom keeper, is now considered the authority on travel and conditions in the State.

Staff Sergeant Alfred A. Zuern was recently arrested by Officer Cupid. He was tried and sentenced by the Reverend Doctor Burns of Beaufort, S. C. Apparently it was a life's sentence, "Until death do us part."

We have been hounding Pederson to tell us what color the new baby Ford is going to be. He doesn't want to tell, but we'll make him if we have to starve him into it. He overheard that remark and replied: "Just keep on feeding me the way you have been and I'll starve anyway." That's gratitude for you.

"NINETY DAYS' LEAVE" OR "WHY WE SHIP OVER"

By M. T. Sgt. William J. O'Brien

This article, sub-titled "Ten Hours at Port au Prince," is the second of a series recounting incidents of Sergeant O'Brien's trip to the tropics as a member of the Panama Club of New York City.

Entered the harbor on the S. S. "Cristobal" at daylight and docked at Port au Prince during breakfast. Several of my companions and myself declined this repast, and had, instead, a cocktail in "The International Cafe," the first one off the dock. We sampled the various brands of German beer, and decided that the Hamburg brew was the best. To enable us to find the place upon our return we inquired for the name of the Haitian proprietor. Much to our surprise he replied that it was O'Connor. Incredulous, we asked him to repeat. This time he assured us that his name was O'Connor, and added that his father was Galway and his mother Jamaican. One of my friends, grinning at me, remarked: "Good thing he didn't say his name was O'Brien."

We left several of the Leathernecks of the Marine Detachment, including Q. M. Sergeant Crane and Sergeant Angus, and found on reaching the sidewalk that we had acquired a Haitian guide. He explained all the points of interest in Haitian, or some lingo, and, believe me, although no one paid the slightest attention to him, he was still with us after we had visited Petionville, the American Club, Sea Side Inn, "Admiral Cooks" and Cantina Cooks.

After a pleasant visit to the Marine Barracks, where we met Captains Barnaby and Keinast, Lieutenants Byrd and Norman True, Sergt. Maj. J. D. McCue and Gy. Sergt. McGarvey, band leader, we sojourned to the American Hotel. There we met Chief Ph. M. McAlpin and Mrs. McAlpin, and it seemed a repetition of the good feeling one has in meeting people from the States. Needless to say a Marine appears to be welcome any place on earth.

While passing the President's Palace we ran into Lieutenants C. A. White and F. R. Malone of the Gendarmerie d'Haiti, formerly of the U. S. Marine Corps. We were invited to ride in a good old Ford for a quick trip to "The Half-Way House" and "The Bar Terminus." I don't see how anyone can leave that post and not regret it. It was impossible not to notice the neat, soldierly appearance of the Marines. We were greatly surprised to find, instead of dilapidated horse-drawn vehicles laboring through muddy roads, latest model automobiles speeding over concrete highways.

It was with deep regret that we heard the whistle of the ship at the dock, notifying us that we had but thirty minutes before sailing. We managed to arrive in time, loaded or laden with many souvenirs from the island. We picked up, as passengers to the States, Colonel and Mrs. Meyers. Also, as passengers, were Major Edwin H. Brainard and Lieutenant Kimeling. The Major had flown a Marine plane from Washington to Nicaragua in fourteen hours. It took him two weeks to get back again.

The spirit of Haiti was much in evidence as the gang embarked. As we set sail for New York a squadron of planes performed over the ship. It made a fellow feel proud as he looked up and saw "U. S. Marines" on the wings. The passengers sure raised some racket cheering the aviators as they came within a few feet of the ship's railing. I believe this was a sort of farewell to Colonel Meyers and Major Brainard; but it was enjoyed by everyone on board.

We passed the U. S. S. "Texas," west of Haiti, at night and enjoyed a splendid exhibition of battle practice. It was a marvelous spectacle; star shells, fired by the U. S. S. "Minneapolis," many miles eastward, hung almost motionless in the air. Brilliant flares lighted the sea on all sides. That night we had a moonlight dance on board, and many new steps were introduced.

The weather gradually grew colder and it became necessary to don warmer clothing. One afternoon we passed close to a rum-running schooner. It was safely outside the 12-mile limit, but a U. S. Coast Guard Cutter was standing by. Entreaty calls were made to the schooner by many thirsty members of the Panama Club, but without avail.

The following day we found snow



Marine Barracks and President's Palace, Port au Prince, Haiti

covering the deck, and the wind was chill and biting, but we gave no thought to that. We were just outside New York. Feeling, at once, nervous, joyful and regretful, we passed through the customs and entered New York City. There we bade farewell to our shipmates, and departed on our various ways homeward. All that remains of our trip to Panama and Haiti are many happy memories. But now I at last know the reason "Why we ship over."

WITH THE OLD TIMERS

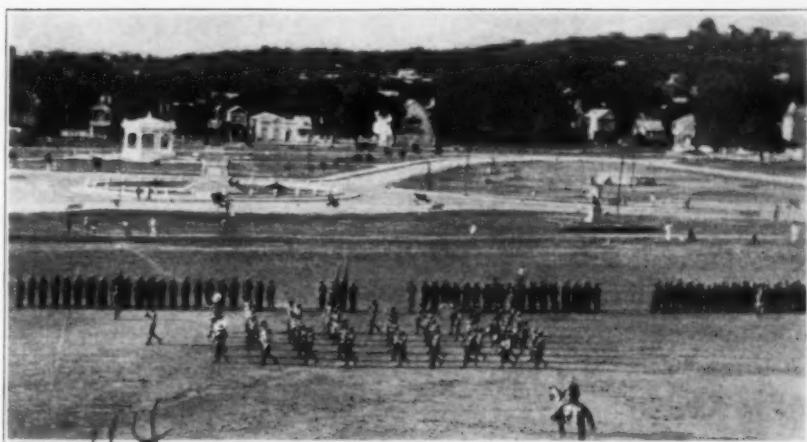
By Edward A. Callan, Sergeant Major, U. S. Marine Corps, Retired.

It may not be inappropriate, considering the title of these series of articles, to narrate the fact that a company of full fledged active service Marines of the present day, gathered from headquarters barracks, 8th and I streets, southeast, and the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Washington, D. C., officered by Captain Brown, 1st Lieutenant Chappelle and 2nd Lieutenant Hayes, re-enacted on September 12, 1928, the part that the Marines perpetuated in history over one hundred and fourteen years ago during the defense of the now historic Fort McHenry, Baltimore, Md., incidentally also brought into fame as the birthplace of what is termed and accepted as our national anthem—THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER. Although historians, past and present, have given little credit to the part that the Marines took in the defense of Fort McHenry, against the bombardment by the British fleet under Lord Howe, on September 12, 1814, from a close personal research among various authorities it may be now stated that without a doubt it was the brave defense put up by the United States Marines in 1814, that inspired Francis Scott Key to pen the words of the STAR SPANGLED BANNER.* Be that as it may, musty files of the War Department will show that Colonel George Armistead, of the United States Army, in 1814, when sorely pressed for reinforcements pending the threatened attack of the British Fleet, appealed to his superiors for troops but as it was impracticable to send army reinforcements—MARINES WERE LANDED and history shows that they soon had "THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND."

On September 12, 1928, the city of Baltimore did itself proud in again rededicating old historic Fort McHenry, which now assumes importance as a National Shrine, the birthplace of the national anthem; and incidentally every Marine and ex-Marine may take pride in the fact that the corps of one hundred and fourteen years ago was ever to the fore as the corps of today ever strives to emulate. Governor Ritchie of Maryland, Mayor William F. Broening, of Baltimore, and various other prominent speakers lauded the defenders and in especial Mayor Broening in his oration graciously mentioned the fact that the Marines and military forces should be glorified. (Using the word "Marines" first in referring to the able defense of the historic old fort.)

We will now carry on with our regular story, and in keeping with the true spirit

*Author's note: Scarf's History of Baltimore, published 1857.



Evening Parade of Gendarmerie, Champ de Mars, Port au Prince

of the corps, notwithstanding that death has claimed one of our eldest of "THE OLD TIMERS" we will yet carry on and spread the history of the inspiring record of his long and honorable service, thus to our utmost ability living out our motto "SEMPER FIDELIS," for last month while he was in life we promised our readers a write-up aent him and although he has answered the last call, we who remain will always endeavor to carry on.

Lemuel Fugitt, Sergeant, U. S. Marine Corps, Retired, Died August 30, 1928.

Lemuel Fugitt was born on July 20, 1849, and first entered the United States Marine Corps, as an apprentice on August 20, 1862, to serve to majority, upon reaching which he was honorably discharged on July 20, 1870. Thirteen years and one month old he was when he held up his hand to serve in the grand old corps. Notwithstanding that he had served through the stirring days of the Civil War when he was in his early teens, he so loved the corps that he re-enlisted but seven days after having reached his majority and thus of the man we read the official record at headquarters of the corps that he re-enlisted on July 27, 1870, being honorably discharged on July 28, 1874, and again he held up his hand and continued to serve through the years, re-enlisting and being honorably discharged at the expiration of each re-enlistment till February 25, 1891, he was placed on the retired list of the enlisted men of the corps with rank of sergeant. In those days there was but one sergeant major in the entire corps and it was an unheard of affair if a man attained the rank of sergeant till he had years of honorable service to his credit and thorough experience.

Thirty-seven years after being retired from the corps, Mr. Fugitt passed to the great beyond and received the last honors due a soldier of the sea. To be exact, he died on August 30, 1928, at his residence, 815 C Street, Southeast, Washington, D. C., and is survived by his faithful wife, now a widow, Mrs. Sarah A. Fugitt, of the same address. Sergeant Lemuel Fugitt was buried in Congressional Cemetery, Washington, D. C., where also sleep many veteran Marines who have long since answered the last call, yet

whose honorable careers are and ever will be an inspiration to all of us who endeavor to live the corps' motto—
"SEMPER FIDELIS."

57TH CO., ELEVENTH REGIMENT, DARAILI, NICARAGUA

By Paul T. Lory

Our detachment has experienced a little unusual excitement lately. On Monday, August 13, rumors reached us that three hundred bandits, led by three generals, were within fifteen miles of our camp. Call to arms sounded that evening, our weapons were tested, and bursts fired from our automatic rifles, machine guns and rifle grenades.

We were not attacked, however, although we certainly expected to be at any moment. During the night of the 14th Private Moore said that about 7:30 he fired on some suspicious looking hombre. Shortly after midnight Private Gessner fired at another. We of the reserve squad were mustered out to investigate. We could find nothing of a suspicious nature.

On Sunday night, August 19, Private Cordon shot at what he claimed to be a man advancing towards him. Those who were awake at the time claim that he established the remarkable record of challenging and firing within three seconds, or less.

There has been much wrangling here lately as to whether Cordon consumed 27 or 32 hot cakes while in Esteli. This aroused him to set to work to disprove the statement that he was a chow hound. His well founded resolutions were shattered the next day. He came off guard, hungry as usual. The prunes had all been eaten, so the messmen opened another can. Cordon consumed its entire contents.

He offered as an excellent excuse that he came from a prune-growing country (Oregon), and that he was raised on them.

Corporals Carrigan and Zernicke were promoted to sergeants the First of July. The latter is both property and mess sergeant since the commissioning of Corporal Purtee in the Guardia Nacionale of Nicaragua. The sergeant is putting out some pretty good meals, although



U. S. MARINE CORPS "GLASS EYE" TEAM AT CAMP PERRY, OHIO

(So called because of telescopic sights)

Standing, left to right: Sergt. Carlson, Sergt. Cagle, Sergt. Hankins, Corp. Seitzinger, Sergt. Roberts. Sitting, left to right: Gy. Sergt. Fisher, Chf. M. Gun. Wiggs, Chf. M. Gun. Lloyd, Capt. Ashurst, Gy. Sergt. Blade.

he claims to know nothing about cooking.

Our friend, Moises Gonzalez, Sr., is getting to be quite jocular lately. For example, he will ask some Marine what State he comes from. If the answer is "Illinois," Gonzalez will reply: "I thought so. I've got two hombres working for me from that State." Then he will point to a couple of ragged looking derelicts.

We had turkey for dinner one day and he told us that he saw the galley crew kill some soplities (vultures) with a stone and cook them.

Another time, when I brought in a suspicious looking native from the observation post, Sr. Gonzalez told me he was called Lory Segunda, or Lory No. 2.

At last we have obtained a flag out here to keep us from forgetting we are Americans. Some bulls dragged in the fifty-foot pole. Private Whitton and Sergeant Zernicke made a wooden eagle and Private McCarville made a ball for it to perch on.

Well, I must sign off for this time with the fervent prayers that we will be pulled out of Nicaragua to the good old Estados Unidos.

RICOCHETS FROM CAMP PERRY

This year's rifle classic at Camp Perry brought thousands of contestants, representing every conceivable branch of the service—the police force of various cities and civilian rifle and pistol clubs, to compete for the many prizes and honors. Members of the United States Marine Corps established an enviable record of winning or placing high in practically every event in which they were entered.

The N. R. A. 600-yd. Any Rifle Match and the Navy Match, were both won by Gunnery Sergeant M. Fisher, U. S. M. C.

The Wimbledon Cup Match—Chief Marine Gunner O. Wiggs, U. S. M. C.; Lieutenant H. Everett, Jr., D. C. N. G.; Sgt. J. F. Hankins, U. S. M. C.; Sgt. H. F. King, U. S. M. C. The above finished in the order named, each having a score of 100.

The Scott Match—Lt. R. H. Bridgman, U. S. Cav., 75; Pvt. L. R. Bledsoe, U. S. M. C., 75; Gy. Sgt. B. G. Betke, U. S. M. C., 74.

The Crowell Match—Ens. C. H. Duerfeldt, U. S. N., 75; Lt. R. T. Presnell, U. S. M. C., 75.

The President's Match—Sergt. H. R. King, U. S. M. C., 146; Sgt. A. W. Carlson, U. S. M. C., 146.

N. R. A. Rapid-Fire Championship—A. F. Frederick, civilian, 97; Sergt. C. J. Cagle, U. S. M. C., 97.

Marine Corps Cup Match—Sergt. B. G. Betke, U. S. M. C., 100; Pfc. N. M. Dodge, U. S. M. C., 98; Sergt. M. Fisher, U. S. M. C., 98.

Championship Regimental Team—First Regiment, U. S. M. C., 573; 8th Infantry, U. S. A., 560.

The Herrick Trophy Match, eight-man team—United States Marines, 1788; U. S. Navy, 1777.

The Leech Cup Match—Ens. C. H. Duerfeldt, U. S. N., 104; Sergt. J. F. Hankins, U. S. M. C., 104; Sergt. W. H. Pulver, U. S. M. C., 104.

Rapid-Fire Pistol Match—Corp. J. W. Thomas, U. S. M. C., 194.

Individual Palma Match—Ens. C. H. Duerfeldt, U. S. N., 221; Lieut. R. T. Presnell, U. S. M. C., 221; Sergt. J. F. Hankins, U. S. M. C., 221; Sergt. C. J. Cagle, U. S. M. C., 220. Marines also won the next four places.

Any Rifle Championship, 600 yards—Sergt. J. F. Hankins, U. S. M. C., 418; Sergt. C. J. Cagle, U. S. M. C., 417; Sergt. S. P. Roberts, U. S. M. C., 415.

The United Service Match—U. S. Marines, 4664; U. S. Army, 4620; National Guard, 4591; Civilians, 4591; U. S. Navy, 4552; U. S. Coast Guard, 4299.

The N. R. A. 200-yard Two-Man Team Match was won by Sergt. R. F. Seitzinger and Gy. Sergt. M. Fisher, U. S. M. C., with a score of 96.

The N. R. A. Two-man Team Match, 600 yards—Sergt. A. W. Carlson, U. S. M. C., and Gy. Sergt. E. J. Blade, U. S. M. C., 99; Cpl. C. Raines and Sergt. S. P. Roberts, U. S. M. C., 98; Sergt. R. F. Seitzinger and Gy. Sgt. M. Fisher, U. S. M. C., 98; Pvt. R. L. Bledsoe and Sergt. J. R. Tietz, U. S. M. C., 98.

The N. R. A. 100-yard Two-Man Team Match—Sergt. A. W. Carlson and Gy. Sergt. E. J. Blade, U. S. M. C., 98; Sergt. D. R. Penley and J. F. Hankins, U. S. M. C., 98. Ten Marine teams finished in the first sixteen places in this meet.

The President's Hundred, which are the 100 high competitors in the President's Match, was led by Sergt. H. R. King, U. S. M. C., 146. Second was Sergt. A. W. Carlson, U. S. M. C., 146. Twenty-two Marines were included in this "President's Hundred."

Camp Perry Instructors' Trophy Match—Mr. X. B. Shaffer, civilian, 135; GMic. F. M. Criswell, U. S. N., 134; Lieut. R. T. Presnell, U. S. M. C., 134.

National Pistol Team Match—U. S. Marine Corps, 1315; U. S. Cavalry, 1244; U. S. Infantry, 1242; Los Angeles Police Force, 1199.

The N. R. A. Grand Aggregate. The total scores of the Leech cup, Members, Marine Corps, Wimbledon cup and President's match count for prizes.—Sergt. S. P. Roberts, U. S. M. C., 483 (gold medallion); Sergt. J. F. Hankins, U. S. M. C., 482; Ens. C. H. Duerfeldt, U. S. N., 482.

The National Individual Rifle Match—Sergt. C. J. Cagle, U. S. M. C., 286; Lieut. S. R. Hinds, U. S. Infantry, 281; Lieut. R. M. Cutts, U. S. M. C., 281.

National Team Rifle Match—Marines, 2733; U. S. Navy, 2704; U. S. Infantry, 2630; U. S. Cavalry, 2651.

FROM THE MARINE CORPS TEAM, CAMP PERRY, OHIO

Some shooter—think it was Sergt. James Tucker, Esq.—dropped in the office last evening and announced that the National Rifle Association was desirous of unloading a lot of medals on their proper owners, whereat our dutiful quartermaster sergeant, Samuel Thompson, promptly commanded a passing wheelbarrow and went after them. Cash prizes, another interesting part of the life of those who follow the shooting game, have already been distributed and at this time there is considerable wealth in this part of Camp Perry, for our aim hasn't been half bad since the start of the national matches here September 3.

The shooting gang is pulling out for Quantico, Va., this week, mighty well satisfied with this year's Perry record, from team captain, Major Julian C. Smith, on down. The efforts of the team captain and the zealous team coach, Chief Marine Gunner C. A. Lloyd, have been rewarded, we all feel.

Here in the team office, while pounding out this space-taker, we see Sergt. H. R. King, this year's winner of the President's match, goal of all ambitious marksmen, examining one of his prizes,

a beautiful trophy given by the Army Ordnance Association, which is a U. S. rifle, calibre .22, model 22, M. I., with a stock that any rifle fan would admire. Sergt. King also collected a neat cash prize with his win.

For the honor of the Corps, Sergt. Carl J. Cagle this year won the national individual rifle match over a field of 1453 entries with high score of 286x300. First Lieut. R. M. Cutts, Jr., U. S. M. C., the 1927 winner, was second. First Sergt. Melvin T. Huff of Peking, China, Legion Guard, is winner of the national individual pistol match.

The average reader likes to know usually about who's who in, maybe, two or three matches and lets that satisfy his interest in what goes on at Camp Perry each summer. However, we are going a little further.

Sergt. A. W. Carlson took second place in the President's match and won a silver medal and cash prize. Gy. Sergt. Morris Fisher has to his credit this year two firsts in the N. R. A. 600-yard Any Rifle Match and the Navy match. Chief Marine Gunner Otho M. Wiggs of Parris Island, S. C., walked away from the firing line the first day of the matches with the Wimbledon Cup, presented by the N. R. A. of Great Britain, to be held one year by the winner.

Sergt. Sterling P. Roberts has received a handsome gold medallion for adding up a score of 483 in a field of 487 entries in the N. R. A. Grand Aggregate. Marines in the G. A. took 10 of the first 12 places; not much, eh? Sergt. J. F. Hankins was second.

Gy. Sergt. Bernard Betke took high honors in the Marine Corps match, 1632 entries. This match consisted of 10 shots for record at 600 and 1,000 yards, no telescopes. A neat list of cash prizes went to the first, second and third place winners; Pvt. First Class N. McK. Dodge and Gy. Sergt. Morris Fisher were second and third.

The Herrick Trophy, contended for by 51 service, National Guard, civilian, etc., teams from all over the States and territories, such as Hawaii, was won by the Marines. U. S. Navy was second.

A feature of the 1928 matches, the Automatic Rifle Match, was won by Sgt. J. R. Tiete, U. S. M. C., who was followed by Gy. Sergt. Glenn Black of the Marines, second place. Sergt. Tiete used the Cutts compensator, which greatly aided him to win over competitors, he says. The match was fired from 400 yards.

The National Pistol Team Match was won by an overwhelming score of 1315 by the Leathernecks, nearest competitor being the U. S. Cavalry with 1244. Our team consisted of First Lieut. Raymond T. Presnell, First Sergt. Melvin T. Huff, Gy. Sergts. B. G. Betke and H. M. Bailey and Corp. J. W. Thomas. At this writing the national rifle team match is being fought out over the firing line and scores will not be available for 24 hours.

Size 40, lot 2JP, maroon. It all means the sweaters, men; the sweaters to the rifle and pistol teams, brand new Spalding athletic with pockets and everything. They were passed around yesterday by Chief Marine Gunner Lloyd and are quite the niftick thing, as Abie Kabibble might say. A small yellow "M" on the right shoulder is the only outside decoration. Too bad everyone is

not going to Portsmouth, N. H., to enjoy the cold weather.

The atmosphere in these parts is optimistic now with the generous slice of cash prizes in our pockets and medals in our trunks and suitcases. Soon the 1928 bunch will be broken up, some to go to San Diego, some to Boston, some to Hampton Roads, and some for foreign service in Haiti, Cuba, Nicaragua and China. Corp. Carl Raines, who has just returned from Peking, says he is about to do a period of foreign service in Parris Island, S. C.

Our team armorer, Gy. Sergt. William "Bill" Plies, will drop out of the Marine scene soon, according to present plans. His retirement will be regretted by all shooters who have had occasion to benefit from the veteran armorer's excellent services. Best wishes, Bill!

Fifteen minutes to one of Sergt. Nick Carter's mid-day specials with sirloin steak in mind for dinner on our last night here, according to the menu we stole a glance from some minutes ago. Hm! Adios, amigos.

AMERICAN TEAM WINS I. R. C. SHOOT

For the seventh time since the annual competition began in 1911, America won the International Rifle Championship. Lieutenant Harry E. Leland and Sergeant S. J. Tziga, Fourth Regiment, U. S. M. C., and Captain W. E. Sauer, of the American Company, S. V. O., representing the United States, scored a total of 273 points. England, the next highest team, scored 257.

FIFTH COMPANY ENGINEERS, TIENSIN, CHINA

By A. E. Rittenhouse

After seeing ourselves asserted in a manner and style so proper in a recent issue of The Leatherneck we are now more confident of ourselves and this model method of communicating with our friends and ex-engineers in the Corps. In consequence this confidence entices us to pop off once more and continue to keep the rest of the world in touch with the activities of the engineers in China.

Since our last correspondence so many outstanding events have occurred that have made history for the engineers, it will be quite a job for me to rotate them so as to make them intelligible to you.

We will begin with our trip to Hsin Ho, which seemed to be a combination of success and failure. About two o'clock in the morning, 29 June, twenty-four men left this organization en route to Hsin Ho to fire the rifle range and short pistol course. Sergeant Al Boerk, who savvies only, "No can do," or "No have got," was in charge of the detail. We boarded lighters on the Hai Ho and left Tientsin on what we thought would be two weeks' vacation. The trip down the river was uneventful. We arrived about twelve o'clock and proceeded to build camp and unload barges. Unloading barges was a very minor operation. It appeared as if they were picked up in a thousand Devil Dogs' hands, turned inside out and the contents shaken out onto the dock. The canvas was distributed over the camp site, and preparations were being made to set up tents, when



U. S. MARINE CORPS PISTOL TEAM AT CAMP PERRY, OHIO, 1928
Standing, left to right: Gy. Sergt. Tillman, 1st Sergt. Huff, Corp. Thomas, Gy. Sergt. Betke. Sitting, left to right: Gy. Sergt. Bailey, Capt. Ashurst, Chf. M. Gun. C. Lloyd, Lieut. Presnell.

some fool must have turned on the Mississippi floods and the Grand Rapids. We were in mud up to our necks, soaking wet and blessing the dear, dear recruiting sergeant who induced us to come into the Marine Corps. As was to be expected, the engineers were the first to get oriented, and then they turned to and saved the Sixth Regiment from a muddy grave. After taking the situation well in hand and making things secure for the time being, everyone was tired, hungry, and pretty much disgusted. There is a mental jumping off place, commonly called the "psychological moment." It occurred just as chow bumps sounded. Half the rations that were intended to last us through our sojourn at Hsin Ho were expended at that meal. Though plastered with mud from head to heel, everyone was in high spirits after that dinner, and we all retired to that little grass shack named the "Slop Shoot," where amber and foam was plentiful. A few cold bottles, and then to a show. Unfortunately most of the sub-titles were in either Russian or Chink, and the Gyrenes had to use their imagination.

After four days of rain, rain and more rain, and having to stay in our tents to keep from drowning, Lieutenant Marie gave us the surprise of our lives by announcing that a dance was to be given by the Engineers, and anyone wishing to attend would be welcome.

About two-thirds of the gang grabbed an armful of Chinese choo-choo trains and were soon back in Tientsin. The dance, sponsored by Captain and Mrs. Howard, went over in great order. Everyone had a wonderful time and we are proud to announce that we were honored by the presence of our Commanding General, Smedley D. Butler, and the following officers: Colonel Snyder, Lieutenant-Colonel Dyer, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Miller, Lieutenant-Colonel Turner, Lieutenant Creiger, Ch. C. USN.; Captain and Mrs. Swindler, Lieutenant Hall, Lieutenant Livingston, Lieutenant Whitaker, Lieutenant Liversedge, Lieutenant and Mrs. Wallace, Lieutenant Marie, and Lieutenant Trumble. The following notable residents of the city were also present: Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, of the Dollar Steamship Line; Miss Burnett, editorial staff Peking Tientsin Times.

One of the interesting features of the program was "Foot-loose Renditions," by Ferdinand & Lane, the boys with the musical feet. The music rendered by Col. Harry Lay's Jazz Band was excellent. McNeil's banjo playing and southern melody crooning just made a fellow feel balmy and light-footed. Even our First Sergeant, Frank Martz, mastered the gentle art of terpsichore that evening by sitting out a dreamy waltz with one of the prettiest girls in the crowd. But the top really can step, I've seen him. Our dance went off in such good order that another one is contemplated for the near future.

After a wonderful time at the dance we returned to Hsin Ho, the land of rain. Here we did nothing but horizontal fatigue, listening to the rain beat down on the tents. Yes, we admit the enterprise was a flop, but it was a moral victory to see how those boys took it. The range was washed away, and mud and dampness made living conditions pretty

rough. The first sunny day that followed we boarded lighters once more and started back to Tientsin. The Sixth Regiment's boiler makers rendered "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More," "How Dry I Am," and a few other wise-cracks until every man on board had murder in his eyes. The windjammers cut it out for the sake of their school-girl complexions.

It sure did feel good to get home once more and to pound one's ear on a feathered pillow and mattress, and to get some of Jack Domzolski's buttered spuds and veal cutlets. Gentlemen, allow me to admit, I don't believe there is another mess sergeant in the Marine Corps that can compare with our Jack. That boy sure feeds—and I am a particular guy, Jack, so consider yourself praised.

THIS MARINE DECIDES THE LEATHERNECK IS JUST THE MAGAZINE FOR THE FOLKS AT HOME

The Leatherneck,
Marine Barracks,
8th and Eye Sts. S. E.,
Washington, D. C.

Gentlemen:

Will you please change the address of _____, Marine Barracks, E-70, Parris Island, S. C., to Mr. _____, Okemos, Michigan.

After reading the first issue I received, I decided it is just the paper for the folks back home, as I cannot answer all the questions they write and ask me. This will be doing a favor for me and the folks back home.

Thanking you for your trouble, I remain,

Pvt. _____, U.S.M.C.,
Marine Barracks, Platoon E-70,
Parris Island, S. C.

SEND A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO YOUR FOLKS, TOO. THEY WILL ENJOY THE LEATHERNECK.

We wish to extend congratulations to Sgt. H. S. Taylor, Corp. H. F. Grooms, and Pfc. N. C. Bowles on their recent promotions.

We regret to announce that the last detail of short timers carried away quite a few notable members of this organization, namely, Sgt. Freddy Seyfert, who is going back to the little girl he left at Vassar; our ex-Leatherneck correspondent, Corp. A. P. Maltz, who has retired to Washington, D. C., to change the name of a certain little girl who lives there. More power to you, Al. You'll need it. Corp. Joe Pytlak, the ring-leader of the "Spark Chasers," has gone back to the wheat fields of Iowa to chase gophers for a little recreation—but he'll be back. Pvt. B. D. Bryant expects to pull off a Tea Pot Dome stunt in the oil fields of Erie, Pa. That's a pretty crude stunt for an orator, B. D. Pvt. Al Gaddy has gone back to the cows and chickens, and last, but not least, Milton Ekstowicz has returned to that famous strawberry plantation of his in Baltimore. The organization extends felicitations to these boys and wishes them the best of luck in their new voca-

tions. We are partially reimbursed by the transfers of Privates Lige and Baily to our outfit. They both look like promising young men, and we hope they find their new surroundings pleasant and that they can enjoy all the opportunities offered.

Well, fellows, I suppose this run of incoherent babblings by an over-enthusiastic fanatic has become monotonous, so I will say "Adios." No doubt you will hear from us in the near future, and I am certain we will have interesting news for anyone affiliated with us.

COMMUNICATION OFFICE NOTES FROM PEKING, CHINA

The Radio Station at Peking, until early in 1928, had its transmitters and receivers housed in the same place. This made it impossible for the station to work more than one circuit at a time. In February, 1928, the receivers were moved to another room about three hundred feet distant from the transmitters. This allowed duplex operation and greatly decreased the delay in clearing traffic. The system embraced remote control somewhat similar to that in use aboard ship. With this system, it is possible to work the Third Brigade, U. S. M. C., Tientsin, ships of the Asiatic Fleet and Radio, Cavite, simultaneously, thus reducing the delay, to a great extent, on relayed traffic. Due to the fact that our receivers were still under the transmitting antennae and due to induction from various motors and power lines in the compound, receiving conditions were not highly satisfactory and a project for modernizing the station has been undertaken.

This new project contemplates the erection of a new building in the Naval Attaché's compound. A contract for the erection of this building was let in May, 1928. Work was commenced immediately and is rapidly nearing completion. The new building will be of brick construction and will house all receivers, which will then be about two thousand feet removed from the transmitters. Remote control will be installed. The installation will be in accordance with the latest practice in radio.

All old equipment and material has been overhauled since the first of the year. Transmitters and generators have been relocated to concentrate them and to conserve space. No new equipment has been received with the exception of such material as was required for the new installation of receiving apparatus. Two new transmitters and two new receivers are to be furnished this station in the near future.

Transfers of men having a short time to do on their current enlistment, or who have completed thirty months continuous foreign service, has taken four of our best operators, namely, Gunnery Sgt. E. L. Lindow, Pfc. R. R. Morgan, Pfc. J. F. Urban and Pvt. L. F. Swearingen. Lindow has been at Peking for a long time and has set up an excellent reputation. The station will feel his loss. He is undecided as to what he will do, but has a tour in Nicaragua in mind. Private First Class J. J. Gillette, who in addition to being our material chief is also a first-class pistol shot, having taken a medal in the Division Matches, is being sent to Cavite for a course in the Radio School maintained at that place. Cor-

poral E. L. Livermore, chief batteryman, is going along. They will return to the station in about six months. This station sends two men to Cavite every six months to take this course in operation and material. Staff-Sergeant Personius, an old Port au Prince man, has arrived from the States and has relieved Lindow.

The station at Peking handles only official government business, being limited by the Washington Arms Conference to that class of traffic. In addition to handling the traffic of Marguard, the American Minister and all U. S. Government activities in Peking, it serves as a relay station for ships in the Asiatic Fleet, the 3rd Brigade, U. S. M. C., Tientsin, and the U. S. Army Forces, Tientsin.

MARINE BKS., AIR STATION, PENSACOLA, FLA.

"The Top," 1st Sgt. Tivey, is back from the Hospital. While there he wasted away to a mere shadow of his former self and now weighs only about two hundred and thirty pounds. A lot of people think he has become hard, but he can't eat much (Doctor's orders), and is only hungry most of the time.

Sergeant Crawford, the Canteen Steward, has divulged the fact that he was married the first of March. The Command wishes Mrs. Crawford and the Sergeant the best of luck on their matrimonial venture.

Gy. Sergt. "Duke" Geer is going to buy Corp. Woolsey's wings if the latest rumors are correct. "Duke," using his own words, "has got them licked now" while Woolsey has hit a snag in his quest for the coveted "NAP" insignia.

Corp. "Horsepower" Halterman and Chief Shoemaker are being seen around the square dances at Flordatown and Milton quite a lot lately. They are the leaders of an expedition that takes off from the barracks twice a week but seem to be the only ones who can stand the gaff. Several other Marines are staying away from that part of the country, for reasons not being published.

Corp. Ricard was transferred to the San Diego Naval Air Station on the thirty-first. It is hard to beat the check pilots at their own game.

Corp. Woolsey and Tptr. Harris entered the city tennis tournament to be held at Bayview over the Labor Day week-end. We all hope they make a good showing and would not be very much surprised if one of them walked away with the title.—Air Station News.

MARINE AIRCRAFT SQUADRONS, MANAGUA, NICARAGUA

Major Bourne, our new commanding officer, arrived July 19th, and was in the air over the jungle the next day. He got his initiation the following day on a handbill dropping mission. Major Rowell with Sergt. Norris, and Major Bourne with Gy. Sergt. Durtz were fired on by rifles and two machine guns when Major Rowell dropped low to bomb the area with handbills. The planes did not return the fire as the real object of the mission was to verify the presence of our "old friend."

Our 86th contact with the outlaws was had on July 25th when a five-plane formation was fired upon from the ground by riflemen and machine guns. All the

planes returned the fire with bombs and machine guns, and though the casualties were unknown, the target was most satisfactorily covered by all planes. Our only casualty was Lieut. Chappell, who suffered a burned lip when his face came in contact with a hot barrel of his Lewis on a steep pull-up out of a dive. This was probably Major Rowell's last flight in Nicaragua as he leaves for the States soon. Major Bourne, the new commanding officer, was also in the fray, making his second contact within a week.



Sergt. Carl G. Cagle, U. S. M. C., winner of the National Individual Rifle Match at Camp Perry against a field of 1453 Competitors.

Tales of bonanzas of the Conquistadores with all their color cannot compare with the story that came to Managua with Capt. Howard. On his forced landing at LaLuz mine the pontoon digging into the side of a hill scooped up earth heavily laden with gold. To prove this statement, the Captain says that Corp. Cole, who was with him as observer, still has \$100 worth of the precious metal that he panned out near the crash. Corp. Cole suffered a sprained ankle in the crash and with two Marines remained at the crash while the ground patrol moved on. An ambitious follower of Sandino set about organizing a band to capture Cole and the two other Marines. With undershirts for panels, Cole signaled the planes the next day and the new outlaw general was thwarted with a couple of bombs dropped near his rendezvous, breaking up the coup d'état.

Five three-plane missions, with Major Bourne leading, averaging five and one-half hours to each mission, were flown and three two-plane missions of the same length were made to the western limits of the eastern area, after Capt. Edson's patrol was hit by outlaws on Aug. 7th.

On Aug. 11th another OL8 was lost when Capt. Howard and Gy. Sgt. Hill crashed at Somotin, near Capt. Edson's patrol, as the plane was going in to drop a message. There was no injury to personnel. Lieut. Guymon, who was accompanying Capt. Howard with Gy. Sgt. Kildow, flew to Managua the same afternoon and reported the crash. The motor shop worked all night installing a new motor in Lieut. Guymon's plane, and he flew back on the 12th, picking up the crew of the crashed plane at Bocay.

Twenty-two hundred rounds of machine gun ammunition and 68 bombs were dropped by patrols from Managua in supporting Capt. Edson's patrol. There are no trails through the jungles other than the rivers. The heavy foliage of the rainy season offers the best concealment to the outlaws, preventing any observation as to the effectiveness of bombing and ground strafing. As the patrol was not molested further, the results were satisfactory.

Along with full armament carried by the patrols 60 pairs of shoes were dropped to Capt. Edson's patrol on the 10th, making an extra pair of shoes for each man on the patrol.

'Twas with the Grace of God four Nicaraguan oxen and many Marines that No. 4 Fokker was able to pull out of the mud at Jinotega. Lieut. McHugh rolled into a soft spot on the wet field and the "big wing" went into the axles. Four bulls belonging to a friendly passerby were hitched to the landing gear and with 20 Marines pushing in the rear, the big plane was finally, after an hour's work, rolled on solid ground. This is the first time that the primitive and modern means of Nicaragua's transportation have been compared and the primitive triumphed most handily.

During the period from June 24th to Aug. 11th, the Fokkers hauled 366.912 pounds of freight, 269 pounds of mail and carried 489 passengers.

HERE'S AN OLD TIMER FOR YOU

William Hall, G. A. R. member, is the only one in the local post who served as a Marine in the Civil War.

Mr. Hall was born in Lancashire, England, in 1843 and is 85 years of age.

He enlisted at Philadelphia as a private in the Marine Corps September 6 1864, for four years, and served four years and six months.

On September 9 he was transferred to Washington, where he remained stationed until October 19, when he departed for Norfolk, Virginia, and boarded the U. S. S. "Wabash" October 20, 1864.

On February 28, 1865, he was transferred to Boston, Massachusetts, and on October 2, 1865, he was transferred to the U. S. S. "Powhatan."

September 6, 1868, his enlistment expired, but he remained in service and on January 3 he was sent to New York City, from where he was sent to Washington from where he was honorably discharged February 24, 1869.

Mr. Hall saw a great deal of fighting during his enlistment, and had some very interesting experiences. His hardest battle was at Fort Fisher, where with the aid of the soldiers on land, and the Monitor, "Old Ironsides," the "Wabash" and small gunboats in the harbor, they gained the fort on October 1 and 2.

(Continued on page 46)



THE LEATHERNECK

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Editor and Publisher, First Lieutenant Carl Gardner; Associate Editor, Gunnery Sergeant James M. Frost; West Coast Representative, Gy. Sgt. Neal G. Moore, Marine Barracks, San Diego, Cal.; Sports Editor and Advertising Manager, Corporal Ralph E. Daniels; Circulation Manager, Corporal Chauncey W. Baker; Assistant Circulation Manager, Private First Class Harry E. Hesse; Staff Assistants, Pvt. Frank G. Roach, Pvt. Anthony Pazzynski, and Pvt. Frank H. Rentfrow.

Editorial

Here is an interesting communication from a private in the Marine Corps who is on the job in Nicaragua. We think that it is well worth passing on to our readers.

DO REAL MEN EXIST TODAY?

By Phil Haensler

THE casual, every-day American citizen has been led to believe, off-hand, that the days of the real heroes and idols, worshiped by them in their boyhood days, have completely vanished. As a matter of fact, the writer of this article was of the same opinion at one time, familiar as he was with the typical American youth of today that one meets in civilian life. However, contrary to public opinion, real men do exist, and today they are experiencing the hardships (just as vivid and realistic) as did the famous explorers that toured our native land back in the days when the wary redskin was ever lurking just around the bend in the trail. You, of course, critical as the average American reader is bound to be, will ask, "Where could men be at the present time in this modern world of ours who are enduring hardships that could be classed or compared with those that the early American settlers came into contact with?" The reply, ringing back in clear, emphatic tone, is, "The boys of the United States Marine Corps, now touring the interior of Nicaragua, ever on the alert for the rebel chieftain, the colorful, but equally treacherous Augusto Sandino!" It is our frank opinion that these boys down in the Republic of Nicaragua, battling in the dark interior, crossing impassable country, are making history that should in time be recorded and be read by the American children of the future, and placed with the deeds of the heroes of mediaeval times and the early settlers of this land of ours. Actual experience with the Marine forces has given your correspondent first-hand information on how Nicaraguan hiking really is, and the remarkable conditions under which the men out there in the foothills exist. Men are out there at this very moment, hiking in the mud, muck and mire, ever to be encountered on the typical Nicaraguan trails, and they are, incidentally, garbed in the uniform characteristic of the United States Marine Corps, the famous khaki brought into everlasting fame in the late World War. This is a uniform that every red-blooded American citizen respects with the highest esteem. We could go on and narrate many a thrilling tale, dealing with the experiences that we met with on the trail. Doubtlessly they would startle the reader, possibly to the extent of provoking a sleepy yawn, and be promptly discounted as being gross exaggerations! Tales of men hiking through the jungles weeks at a time, without shoes, barefoot, with little food at hand and conditions unspeakable. Can you picture with your imagination an American boy of the modern type cast down here, forced to hike under almost

impossible conditions, and at the same time being forced to contend with the various types of insects and bugs, from the deadly tarantula to the harmless, but disgustingly "pesky" woodtick, the latter named a pest that is familiar to every boy that has toured Nicaragua on an "excursion" financed by the Marine Corps. And when the going on the trail gets the most difficult these boys are apt to run into a tribe of bandits, possibly even a group of General Sandino's troops. When they do, by the way, they rise to the occasion as only a Marine force can, and conduct themselves in such a manner as to rout and terrorize their unfortunate opponents. Even in the aviation branch, the Marines have shown their incomparable courage and skill. Aviators with staunch hearts and grit after the fashion of the famous ace, David Locklear, greatest dare-devil of modern aviation, fly over the interior, dropping supplies and various incidental necessities to the men. Ever so often these planes make a forced landing out in the interior, and when they do the Marine aviators show themselves the peer of all birdmen by making successful landings, in that they phenomenally escape serious injury, truly, we might add, at times when it seems as though grim death is lurking in their immediate path. Yes, after all, it can safely be said that "real men" do actually exist today, and they can be found located all over the entire globe, and on their caps they show the emblem significant of the greatest fighting force ever assembled, the United States Marine Corps.

AN OLD TIMER WRITES US

Albany, N. Y., Sept. 10/28.

Editor The Leatherneck:

Your letter informing me that it was time to renew my subscription to hand. My renewal will be forwarded you in a few days. You also said that I must be satisfied with The Leatherneck as I had sent in no kick; true, but I think if anyone is not satisfied with it, they should not even be permitted to look at one. My estimation of it is the greatest magazine of its kind.

I also note in the September issue of the enlistment of George C. Fugitt in 1871. Well, he beats me by five years and I am glad to know there is someone still alive that is ahead of me. I have never written you, but if you can use this letter to any advantage, you may do so.

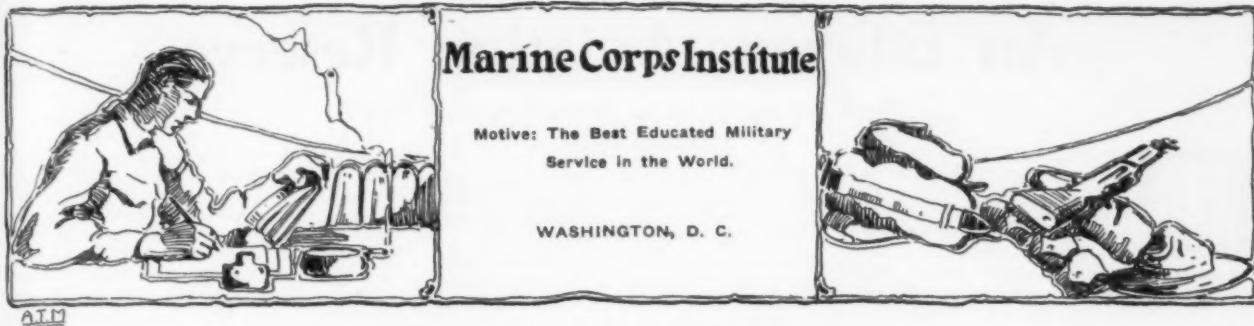
I enlisted at Brooklyn Barracks Nov., 1876, was accepted by Lt. Col. John L. Broome, then in command, was sworn in by Capt. Meeker, officer of the day. Other officers at the post during my time were: Lt. Col. Thomas Y. Fields, who relieved Broome; Captains Fred. Corrie, Meade, H. C. Cochrane; Lts. Webster, Wainwright, Wallack and Bensen. I was sent to the guard on the U. S. R. S. "Colorado," Cob Dock, Navy Yard, under Lt. McDonald, commanding guard. From there to the U. S. Flag Ship "Powhatan," Rear Admiral S. D. Trenchard, commanding; the guard was commanded by Capt. Henry J. Bishop, with Lt. Biddle assisting. Back to the Barracks for promotion.

I have watched The Leatherneck for mention of an officer or comrade whom I knew, but was disappointed. I would really like to know if any of my old comrades are alive. My old comrade, John T. Delaney, who enlisted with me from this city, put in his 30 years and was retired at Puget Sound Navy Yard, but lived only two years to enjoy the fruits of his service; I was a bearer at his funeral.

I agree heartily with what Sheely said in reference to the National Convention adopting a National Constitution and By-Laws, Rules and Regulations to govern the League. It is needed badly. The local detachments could have their own by-laws insofar that they do not interfere with the national. Also in a ritual to have a form of muster-in to make it seem more interesting. During my 27 years of membership in the Army and Navy Union, I have risen from a plain member to Garrison Commander, to Department Adjutant, to Department Commander, to National Judge Advocate. From experience in the several offices, I conclude that no organization can exist so successfully without rules and regulations, by-laws and a sound ritual, especially an organization like the League. It needs more of a governing power.

I had hoped to go to Dallas, but obstacles have been placed in my way and I have to stay at home. I am a charter member of the Hudson-Mohawk Detachment of this city and am once a Marine, always a Marine. Thanks.

Semper Fidelis,
H. C. EDGERTON,
19 Sheridan Ave.,
Albany, N. Y.



ATM

September 10, 1928—Monthly Report

Total number individuals enrolled	6,318
Total number enrolled since last report	291
Total number disenrolled since last report	698
Number examination papers received during period	2,722
Total number graduates to date	3,958

Here is Proof of the Concrete Value of a Course in the Marine Corps Institute

4434 Bancroft Hall,
Annapolis, Maryland,
23 June, 1928.

Sir:—

The Naval Academy Preparatory Course is, I believe, admirably fitted in preparing a student for the Naval Academy Entrance Examinations. No doubt many of the questions prepared by the institute are type questions, such as found on the Entrance Examinations, for which this course is well prepared. The books are small and may be conveniently carried around to use in spare moments. A similar course, not specifically prepared for use as an aid to passing the Entrance Examinations, might contain much material of doubtful use for this specific purpose. Many of the leading Prep Schools in Washington and Annapolis, and elsewhere, have only the expert instruction to distinguish their courses from this course, which is free. The expert instruction of necessity must be transmitted through the mails, and the disadvantage must be overcome by extra effort on the student's part. But this very point adds value to the course, as the midshipman is very much on his own; for the system of education at the Naval Academy is such as to make the finished officer not dependent upon a professor, when his own ability must serve him.

It is quite another matter for me to discuss the Naval Academy, but it is certainly well worth the effort needed to get in. At least, if the Academy is not reached, an instructor's berth at Washington is still possible, I suppose, and that is by no means a thing to be passed up.

Very sincerely yours,

W. J. HASTINGS.

Ensign Hastings enlisted in the Marine Corps March 29, 1923. He enrolled in the Naval Academy preparatory course July 23, 1923. His work in this course was so good that he was transferred to the Marine Corps Institute for duty as an instructor in Academic subjects November 15, 1923. He took the examinations for entrance to the U. S. Naval Academy and was appointed in June, 1924. He graduated from the Academy in 1928.

You Too Can Make a Course in the Institute of Practical Value to You.

The Marine Corps Institute offers a selection of 233 academic and vocational courses containing the latest information about the subjects to which they pertain. The average cost of these courses if taken by a civilian with a correspondence school would be One Hundred Fifty (\$150.00) Dollars. **THEY ARE GIVEN FREE TO ALL MARINES.**

Ask your school officer for a catalogue, select a course in which you are interested and then fill out the attached slip and mail it to the Marine Corps Institute.

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, D. C.:

I DESIRE TO ENROLL IN THE COURSE.

Rank	Name	Organization	Place
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An Efficient Aviation Reserve

By CAPTAIN L. E. WOODS, U.S.M.C.



THE GENERAL mission of Marine Corps Aviation is to provide such well-trained personnel and effective material as is required for operations with the Advanced Base and Expeditionary Forces of the Marine Corps. In order to carry out this mission, it will be necessary to fill up the authorized peace-time squadrons to minimum war strength as soon as possible after mobilization is ordered.

The additional trained commissioned pilots, needed when the complements of the present peace-time squadrons are raised to war strength, must be obtained from the Reserve if the Marine Corps Aviation is to be able to meet the demands made upon it in the case of a national emergency. However, at the present time, the Marine Corps has but 23 officers and 118 men in the Aviation Reserve. Nearly all of the former are war-time flyers, and only six have come back for training the last year. The age of these commissioned pilots is such that in a few years they will no longer be available as aviators. In order to replace these officers with young officers trained as pilots, to provide the proper number of desirable young men as candidates for commissions in Marine Corps Reserve Aviation, so that the commissioned ranks of Marine Corps Reserve Aviation will be filled with young, qualified flyers; to furnish the additional trained officers and men necessary to fill our squadrons up to war strength when mobilized; and to fulfill the requirements of the five-year program for Marine Corps Reserve Aviation, certain qualified young men are to be enlisted in the Marine Corps Reserve and assigned to aviation duty for training as student naval aviators. Upon completion of their flight training, these men are to be commissioned second lieutenants in the Marine Corps Reserve, provided they are otherwise acceptable.

The Naval Appropriation Bill for 1929 provided sufficient funds to put the above plan into operation, and it is expected that 37 students will be trained during the coming year. These students must have the following qualifications:

GENERAL

(1) Must be over 19 years of age and less than 27 years of age at the time of reporting for primary flight training. Applicants under 21 years of age must furnish written consent of parents or guardians. This consent must be unqualified.

(2) Must be an American citizen.

(3) Must signify their willingness to be ordered to active duty for a period of at least one year after they have been commissioned second lieutenants in the Reserve, provided their services are needed.

(4) Each candidate must be of commissioned officer caliber as established by record, standing in his community, character, appearance, manner and bearing, and capacity for leadership.

EDUCATIONAL

(1) Must be either college graduates, or attending college with the expectation of graduating, or furnish evidence of the equivalent of a college education.

(2) Must have successfully completed the ground training for student aviators as given by the Squadron or Division Commanders of the Naval Reserve Aviation Squadrons of the 1st, 3rd, 4th, 9th, 12th and 13th Naval Districts and the District of Columbia, and have been selected by the Commanding Officer of one of the various Naval Reserve Aviation Squadrons for flight training.

PHYSICAL

(1) Must have the physical qualifications required for an officer of the regular Marine Corps.

(2) Must have passed a physical flight examination given by an accredited Navy flight surgeon within six months prior to the date of reporting for flight training.

Candidates who have the above qualifications are enlisted as privates, Class VI, Volunteer Reserve, promoted to privates 1st class, and assigned inactive aviation duty, until such time as it is possible to give them primary flight training. At that time they are assigned to active duty and ordered to the nearest Naval Reserve Aviation Station for primary flight training. This training consists of forty-five days' training duty, in accordance with a primary flight syllabus which provides ten hours of instruction and thirty hours of regulated solo flight in a primary type of plane.

At the present time there are four Naval Reserve Aviation Stations where primary training is given. These are located at Squantum, Mass.; Rockaway Beach, L. I., N. Y.; Great Lakes, Ill.; Sand Point, Seattle, Wash. To assist in the training of the students ordered to the various stations, one Marine officer and three enlisted men of the Reserve are detailed to permanent active duty at each Naval Reserve Aviation Station. The officer, who is a naval aviator, instructs the students in flying, and the enlisted men act as plane mechanics. The planes used in this training are the regular primary Navy training planes of either land or sea plane type. The Naval Reserve is reimbursed at the rate of \$23.50 an hour for each hour that the plane is used for instruction of Marine students.

Upon completion of primary flight training all students are sent to the Naval Air Station at Pensacola, Fla., for advanced flight training. This advanced training consists of 65 hours' training duty where the student is given approximately 100 hours' flying in advanced type seaplanes, ground and aerial machine-gun work, bombing exercises and navigational flights.

Immediately following the completion of the course in advanced flight training all students will be examined professionally for appointment as second lieutenants, Class V, Volunteer Marine

Corps Reserve. The scope of the examination includes the work covered in the preliminary ground-school course, together with courses covered during advanced training. A report of this examination is made to the Major General Commandant, so that the appointment of the candidate concerned as a second lieutenant in the Volunteer Marine Corps Reserve can be referred to a board for examination and recommendation as provided for in Marine Corps regulations.

After the candidate is appointed a second lieutenant in the Volunteer Marine Corps Reserve, he will be ordered to active duty with a regular Marine Corps Aviation Squadron for a period of one or two years. It is expected that thirty reserve second lieutenants will be ordered to duty during the fiscal year 1930, provided Congress appropriates the necessary funds. In this manner it will be possible to fill up our peace-time squadrons with the proper number of commissioned pilots, and will enable Marine Corps Aviation to meet the demands of the five-year program in so far as commissioned pilots are concerned. The five-year building program calls for 103 commissioned pilots at the end of the fiscal year 1931. In as much as Marine Corps Aviation has but 54 commissioned pilots at the present time, it can be readily seen that the need for additional commissioned pilots is a serious one.

Upon completion of their active duty the Reserve second lieutenants will be assigned to inactive duty and attached to the aviation unit which is already organized in each reserve area. According to the present organization, aviation units in the various areas are designated as follows:

Eastern Reserve Area—Observation Squadron 6-M, Division 2.

Central Reserve Area—Observation Squadron 6-M, Division 3.

Southern Reserve Area—Fighting Squadron 5-M, Division 2.

Western Reserve Area—Observation Squadron 8-M, Division 2.

According to the present plan, the number of Student Marine Reserve aviators trained each year until stabilization is reached will be as follows:

Year	Number
1930	45
1931	52
1932	60
1933	60

After the Reserve reaches the strength required for mobilization in accordance with existing plans, only such student Marine Corps Reserve Naval aviators will be recruited and trained each year as are needed for replacements. It is estimated that 20 students will be required for this purpose.

In this manner Marine Reserve Aviation will be composed of young, experienced, well-qualified aviators and will be in a position to furnish such additional pilots as Marine Corps Aviation may require when it is mobilized for war, and thus enable it to successfully perform the missions assigned it.

"Cream of the Crop"

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"

CIGARETTES

Leo Carrillo

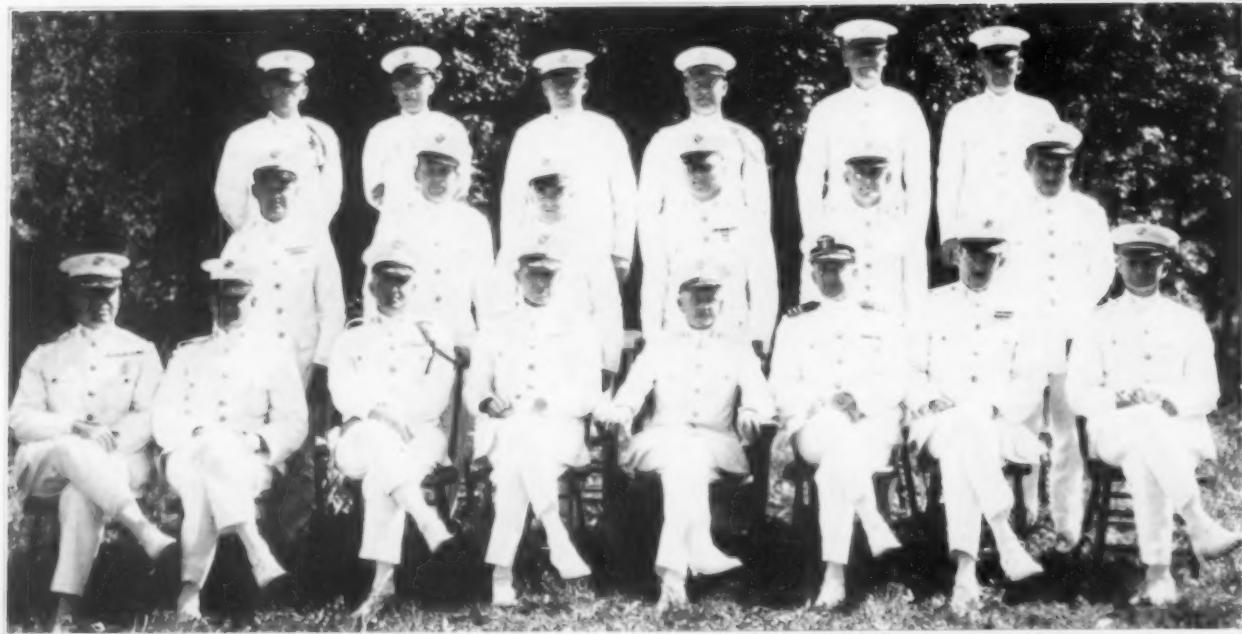
Leo Carrillo, Popular Stage Star

"Although I'm not a doctor, I've figured out that this toasting process really does take out the stuff that hurts the throat. Here's why. No other cigarette is toasted and no other cigarette is as easy on the throat as Luckies. It's as simple as A. B. C. to me. I know because I smoke them."

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation-No Cough.

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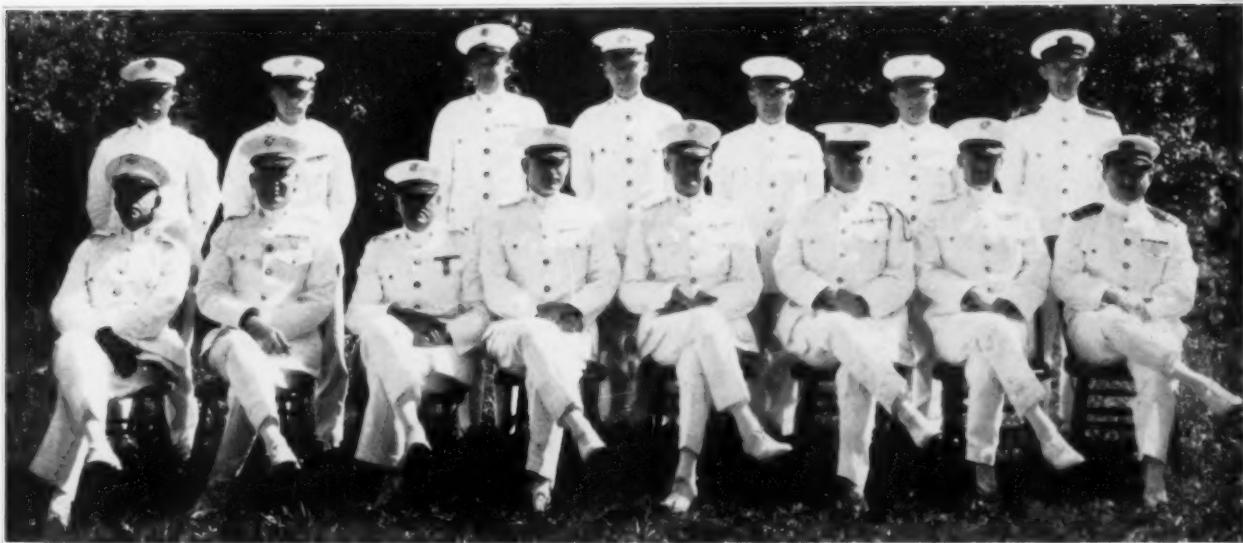
Staff of Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Va., 1928. Left to right, top: Chief Marine Gunner Quigley, Captain Nimmer, Captain Hobbs, Captain Montague, Captain Drew, Captain Francis. Center: Captain Hermle, Captain Fasset, Captain Peck, Captain Miller, Captain Jacobson, Captain Griffin. Lower: Major Raynor, Major Thing, Major Denig, Lieut. Colonel Upshur, Colonel Breckinridge, Commander Platt, Major Powers, Major Miller. Photo by Borisas.



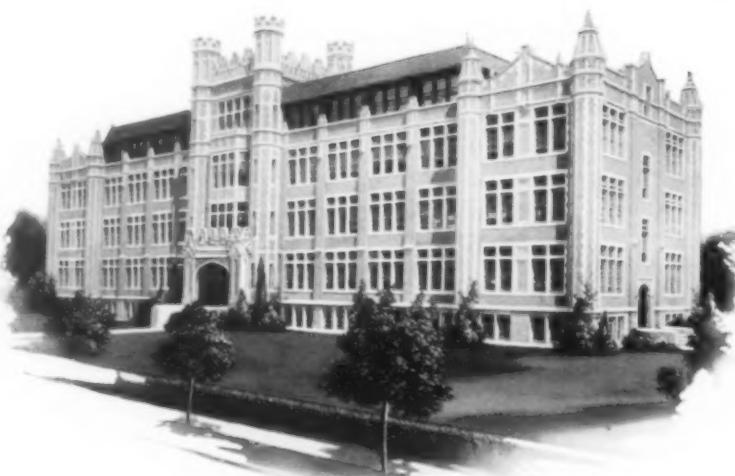
This unusual photograph was taken at Balboa Park, San Diego. In it is seen the massed colors of each of the following organizations: U. S. Marine Corps, U. S. Navy, National Guard, American Legion, Spanish War Veterans, Veterans of Foreign Wars, San Diego High School, Army and Navy Military Academy of San Diego.



Dance Orchestra of the Marine Band at Marine Corps Base, San Diego, Calif.



Field Officers' Class of Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Va., 1928-1929. Top row, left to right: Captain Gent, U. S. A.; Captain Sheard, Captain Wynn, Captain Sitz, Captain Watson, Captain Hamner, Lieutenant Poehlmann, U. S. N. Seated, left to right: Captain del Valle, Major Eastman, Major Capron, Major Randall, Lieut. Colonel Underwood, Major Puryear, Major Bevan, Lieut. Commander Valentine, U. S. N. Photo by Borisas.



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Here and There

BY
Jeff Daniels,
Sports Editor —

Big Day October 6th—

Many States Represented

October 6th, in New London, Conn., is going to be written down in service athletic history as an outstanding and important day. The big crimson and gold grid squad of the U. S. Marine Corps will meet for the first time a team representing the U. S. Coast Guard, also the latter's first game. It is to be part of the President's Cup competition, and while the famous cup has been reposing these several years in Marine Corps Headquarters, the Coast Guard is going to make no weakling's bid for it.

Coach Marron's Battling Bears have been training with little or no letup, and while they may lack the experience of the Marine gridders, they are most certainly making it up in enthusiasm and determination, two mighty important factors in winning any football game. It will be a sportsman's battle, for, while the friendliest relations have always existed between the two branches, it just seems that of late every Coast Guardsman and Marine, individually and collectively, is doing his utmost to build up one of those brotherly associations that idealists write about. That's as it should be.

A new wrinkle in mascots will be on the program, not to forget the big boxing carnival which is to be staged during the evening following the game. Like our Corps, the Coast Guard is mourning the loss of their mascot, Obje, but, again like the Corps, they found another. The cutter "Marion," now up in Baffin Bay, radios that they are heading southward with an honest-to-goodness polar bear cub, picked up from an ice flow. Although it is doubtful, all are hoping that the newcomer from the frozen North will make friends with Jiggs 2nd, who will do duty for the Leathernecks this

SPORTS

CRIMSON AND GOLD SQUAD ALL SET FOR OPENING CLASH WITH COAST GUARD

Candidates for the United States Marine Corps Football Team, representing nearly every one of the larger posts and stations of the far-flung or-

ganization of the Soldiers of the Sea, reported to Head Coach "Tom" Keady at Marine Barracks, Washington, September 3rd, for preliminary practice for

Back with the big squad after several months under Carolina skies at Parris Island, Jiggs II, gift of Gene Tunney, "smiles" for THE LEATHERNECK cameraman. He will do the

growling on the sidelines this fall while the Marine gridders strive for another undefeated season. Many look forward to his meeting with the Coast Guard bear and the Navy goat.



MARINE CORPS FOOTBALL SCHEDULE 1928

The schedule presented below is the final revision as given out by the Athletic Officer, U. S. Marine Corps. It will be noted that the date of the President's Cup game with the Navy has been changed to December first, this being necessitated by the addition of Loyola College of Los Angeles to the Marine schedule. The Leathernecks now have on their grid program three Loyolas, two universities and one college, the California aggregation being scheduled to play the Marines as part of the Marine Corps League Convention at Dallas, Texas.

	Marines	Opps.
Oct. 6—U. S. Coast Guard at New London, Connecticut.
Oct. 13—St. Bonaventure's College at Erie, Pa.
Oct. 20—Davis and Elkins College at Fairmont, West Va.
Oct. 27—St. Xavier College at Cincinnati, Ohio.
Nov. 3—Loyola College of Los Angeles at Dallas, Texas.
Nov. 10—Washington Col. of Chestertown, Md., at Norfolk, Va.
Nov. 17—Loyola University of Chicago at Chicago, Ill.
Nov. 24—Lebanon Valley College at Scranton, Pa.
Nov. 29—University of Dayton at Dayton, Ohio.
Dec. 1—Navy (President's Cup game) at Washington, D. C.
Dec. 8—Loyola University of New Orleans at New Orleans, La.

CLIP AND SAVE YOUR SCORES

(Continued on page 35)

the present season, the end of which the Leathernecks hope will again find them holders of the President's Cup and undisputed champions of the nation's service football teams. When the squad assembled it was at once transported to College Park, Maryland, where the football team of that institution will be the hosts of the Marines during September, the two teams training side by side and co-operating for the benefit of both.

Light training was begun at once, Coach Keady conferring with Coach "Curly" Byrd of Maryland University to work out a program of concerted action. The first few days were devoted by the Marines to drill in the rudiments of football, kicking, catching, forward-passing, falling on the ball, etc. Early in the second week the tackling dummy was called into play, the daily workouts lengthened and more vigorous efforts called for. Later on signal drill was commenced and light scrimmage instituted as the men rounded into form and



76-43-90—The plan of attack being concocted in this huddle forecasts trouble for the defense.

the weather became more suitable for strenuous exertions.

With the squad beginning to be moulded into shape, supporters of the Marine team are much pleased with the material available, and hopes are high for a season rivaling the success of last year, when the Leathernecks not only won the President's Cup, emblem of the football supremacy of Uncle Sam's service warriors, but also hung up a record of ten victories for the season without a single defeat or tie score.

Of last year's victorious team fifteen veterans are present to take their places in the line-up, including Cobb, stalwart linesman; Levy, the sensational back, and Shapley, former star of the Naval Academy eleven. Owing to the eligibility rule in force among the Marines, by which a player can remain a member of the team for only three years, several



"WEEDING"—Head Coach Tom Keady (at right) puts line candidates through their paces in selecting the shock troops.

valuable players have been lost from last year's eleven. There is, however, an abundance of fast and powerful material among the new men to fill the positions left vacant and Coach Keady is confident that the eleven that takes the field in the Marines' first game against the Coast Guard at New London, Conn., October 6th, will be in no respect inferior to the one which carried the Leathernecks' colors to victory in the season past.

After a month of practice and scrimmage work with the University of Maryland, the Marine squad transferred its base of operations to Philadelphia, Pa. Here quarters were established in Marine Barracks, Philadelphia Navy Yard, and final touches put on the training of the team for its season's work. Marine Barracks, Philadelphia, was selected for this purpose because the Barracks compound includes a splendid athletic field, and because of its proximity to the Philadelphia Municipal Stadium, which the city authorities have invited the Marine team to use as frequently as they desire. Philadelphia also is the home of numerous college and university teams capable of giving the Marines excellent scrimmage practice, and an effort is being made to arrange one or more meetings of this sort each week until the team has taken on its final polish for the season.

Realizing the task which confronts them in getting the team fit and keeping it fit over the terrific schedule which it faces, the coaching and managerial staff of the Marine organization is hard at work devising ways and means of accomplishing the work at hand. The Marine schedule this year is not only an unusually tough one from the point of view of the caliber of teams to be played, but more than 13,000 miles of railroad travel will be necessary to make the jumps involved. Because of the national character of the Marine organization and at the request of the many friends which it possesses in all sections of the country, games have been sched-

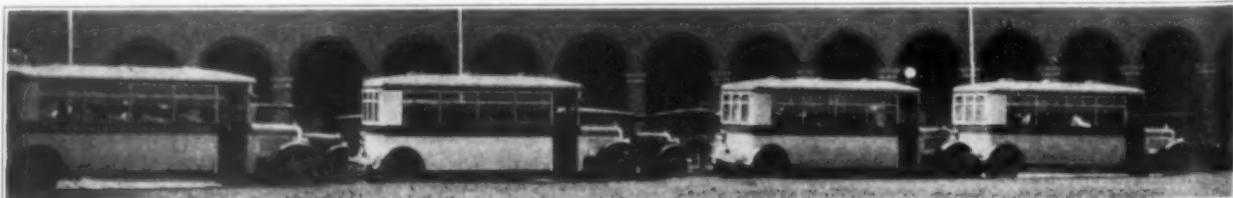
uled at points ranging from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico and from the Atlantic Ocean to the Mississippi River. The Marine team will play in eight States as well as the District of Columbia, and only two of the games of its season will be played in the same State.

The Marines will open their season October 6th, with the U. S. Coast Guard Academy football team, at New London, Connecticut. This is the first year that the Coast Guard has been represented on the gridiron, but they are extremely ambitious to make a place for themselves in service football, and Coast Guard men who have been present at their training camp give a glowing account of their material and prospects.

St. Bonaventure's College, of Erie, Pa., will be the Marines' antagonist in a game to be played at that city October 13. The Marines won from St. Bonaventure's last year and it is said that the latter organization is out for revenge. The Marine Corps has many friends and a strong reserve organization in Erie who are looking forward to the game with keen anticipation. The following Saturday, October 20, the Marines hook up for the first time with Davis and Elkins College at Fairmont, West Virginia. On comparative dope this should be an exceedingly even contest, as the two teams have fared remarkably evenly against opponents of similar strength.

St. Xavier College of Cincinnati, Ohio, will be played by the Marines October 27, at that city. The present season will be the third time these two teams have met, the Marines winning 14-13 last year, and St. Xavier 27-11 the year before. The game will be played on Navy Day, and the city of Cincinnati has invited Major General John A. Lejeune, Commandant of the Marine Corps, to come to that city to make the address of honor and promises to make the occasion a red-letter day in the annals of the team and of the Corps.

November 3 will be another day of celebrating and reunion, for on this date



ON THEIR WAY—Leaving Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., for the University of Maryland, the big squad starts the first lap of the more than 13,000 miles of travel scheduled for this fall's grid campaign.

October, 1928

THE LEATHERNECK



AT LEFT, Lieut. McQuade, one of the outstanding stars of former Marine Corps President's Cup teams, shows Jimmy Levey how he used to tackle 'em, while Woods and Coffman look on.

AT RIGHT, Bobby Gotko crashes through the "mill." After the camera clicked he also broke through his would-be tackler.

"Here and There"

(Continued)

season. (Pagett, Jr., not having developed a sufficiently formidable growl yet.)

Marines certainly should make every effort to be on hand for this opening game, for Coast Guard authorities are leaving no stone unturned in their earnest effort to make Oct. 6th an athletic holiday which will long be remembered. Your correspondent will be on hand if he has to walk to New London.

GRIDDERS FROM MANY STATES

Nearly every State in the Union has contributed its quota of players to the Marine Corps football squad this year. A glance at the roster of men who have reported to Coach John T. Keady and his aides shows that his players hail from the sunny slopes of the Pacific to the chilly coasts of northern New England; they come from as far north as Wisconsin, and as far south as the Lone Star State. Pennsylvania, Florida, Alabama, and Oklahoma, and a half score other States are represented.

Many of the players won their letters on the team in previous years. Some first donned cleated shoes for the Marines on the West Coast, and not a few have been identified with the Parris Island team, which has more than made good in the South in recent years.

Quite a number of men have enlisted so recently that they have yet to establish themselves in Marine Corps athletics. But it is certain that Coach Keady will be able to round out a snappy eleven from the crowd of huskies who went into action on the U. of Maryland gridiron at College Park, and later in one of the world's largest athletic fields, the Municipal Stadium at Philadelphia.

The sport fan who glances at the list of players for 1928 will recognize several familiar names. Alan Shapley, who hails from "Frisco" and who was one of the mainstays of the Naval Academy, before he accepted a commission in the Marine Corps last year and became a star of the Marine backfield, is a player of national fame.

Thirty-five



Jimmy Levey is known throughout the Corps for his speedy work in the backfield. Weighing but 140 pounds, his broken field running is a sight to behold. Address: Smoky City.

Gotko, who made his debut with the team last year, hails from Donora; Phillips, an end, and veteran of the squad, hails from Easton; Dewey Cain, another end, from Monongahela, had football experience with St. Johns and Davis and Elkins Colleges, before he joined the Marines, while "Dick" Martin, a newcomer, writes letters home to Dayton, Pa.

Dave O'Neill was a former shipmate of Shapley at the Naval Academy. O'Neill is a native of Alabama, who joined the squad last year and gave excellent support to the Leatherneck eleven in the backfield. Frank Dailey, another backfield star, claims the U. of Nebraska as his alma mater, and he comes from Lincoln in that State.

Every sport follower in the Corps knows, or should know, DeRoo, who claims Illinois as his home State. DeRoo is a center who performed his football chores at several Marine posts in the East, then went West to play with San Diego in 1926. Last year he came back with the big squad.

At least two other West Coast players are also with the squad: Woods, a half-back, from Columbia, Mo., and Spannuth, a guard, from Newcastle, Ind., both of whom shone with the San Diego Marines in former years.

A full quintette of players left the lowlands of Parris Island to try their luck with the big squad. McCracken, a center, from Sylvan, Kans., joined the squad last year and made good. Newcomers are "Milo" Stroup, a tackle, and also a Kansan, who made his name at Parris Island where he was one of the mainstays of the team. Stroup tips the beam at 185.

Another big boy from Parris Island is "Tiny" Cummings. They call him Tiny because he weighs 200 pounds and stands

the Leathernecks will meet Loyola College of Los Angeles at Dallas, Texas. Loyola has a fine record on West Coast gridirons, and their tussle with the Marines is anticipated by the citizenry of Dallas and several thousand Marine Corps Leaguers as the feature attraction of the league's convention which will be held in Dallas at that time.

November 10 the Marines will play Washington College at Norfolk, Va., and November 17 the Marine team will journey to Chicago to play Loyola University of that city. Lebanon Valley College of Annville, Penna., will be played at Scranton, November 24, and on Thanksgiving Day, November 29, the Marines will play the University of Dayton, at Dayton, Ohio.

The Marine team will play the crowning game of its season at Washington, D. C., December 1, when it will meet a team representing the Navy at Griffith Stadium for the President's Cup, emblematic of the football championship of Uncle Sam's armed forces. The Marine Corps is at present holder of this cup and has held it since the cup was presented by President Coolidge in 1925, having three times defeated U. S. Army teams. This year the Navy is a contestant for the honor.

According to present plans, the last game of the year will be played December 8 at New Orleans, La., with Loyola University of that city. Last year the Marines beat Loyola by the score of 6-0 after a thrilling contest and this year the college men hope to return the compliment. New Orleans is the native city of General Lejeune, Commandant of the Marine Corps, and the game will be made a gala occasion for the team and for the Corps.



READY. EXERCISE! Candidates for the big squad found this form of play (?) on their daily menu during the month of September at the University of Maryland. Part of the University's new stadium may be seen in the background.



FIRST OPPOSITION (above)—Here is the grid squad of the U. S. Coast Guard, the first to clash with the Marines this season (Oct. 6).

At right (left to right): Ensign Imlay, Lieut. Marron, Athletic Officer and Head Coach; Ensign Baker, backfield coach; Ensign Anderson.

6 feet 3 inches in his stocking feet. Cummings is also a tackle, who hails from Oklahoma, and who learned a lot about football while playing with Oklahoma Baptist College. Charley Cobb, from Newark, N. Y., and a former player with Newark High, and William Beatty, an end, from Mount Holly, N. C., former residents of the Parris Island training station, will be teammates of the other Islanders.

Among the array of potential football talent who will present themselves to Coach Keady, are a number of others who have won their letters with the big team, and whose names stand out in the long list of players who will "try-out" when the squad goes into action. Three of them saw service in China after laying away their football togs last fall.

"Mac" McDonald, 180-pound guard, who comes from Wisconsin, first got into the game with the U. of Iowa, and delivered the goods for the Marines last year; Lincoln Hart, and Ray Poppelman, halfbacks, both hail from sunny California, and were seen in Marine football togs last year. Subsequent to the final game at New Orleans last year, they saw service at Shanghai and points north.

The squad will miss the services of several sterling players who have served their allotted time, and are compelled to give way to others in order to meet the eligibility rules.

Brougher, Bukowy, Brunelle and Clements are gone. So are Crowe, Hill, Hopper, Levinsky, McClain, McFarland, Shumway and Zuber. All of these players will be remembered for their excellent work in former years.

There is also a full score of newcomers who have yet to make their mark with the big squad, regardless of what success they have had with other teams.

Texas will contribute as its quota: Alva C. Watson, who, at this writing is a crack shot with the Marine Rifle Team, puncturing targets at Camp Perry; J. D. Dashiel, from Jewett, and Green Evans from Stephensville. Georgia's contributions are: G. K. Fitzgerald, from Atlanta, and Hoke S. Hinson, from Cochran. Ralph Howie is a native of Abbeville, S. C.



SWINNEY K.O.'S 19 OPPONENTS

Ten victories by knockout, two by decision, and one draw, is the record achieved by Harmon "Kid" Swinney since his discharge from the Marine Corps, June 6, 1928. Of his total of 31 bouts he has won 19 via the poppy punch, 7 by decision, drew 4 and lost one. This last was a close contest, lost to Hudson, and, although the decision was against him, Swinney broke two of his opponent's ribs, which has caused him to quit fighting.

For two years Swinney was a member of the Marine Detachment, U.S.S. "Arizona," later transferring to China where he sharpened his boxing knowledge by

Minnesota has produced one candidate in the person of Oliver M. Johnson, while Jack Kelly and C. R. Riles have home addresses in Miami and Plant City, Fla., respectively. Massachusetts is the home State of A. R. McWhinney, from Hyde Park, Owen S. Stanley, Westfield, and Earl W. Peasley, of Gardner.

Floyd R. Pierce and Joseph N. Swearingen are Nebraskans, the former from Beatrice, and the latter from Milford. Besides the Annapolis players, two others are from Maryland, namely: Oliver P. Hagerty, of Fort Deposit, and F. J. Porter, from Tacoma Park.

From other sections throughout the country come James J. Powers from Yonkers, N. Y.; H. M. Shoemaker, Owasso, Okla.; Gomer T. Snively, Nauvoo, Ill.; Marion W. Trees, of Greenfield, Ind.; and J. H. McNitt, from Burley, Idaho.

working out with Hugh Sweeney, Jack Mahoney and Ted Snyder.

Lately he has made Oklahoma City his base of operations, but if he continues to be as successful in the future as he has been in the past, he will soon be moving to the East Coast to match his fistic talents against the best of them. He won his first Oklahoma City fight when he put away Jack "Swede" Jackson, of Shawnee, Okla., in the first minute of the second round. His second affair was with cagey veteran of some eighty odd encounters, who battles under the handicap of "POPCORN KID." The "Kernel" was a tough nut, and Swinney damaged his hand trying to pop the Kid. This unfortunately kept Swinney from winning more than 8 of the 10 frames scheduled.

If any bouts are carded for the National Convention of the Marine Corps League, to be held in Dallas, Texas, early in November, Swinney will probably be matched with Sammy Ward of Ft. Worth.

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British Marines to Receive Beautiful Trophy From U. S. Leathernecks as Token of Friendship

Presentation Will Be Made By Gene Tunney at Ceremony Being Arranged by the U. S. Ambassador in London.

Standing 23 Inches in Height, Trophy is of Surpassing Artistry and Craftsmanship, the Work of World Renowned Silversmiths and Sculptors.

Perhaps one of the strongest links in the chain of Anglo-American friendship is the fraternalism between the Royal Marines and the United States Marine Corps. In the annals of both nations these two fighting units have been recorded as brothers in blood. The spirit of comradeship is graven as deeply as is the story of their sacrifices and heroism, when, nearly thirty years ago, they first stood side by side before the Great Wall of China, fighting and dying for a common cause. There are no ties so binding between men as those welded by the heat of battle; and today, still in the shadow of the Chinese wall, these men stand ready to move shoulder to shoulder to victory or death.

Last year the Royal Marines sent to the United States Marines a wonderful specimen of bull dog, known as Private Pagett. He created nation-wide interest, and was every inch an appropriate mascot for the Devil Dogs of America, in which capacity he served until death took him. A son, Private Pagett, Jr., carries on.

As a reciprocal token the United States Marine Corps Association Football Trophy, pictured on this page, will be presented to the Royal Marines. This offering will be sent to England about the first of December, where, at a presentation ceremony being arranged by the American Ambassador in London, it will be presented to General Lewis S. T. Halliday, V. C., C. B., the Adjutant General of the Royal Marines, by Gene Tunney, ex-Marine and retired heavyweight champion.

This cup, purchased by the combined contributions of the officers and enlisted men of the Marine Corps, will be sent to London on the S. S. Leviathan in the custody of a Marine who is a medal of honor man. He will be a guest of the Commodore of the Leviathan, and through the courtesy of the United States Shipping Board the passage of both the custodian and the trophy will be complimentary. During the voyage it will be on exhibition to the ship's passengers.

It is purely an athletic trophy, and is being given to encourage the game of association football (better known to us as "soccer") among the various units of the Royal Marines under such regulations prescribed by the adjutant general of their corps.

The height of the trophy is twenty-three inches. The base is solid, green Vermont marble, beautifully marked, and especially quarried for this purpose. The weight of both is eighty-six pounds.



The center portion is a heavy, solid silver bowl, fourteen and one-half inches in diameter, supported by a sterling silver fluted column that extends into the bronze base. The bowl is of such distinctive shape that it was necessary to make a special chuck for it, and, to get the proper proportions, spin it by hand.

On one side is the Royal Marine's Coat-of-Arms. To make certain that the proper emblems and features would be incorporated in the design, the official jewelers of London were requested to

make this part, which was shipped direct to us by the British Embassy.

The American Marine's Coat-of-Arms, which is mounted on the side opposite to that of the Royal Marine's, was furnished by Major J. C. Fegan, athletic officer of the Marine Corps. There is real sentiment attached to this gift, for the emblem has been in the possession of the Major's family many years.

The association football figures are modeled in solid bronze from the original
(Continued on next page)

MARINES WIN FIFTH NAVAL DISTRICT TITLE



Standing, left to right: Sokira, Appleby, Bishop, Duncan, Capt. L. L. Gover, Mgr.; Balis, Godfrey, Hill, Munari, Hudson. Kneeling: Derr, Capt.; Scarlet, Bredenberg, Murphy and Traw.

By capturing a five-game series from the Air Station the Marines at Hampton Roads won the Fifth Naval District Baseball Championship. This series was a play-off between the airmen who had won the first half of the season and the Marines who were victors in the last.

The Base Marines started the season under discouraging conditions, lacking the necessary numbers from which to choose. Before it was too late, however, Major Fegan and Captain Gover had collected material for a championship team.

The following are extracts of the games:

FIRST GAME

The Naval Base Marines defeated the Air Station in the first game of the series 7 to 6. Although marred by errors, it was exciting from start to finish. The Airmen fell down in the pinches while the Leathernecks bunched their hits and garnered three runs in the last half of the ninth. "Cockey" Read started twirling for the Air Station, but was relieved by Murray in the fifth. Bill Scarlet started the game for the Marines, but was forced to retire in favor of "Red" Appleby, whose attack brought the airmen down. In the first inning Tommy Godfrey came through with a "Babe Ruth Special."

SECOND GAME

The second game was the best class of baseball seen in this area for some years. It was featured by the pitching of Balis for the Marines and Mayo for the Aviators. "Big Jim" struck out twelve flyers, yielding only one hit. This was scratched out in the last half of the ninth. Only three hits were collected from Mayo, but they came at the critical time. Only one man from the Air Station reached second base, and Balis pitched to only thirty batters in the nine innings.

THIRD GAME

The Marines started Appleby in the box, the Air Men relied on Walsh. In the first inning Duncan lifted one out to the hangars for the circuit, scoring Godfrey who had been given a pass. Berry, the lanky shortstop for Aviation was the sensation of the day. He covered the whole infield, robbing men of hits, and scooping them in where he wasn't supposed to be. He chalked up two triples, knocking in five runs and scoring three himself.

FOURTH GAME

In this session Curg Hill of the Marines faced Ben Murray of Aviation. Hits were scarce, only seven for both teams, and the Marines got four of them. This game evened the series, both teams having won two.

FIFTH GAME

At first this looked as if it would be another pitcher's duel, but it soon gave way to a slug-fest, with the Marines easily leading. The Leathernecks scored twice in the third and twice in the fourth. The Airmen were forced to yank their twirler and replace him with Murray, who had pitched the day before. He was able to stay only two innings before being knocked out of the box. Matty Walsh was next, and in the ninth he gave way to Mayo.

To Balis belongs much credit for winning the series. He pitched two out of the three games that the Marines won, and in the final game he poled out a single and a home run in four trips to the plate.

Now that the Naval District League is over the Marines hope to annex the Tide-water Title from the civilian teams of Norfolk, Portsmouth, Berkley and Newport News in September.

Incidentally the Marines have an eighteen inning tie game to be played off against the Army Aviators from Langley Field. We hope the old anti-aircraft battery will spill them in the first nine innings.

SECOND REGIMENT LEADS LEAGUE

With the handsome Van Reed Trophy within their grasp, the Second Regiment baseball team was unable to hold the Gendarmes after having taken the lead in the third inning 2-0.

The Gendarmerie evened the score at two runs all and went into the lead during the fifth inning when Buckoway, pitching for the Regiment, walked two men and forced in a run.

Lieut. Beall of the Gendarmerie pitched his best game of the season and was given great support by his teammates. Spencer, center fielder of the Gendarmerie, robbed the Regiment of two hits when he caught difficult flies.

Standing	Won	Lost	Pet.
REGIMENT	6	2	.750
Brigade	3	3	.500
Gendarmerie	4	4	.500
Aviation	2	6	.250



Pitcher Koeler poses with a couple of the Panama midget diamond stars.

ROYAL MARINE TROPHY

(Continued from page 37)

made by Aristide B. Cianfarani, the noted Italian sculptor. Great care was taken that these figures would conform precisely with the soccer players of England, and every detail of the costume, even to the shoes, is correct. It was necessary to cast these figures in solid bronze and finish them by hand in order to produce the artistic effect desired and to preserve the sculptor's original lines.

The combination of silver and bronze mounted on a marble base makes the entire structure one of great beauty, harmony of color and design, producing the most original and pleasing effect. Pearson & Crain and the International Silver Company are to be congratulated for the manufacture of a trophy so artistic.

The piled offices teams and a esting Du the U Pla Wo Pla Los Sc 172. Bed He Be team Tra dista (T than Fu in your Corp schoo Mari 33 13 6 39 14 28 3 47 183 0 40 0 0 13 12 44 14 20 0 143 24 27 11 13 20 34 6 7 41 24 27 13 2 64 32 20 6 33 14 39 143

FOUR YEARS OF MARINE CORPS FOOTBALL

The below statistics have been compiled from records preserved in the offices of the Athletic Officer. Few teams can claim such amazing results, and a study of them will be found interesting.

During the past four years of football the U. S. Marine Corps team has:

Played forty-one games.
Won thirty-three games.
Played two ties.
Lost six games.
Scored 822 points to the opponents' 172.

Been held scoreless but four times.
Held twenty-four opponents scoreless.
Been scored upon by but seventeen teams in the forty-one games.

Traveled 27,202 miles, more than the distance around the world.

(The 1928 schedule will require more than 13,000 miles travel.)

Further data of interest will be found in the following schedules. Get out your Spalding's Guide and compare your Corp's grid record with that of ANY school, college or university.

Marines	1924	Opp's
33	Catholic University	0
13	Vanderbilt University	13
6	Georgetown University	0
39	Fort Benning	0
14	Dickinson College	0
28	U. of Detroit	0
3	Carnegie Tech.	0
47	Third Corps (Army)	0
183		13

Total miles traveled, 4132.

	1925	
0	John Carroll University	0
40	King College	0
0	Canisius College	3
0	University of Detroit	6
13	Catholic University	6
12	W. Va. Wesleyan University	0
44	Navy (Scouting Fleet)	0
14	U. of Tennessee Med.	0
20	Infantry School	0
0	Georgetown	16
143		31

Total miles traveled, 6410.

	1926	
24	New Hampshire	0
27	King College	7
11	St. Xavier College	27
13	Lehigh University	0
20	Catholic University	7
34	Providence College	0
6	Canisius College	0
7	John Carroll University	14
41	Temple University	12
24	University of Detroit	7
27	President's Cup Game (Army)	7
13	Washington University	0
2	University of Dayton	7
249		88

Total miles traveled, 10,404.

	1927	
64	(No defeat—no ties.)	
32	Washington College	0
20	St. Bonaventure's College	0
6	William and Mary College	14
33	University of Dayton	0
14	Catholic University	13
39	St. Xavier College	13
14	Wake Forest College	10
	Army (President's Cup Game)	0

THE LEATHERNECK

D. C. SMOKER PROLIFIC WITH KNOCKOUTS

Paddy Doyle, the energetic fight promoter of the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., staged another successful smoker September 11. Incidentally this closed the season for outdoor events, and it was a fitting climax. In the five scheduled bouts three ended via the poppy punch. A large crowd was on hand to witness the battles and it was well pleased with the exciting finish.

In the curtain raiser "Chips" Dodson went after Jack Woten hammer and claw. He nailed him with several body blows, planed him down to his own size, filed off the rough spots, then levelled him with a left to the jaw. The carpenter took Woten's measure so quickly that it was all over before anyone knew what happened.

The second bout also lasted only one round when McIntosh knocked out Christiansen with a series of well-timed punches. Christiansen started out fast and furiously, but McIntosh was too strong for him.

Comedy relief was offered by Paddy Doyle, who, planted in the audience, made certain remarks about the singing ability of one of the entertainers. Of course, Mr. Doyle was invited to explain his attitude physically rather than orally. He accepted the challenge, and climbed into the ring. It took him five minutes to remove all the clothing he was wearing, but at last he stood, stripped to his ring togs, ready to fight. It was an excellent comedy battle, and when the unconscious Paddy was rolled out of the ring in the second round the crowd was almost hysterical.

The next bout went the entire four rounds, Urednick winning a wide decision over White. The loser exhibited a game willingness to take punishment, which always endears a fighter to the hearts of the fans.

The best engagement of the evening was between Joe Cefaratti and Roell. Cefaratti, wily and aggressive, kept boring in, weaving and twisting. His ducking seemed to bother Roell for the first two rounds, but after he managed to plop two uppercuts against Joe's right eye the latter became infinitely more cautious. In the last round Cefaratti was visibly tired, but his aggressiveness in the earlier rounds earned him a close decision.

The last bout, between Dupris and Waters, was a slugging match from start to finish. Neither man resorted to science or defense, each stood up and tried to out-slug and out-game the other. In the second round Waters connected with a haymaker and Dupris went down, striking his head violently against the floor. The bell rang at the count of seven and the unconscious fighter was carried to his corner. He was unable to answer the gong for the third round.

Thus endeth the series of outdoor smokers, and Paddy Doyle takes this occasion to thank his many friends for their sincere support.

19	Southwestern University	0
6	Loyola University	0
247	Total miles traveled, 6256.	50
822	GRAND TOTAL	172

MARINE BOXERS IN CHINA CONTINUE WIN STREAK

Huckaby Trims Joe King; Braunstein Wins Newspaper Decision Over Sacramento; Iciak and White, Newcomers, Make Hit With Fans.

Marine scrappers in Shanghai, meeting the best opposition that the cosmopolitan melting pot could furnish, came through with flying colors since the last "LEATHERNECK." Of the five Marines on the International Sporting Club's fight cards, two gained draws in fast bouts, one a decision, one technical knockout, and the other put over the sleep punch in seventy-six seconds.

"Sammy Braunstein defeats Sacramento, but gets only draw." That was the press decision handed out in headlines by the "Shanghai Times" and apparently not in accordance with the more official one of the fight judges. The paper gave the first five rounds to Sammy, the next four to Sacramento, and of the last they say: "This round could not have been called anything but even and how the judges figured that Sacramento earned a draw only they knew."

Glenn Huckaby's victory over Joe King was obviously a more popular decision. The Marine was unable to slap King to sleep but he easily won every round. In the fifth Huckaby had his opponent in a bad way, but seemed to lack the punch to finish him. We quote from the Shanghai paper: "For Huckaby's reported lack of punch it might prove to be noteworthy that he was handicapped by a badly sprained right thumb. . . . This injury was responsible for his relentless left-hand attacks."

Charlie White, a newcomer in the Leatherneck stables, fought a six-round draw with Tim Riley, R. A. S. C. Although the Marine had a shade in the earlier rounds, Riley finished strong and won a well deserved draw.

In the second bout carded, Jimmy Barnes, U. S. M. C., chased Pte. Bayard, 104th French Infantry, all over the ring for two rounds. The Yank scored three knockdowns before the referee stopped the unequal battle.

The semi-final, between Tony Iciak, U. S. M. C., and Marine Smith, H. M. S. "Hermes," lasted exactly one minute and 17 seconds. Iciak connected with a solid right for his second blow of the fight, and Smith went down. He arose and attempted to get into a corner where he could cover up, but the wily Yank was too smart for that. He followed through and floored the Englishman with another vicious right. At the count of ten Smith staggered up, but suddenly collapsed and had to be carried from the ring.

SPORT BULLETIN

Four football teams on the Marine Corps schedule for this fall opened their respective seasons Oct. 22, and all four not only won their games but held their opponents scoreless. Here they are:

Davis & Elkins, 7; West Virginia, 0.
U. S. Coast Guard, 6; Rhode Island, 0.
Navy, 20; Colby, 0.
Loyola U. (N. Orleans), 18; Howard, 0.

SAN DIEGO SPORTS PARADE

NEW ATHLETIC OFFICER ROUNDS UP CRACK TEAM

Back At His Old Stand Lieutenant Baylis Produces Diamond Team That Finishes Big In League Now Playing Best Nines On Coast.

By H. C. Berns, Cpl., U. S. M. C.

Shortly after his return from duty in Nicaragua in May, First Lieutenant Charles D. Baylis, of Marine Corps baseball fame, sent out the call for candidates to form a team which would represent the Corps in the Summer Service

League in San Diego. This call brought out a large number of prospective candidates, mostly raw. Some seasoned players were found but the number was very few. Notwithstanding the fact that a large number of the men from the base were on expeditionary duty in Nicaragua or China, Lieutenant Baylis found enough men to compose a team. After a lot of hard effort and a series of pre-season games, the lieuten- tenant managed to get the team into fair shape for the start of the season. The outlook for the season was one that drew a lot of attention as the Leathernecks were going up against four teams representing Naval units in San Diego, and a team from the Army. All these teams had played in the winter season which had closed shortly before, and the Fleet Air had just won the Battle Fleet championship.

At the start of the season the team was built around seasoned players who had played ball elsewhere in the Corps at one time or another. John Parker, who has pitched the Corps' team to many victories in his time, started the season on the mound, Goldmeyer of Legation Guard, Peking, China, was at first, and Coten from Hawaii was found in the outfield. That was practically all the old material in the Base, and the remainder of the team was made up of recruit material. Starken, playing his first year of ball has made a name for himself behind the plate, having completed the season in great shape.

As the season progressed some players were dropped and others added. Among them was Payne of Navy baseball fame, who started the season bad, but finished

Lieut. C. D. Baylis
Athletic Officer



Jesse Kidd
Hurler

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STATISTICAL DATA OF TEAM FOR SEASON—15 GAMES SUMMER SERVICE LEAGUE

Compiled by H. C. Berns

Player.	Pos.	G.	AB.	R.	H.	2B	3B	HR	SB.	SH.	PO.	A.	E.	Bat. Pct.
KIDD	P.	13	37	14	25	5	5	1	10	4	2	4	3	.676
BINDER	2B.	15	55	14	19	1	3	1	2	1	60	14	10	.345
GOLDMEYER	1B.	15	50	11	16	4	2	0	4	7	84	20	12	.320
DUHEY	LF.	15	49	12	15	2	4	0	9	4	16	2	4	.306
PAYNE	3B.	14	44	8	12	1	0	1	2	5	15	18	11	.273
PETTY	CF.	13	38	7	10	0	0	0	4	5	22	2	3	.263
WATTS	SS.	13	52	14	13	0	0	2	5	3	25	19	6	.250
STARKEEN	CF.	14	43	11	10	1	1	1	6	2	107	15	3	.230
KOHL	RF.	11	29	6	4	1	1	0	2	0	2	7	4	.200
WHITE	P.	7	10	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	9	1	.100
MISC. UTIL. PLAYERS	PLAYERS	88	23	21	1	1	2	2	4	55	11	13	7	.235

AGGREGATE 15 486 120 146 16 18 8 47 38 388 141 70
Team batting average, .306; fielding average, .882

PITCHERS' RECORDS

NAME	GAMES	SO.	BB.	OH.	OR.	WON	LOST	PCT.
KIDD	13	111	20	109	69	6	5	.545
WHITE	6	11	4	21	11	2	0	1.000
PARKER	8	9	10	12	1	1	1	.500

like a big leaguer at third. Watts, the best find of the season, worked at different positions in the infield, and the boy wonder was found at short at the close, having played major league ball all the way through. Kidd came in from recruiting duty after the season had started and that gave promise for a very good season. He was under orders for duty in Nicaragua, but an infected ankle sent him to bed for about a week. In the meantime the transport sailed, leaving him behind to do his share of work on the mound. Working in thirteen games during the season, Kidd managed to come through with flying colors. He lost five and won six games, struck out one hundred and eleven batters, walked twenty and hit the apple for an average of .676, which gave him the honor of being the heaviest hitter in the entire league, as well as one of the best pitchers.

The first league game found Fleet Air as the first obstacle in the way and they played true to form defeating the Marines 17 to 6. The game was played very ruggedly and Parker who started on the mound was wild as ever. Coten and White took up the work on the mound in the order named and White was the only one who could hold any ground. Nine errors on the part of the Marines also helped to send scores home for the Airmen. In the second game the Army was sent to defeat at the hands of the Marines by a score of 19 to 6. From start to finish the Leathernecks sent the ball all over the lot.

The next game found the Destroyer Base Nine to dispose of. Kidd was found on the mound but an infected ankle kept him from delivering all he had and as the game progressed his ankle became worse. During the game he managed to strike out eleven men, but nine hits, two walks and seven errors on the part of his team-mates always had him in a hole but he managed to get out every time and the game ended 11 to 8 in the Marines favor. Kidd also hit the apple for a double and two singles in four times up to take hitting honors. After a few days rest and a lot of doctoring Kidd felt well enough to start the next game against the Training Station. His ankle gave him a certain amount of trouble, but errors in the

early part of the game caused it to be lost by one run, the final tally being 7 to 6. Naval Air came next to end the first round of play and the Marines were again sent down to defeat, score 10 to 7. The Marines just couldn't keep from making costly errors and practically every game that was lost was due mostly to errors. Failing to hit in pinches was another that caused their downfall.

At the start of the second round the Fleet Airmen downed the Base outfit 9 to 1, Kidd was off form, poor fielding support and a batting slump kept the Marines from getting any hits. Pop Branch of the Air Nine kept the hits well scattered and deserved to win the game. White started the next game against the Army and sent them down to defeat 10 to 7. The Army piled up seven runs in the early innings and after the Marines had gone ahead in their half of the eighth Kidd came in from center field and sent the next six batters down in a row. On their second meeting the Destroyer Nine came to the Base and the Marines played host in true form.

Plenty of action was found here and it took the Marines to furnish most of it. In this particular game we give the readers of The Leatherneck the following from the San Diego Evening Tribune: "Lieutenant Baylis' Marines may not be the best ball club in the Service Loop, but they are just about the best fighters. Yesterday afternoon when the last half of the ninth inning rolled around in their game with the Destroyer Base, the score stood 8 to 3 against them and when the battle smoke had cleared away the score was 9 to 8 in the Leathernecks' favor. It was just the will to win that put the score on the right side of the ledger for the Leathernecks. They went into the ninth, and put six runs across the plate to take the decision. Kohl batted for White and walked. Duey rapped out a single, sending Kohl to second. Goldmeyer crashed out a double and Kohl came home with number one, while Duey dropped anchor at third. Petty flied out to Baxter for the first out. Watts sent Duey home with a single and went to second on the play. Payne then doubled, scoring Watts and made third on a passed ball

(Continued on page 43)

FOOTBALL CANDIDATES REPORT

KNUTE WERNMARK TO COACH FOOTBALL SQUAD

New Mentor Has Outstanding Record as Player and Coach; Is Pupil of Knute Rockne.

Appointment of Knute Wernmark, formerly a gridiron star at Oregon Agricultural college, to coach the San Diego Marine Base football squad this season, has been announced by Gen. Dion Williams, commanding officer, and Lieut. Charlie Baylis, athletic officer.

It was reported that Lieut. W. H. McHenry would return from Nicaragua to handle the Barnett avenue gridders but the orders were cancelled. Several candidates were considered by General Williams and Lieutenant Baylis and Wernmark was believed best qualified.

For four years Wernmark starred as center for the Aggies, gaining All-Pacific Coast conference mention twice. He played under Coach Paul Schissler and has kept in close touch with gridiron warfare since leaving college. Of late he has been in charge of the life saving division of the American Red Cross here.

Wernmark attended Knute Rockne's coaching sessions last summer and in 1927. He favors the Rockne style of play, but it is uncertain if he will adopt it for the Marines.

Seventy-five candidates reported to Lieutenant Baylis during the month and have been going through conditioning work pending the appointment of a mentor.

Lieutenant Baylis will assist Wernmark in whipping the Devil Dogs into shape for their quest of the 11th Naval District championship. The Marines, winner of the 1926 laurels, were unable to compete last season as most of the gridders were in Nicaragua and China.

POST CAPTURES MARATHON SWIM AT SERVICE "Y"

Corporal Post Wins Two Big Events

Marathon swimming races evidently are the dish of Corp. Sydney Post of the Marine Base.

During the month he won the San Diego Rowing club's annual classic and copped the 11th Naval district's yearly event which was staged at the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. Fred Engelhart, physical director, was in charge.

Leading his nearest rival by 53 laps, Post swam the length of the service "Y" plunge 278 times. He is believed to have established a new record. Second place went to W. A. Davies, also of the marine base, and W. Richardson of the destroyer base finished third.

Gold, silver and bronze medals were awarded the three leaders by Engelhart. Thirty-four men competed in the event, swimming five minutes a day for 15 days. The contestants were not allowed to stop or rest on the turns.

The district swimmers are in training now for the national Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. all-around tournament which will be held late this month.

MARINES WILL HAVE TEAM IN COAST LOOP

Will Play the Submarines on Armistice Day; One Officer Rule Will Prevail.

One game has been placed definitely on the Leatherneck schedule for the 12th of November. The Submarines will clash with the Marines in the stadium on this date. It will be the Armistice day game for San Diego. The Boots will travel to San Francisco to meet the all-army eleven on Sunday, the 11th, and will be traveling home on the 12th.

It looks as though there will be but three teams in the race for the service league football crown: The Marines, Submarines and Boots. Fleet and Naval Air will not put a team on the gridiron this season. It is possible that the Naval Hospital will have an eleven and if they do will compete for the district title.

Although there will be but three or possibly four elevens in the district race, competition will be stiffer than ever before. By the time the season starts the three teams in the race at present will be nearly on a par with each other. The Submarines gave the Boots the hardest fight they had last year on the local gridiron, and they will have an even stronger eleven this fall. The Marines have the material to develop a team that will be able to give the Boots and Subs a stiff battle all the way.

The Submarines also are making plans to enter the race for the battle fleet title and this will mean more good football for the local fans. Another good game that will be played in San Diego will bring the Subs and the U. S. C. freshmen together. The frosh trimmed the Subs last year and the undersea boys are out to wipe that off the slate this year.

Out at the naval training station a big squad is going through its paces daily under the watchful eye of Lieut. Danielson, head coach. The squad is fast rounding into form and it is quite likely that by the end of next week scrimmages will be on the program. Reports have it that some of the new men will give last year's regulars a hard fight for their berths on this year's eleven.

At a meeting of the athletic committee of the 11th naval district, held yesterday afternoon, it was announced that one officer would be allowed to play on each team in service league games. This is an amendment to last year's regulations which allowed no officers on the teams. The battle fleet regulations have always permitted an officer in the lineup and the district elevens asked for the same concession.

No schedule of games in the district league has been drawn up as yet as the committee is waiting to see whether the hospital will enter the race or not.

Q. Where is Lieutenant C. D. Baylis, former athletic officer at Parris Island?

A. A full account of the sport activities under the supervision of Lieutenant Baylis at San Diego will be found in this section.

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IZZY TANNER AT SAN DIEGO

Izzy Tanner, who fought them all in his day, has recently been appointed instructor of boxing at the Marine Base, San Diego. He began his fighting in 1918 while serving with the Royal Fusiliers, and won the championship of the British Forces in the East at that time. After receiving an honorable discharge he returned to St. Paul and resumed boxing in the professional ring.



Izzy Tanner

After success of more than ordinary degree he was matched with Jack Britton, welterweight champion of the world, with whom he waged a good fight and lost only by a hairline decision. Britton said it was the toughest battle of his ring career.

After that fight Tanner retired from active participation in the ring and set out to establish a stable of his own. He has gathered under his wing many notables of the fistic world, such as Frankie Darren, Jack Griffen, Mike De Pinto, "Toughy" Wing, Glenn Milligan and Tommy Hughes, the latter considered one of the greatest flyweights in the world.

When Tanner assumed his new duties as instructor at the San Diego base, he was greatly surprised and pleased at seeing so many facilities for training. "I have been all over the world," he said, "and I have found no better equipment anywhere. We have, without a doubt, the finest training quarters for boxers that can be had. I am delighted with the cooperation that Lieutenant Baylis, athletic officer, is giving me."

In speaking of the Marine policy of training recruits to box, Tanner says: "Whether or not any of these boys ever step into the ring as boxers, they will know the art of defending themselves. It teaches quick thinking and sportsmanship, and further, it makes better men and Marines."

1928 FOOTBALL SCHEDULE
U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland

Sept. 29—Davis and Elkins College at Annapolis.
Oct. 6—Boston College at Annapolis.
Oct. 13—Notre Dame University at Chicago, Ill.
Oct. 20—Duke University at Annapolis.
Oct. 27—University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, Pa.
Nov. 3—West Virginia Wesleyan at Annapolis.
Nov. 10—University of Michigan at Baltimore, Md.
Nov. 17—Loyola College at Annapolis.
Nov. 24—Princeton University at Philadelphia, Pa.

BASE SMOKERS DISCLOSE PLENTY ACTION

Mercier Proves "Man May Be Down But Never Out"—Kicks Towel From Ring.

Hunter and Creig fought a fast four round draw at the weekly Marine base smoker last night. In the first round, Creig carried the fight to Hunter and it looked as though the latter would not be able to stay the limit as the former landed some stiff right hand jolts that slowed up his opponent. The second frame was entirely different as Hunter opened up and slowed down Creig with a stiff shot to the button, taking the round. The third and fourth sessions were fast and furious, first one rallying and then the other. When the end came there was little to choose between them and the draw decision was deserved.

The semi-windup was sensational from start to finish. It was a rematch between Brown and Gray. In the last fight Brown knocked out Gray and last night the order was reversed with Gray putting the kayo on Brown in the third round. In the first frame Brown sent Gray to the canvas four times for different counts. Gray came back in the second session to send his opponent to the floor three times. In the third Gray went down once and Brown kissed the canvas four times; the referee finally stopped the bout with Brown helpless on the ropes.

Hoefer scored a technical kayo over Marx in the special event. Marx went down three times in the first round and was unable to defend himself, so the fight was stopped.

In the bout preceding the special event, one of the most unusual sights was seen. Hersch scored a technical kayo over Mercier in the third round, the towel coming to halt the bout. Mercier was helpless and out on his feet when his seconds tossed in the Turkish national flag, but Mercier would have none of it, turning around and seeing the towel he immediately kicked it out of the ring and sailed into Hersch, the referee having a tough time making him stop. He wobbled all over the ring as he walked to his corner.

Williams decisioned Crolls in three rounds.

Wise scored technical knockout over Cerutti in two rounds.

Wrestling

Decker threw Holmes in four minutes and 35 seconds.

White threw Lowman in three minutes and five seconds.

Questions—SPORTS—Answers

ASK THE SPORTS EDITOR

Beginning with this issue we will attempt to answer all questions pertaining to sports in the Marine Corps. Just mail it in, letter or post card, including a two-cent stamp if you desire a personal reply. If not, your question will be answered in this column, which will be for answering sport questions only.

Q. Where did Mr. Keady coach before "joining" the Marines?

A. Coach John Thomas ("Tom") Keady graduated from Dartmouth in 1905, where he played baseball and football and was for five years assistant coach. Later, he was the first athletic director to be installed at Dartmouth. He was for ten years head coach at Lehigh, four years head coach at Vermont, two years at Amherst and two years at Bates.

Q. Will the Quantico Marines be the only team to play football this season?

A. (a) You probably refer to the U. S. Marine Corps Team, which is its official designation. (b) Many posts which have heretofore had football teams will not attempt it this season because of the great number of men in China and Nicaragua. San Diego is the notable exception.

Q. Will you please straighten me out regarding the "Loyola" on the Marines' football schedule?

A. There are three institutions named Loyola on the Marine schedule: Loyola University of New Orleans, Loyola University of Chicago and Loyola College of Los Angeles. This is a most unusual feature of the Marine schedule.

Q. Is "Zeke" Bailey the baseball player and the "Zeke" mentioned as assistant football coach the same person?

A. Yes, Lieutenant Bailey has played or assisted at coaching all the important football and baseball teams in the Marine Corps for the past several years.

S. Gallagher

W. Gallagher

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LUSCOMB "SIGNS" UP

Rodney Luscomb has been signed to play with the newly-organized San Diego Marine baseball team, according to an announcement made by Lieut. Baylis, who is in charge of the club. Luscomb is a heavy hitter and plays the outfield. He was formerly captain of the local high school nine and then went to the University of Arizona where he played with Dallas Warren, now catching for the Angels, in the Coast loop. He also played in the Arizona Copper league and was one of the leading hitters in that circuit.

LIEUT. BAYLIS BACK AT S. D.

(Continued from page 40)

by Powell. Binder conked one to score Watts with the tying run, taking second on an error by Altermatt. Binder went to third on another passed ball by Powell and Kidd sent him home with a single to right, that won the ball game. Coming from behind in their next game the Marines downed the Training Station outfit 9 to 5 to put them on an even basis. In this game the team collected fifteen hits. On August the first the Gyrenes traveled to the Naval Air Station but came back without anything additional in their favor, having been downed by a score of 7 to 1. In the first inning of this game three errors were made by one player and they were directly responsible for two runs which helped to break down the morale of the team.

To start the last round of play, the Marines went to Navy Field to meet the

THE LEATHERNECK

Fleet Air Nine, but came back again with another defeat charged against them. From a fielding standpoint this was the best game of the season and many beautiful stops were made by both sides. The Marines went into the next game against the Destroyer Base determined to bring the ledger up to even terms and another last inning rally saved the game for Kidd, who had struck out seventeen batters. The final score was seven to eight in favor of the Leathernecks. By playing the fastest game of the season the Marines downed the Training Station in their final meeting by a score of 3 to 2. It was by far the best game of the season and the Marines played in real championship style. Payne was the hero of this game when he sent a line drive to center for a single in the sixth inning to score two runs. His fielding was one of the high lights of the game. Goldmeyer also found himself in the game and played the ball perfectly and ran bases like a deer. In this game the Marines changed four hits into three runs while the Training Station took five to make two runs. Kidd pitched good ball striking out ten batters to run his string up to 94 for the season, but went hitless, for the first and only time during the season.

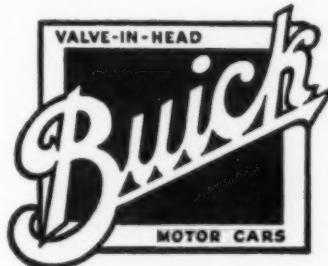
At the expense of the Army Nine the Marines ran up their largest score of the season by defeating them 20 to 6. They also fattened their batting averages. After the game had been won in the second inning by scoring fourteen runs, Kidd went to center field and White took up the work on the mound. Watts came to life on his first two trips to the

plate and smashed out two home runs, which were his only two hits of the game. Binder, Coten, Kidd and Duey all hit the apple for two or more hits.

Going into their last game of the season, the Marines were out for revenge and got it by defeating the Naval Air Nine by a score of 8 to 2. The two runs made by Naval Air were both made by Johnson, who hit two of Kidd's fast ones for homers. The rest of the six hits that Kidd allowed were well scattered. He struck out thirteen men to finish the season, with one hundred and eleven to his credit, and hit the apple twice out of three times up to share hitting honors with Payne and Binder, who hit homers. The game was played in fast time, with but one error committed by the Marines.

Thus the Base nine finished the season by ringing up four straight victories in their last four starts and they did it in real championship style. This gave them nine victories and six defeats for the season to put them in third place. Fleet Air completed the season of fifteen games without a defeat for first place honors while Naval Air managed to take second place honors by a score of 10 victories and five defeats. Training Station came next, then Destroyer Base and the Army last with but one victory to their credit. Lieutenant Baylis has brought together an aggregation of ball players that will be a credit to the Corps if kept together for another season and is well satisfied with the record that his team has set for the past season. The team finished the season with a batting average of .300 and a fielding average of .883.

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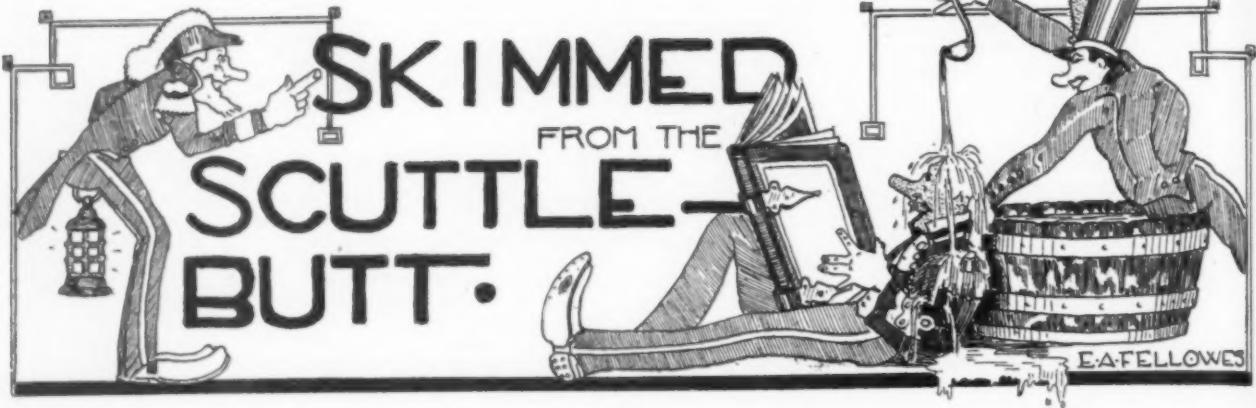
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ALSO GEE WINIKERS

Captain, to Reservists (at Army organization class): "We have in a Division Staff the following officers: G-1, G-2, G-3 and G-4; can anybody name another?"

Voice from rear: "Gee Whiz."

—A. & N. Journal.

"My beau," little Elsie said, "is going to be an admiral."

"Indeed!" the visitor replied indulgently. "A cadet at the Naval Academy now, I presume?"

"Oh, he hasn't got that far yet, but he's had an anchor tattooed on his arm."

—Recruit.

"Why did you turn down their invitation to dinner?"

"I'm hungry, and they are paying for an automobile, a radio and a new living room rug on the installment plan."

—Enquirer.

Bandits on the outskirts of Shadydale held up a speeding car filled with tourists and took \$25.75 away from the driver.

"If I kin ketch 'em, I'll send 'em up for twenty years," complained Constable Hicks. "There's a law agin impersonatin' an officer!"

"Sir, I am convinced that your daughter and I are simply made for each other."

"You're wrong, young man, no such idea was ever entertained." —T. S. News.

"Look here, mistah," said Mandy, as she settled herself in the dentist's chair, "Yo' all might be painless, but remember, Ah ain't!" —Recruit.

Redmon (to Duffy): What made your hair turn gray?

Duffy: Well, you see, hair grows in as well as out and when the root comes in contact with gray matter it naturally turns the hair gray; when it comes in contact with cement, ivory or bone, it makes a man bald.

Among the strange things in this world are bald barbers, skinny cooks, and lazy married men.

A SNAPPY FINISH

Instructor: "Now, Mr. DuCrow, what stirring speech did Paul Revere make when he finished his immortal ride?"

DuCrow: "Whoa!" —A. & N. Journal.

Captain: What's he charged with, Casey?

Officer: I don't know the regular name for it, captain; but I caught him a-flelin' in the park.

Captain: Ah, that's impersonatin' an officer. —Leg. Gd. News.

On one occasion a census clerk, in scanning over the form to see if it had been properly filled up, noticed the figures 120 and 112 under the headings, "Age of father, if living," and "Age of mother, if living."

"But your parents were never so old, were they?" asked the astonished clerk.

"No," was the reply, "but they would have been if livin'."

"There's a sort of a bump on your chest," said the tailor, pausing in his measurements, "but we make the clothing so that you will not realize the bump is there."

"I know you will," sighed the customer. "That's my pocketbook in my inside pocket."

"Isn't it awful about poor Mrs. Jones' trouble?"

"I didn't hear about it."

" Didn't you? Mrs. Gaddy told me just now that her son has turned out to be a criminal lawyer."

Lady Visitor (at office of eminent physician)—"I have called, doctor, to ask if there is any cure for sleep walking. I have had the habit for years and lately it has become worse."

Dr. Highprice—"It can be cured, madam. Take this prescription and have it filled at Cold, Steele & Co."

Lady Visitor—"Cold, Steele & Co.? Why, that is not a drug store; it is a hardware firm."

Dr. Highprice—"Yes, madam. The prescription calls for a paper of tacks. Dose, two tablespoonfuls scattered about the floor before retiring."

—Variety Jokes.

HEARD AT NEW LONDON

"How much is a ticket to New York?" "Eight dollars and thirty cents."

"Gosh, everything is high here. They sell 'em for \$4.85 up at New Haven."

—Ballast.

Dibbs: Have you seen one of those instruments which can tell when a man is lying?

Higgs: See one! I married one!

—T. S. News.

Much Married Man (at county fair)—"Mister, I have a wife and fourteen children. Won't you let us look at the monkey at half price?"

Showman: "Fourteen children? Wait. I'll bring the monkey out and let him look at you." —Recruit.

"What, another row with your wife? What's the trouble this time?"

"The same old thing—she's right and I don't agree with her." —The Clubman.

A Kentucky colonel of the old school made a proud boast that he hadn't drunk a glass of water in 20 years. One day as he was riding to Nashville on the old L. & N., the train was wrecked while crossing a bridge and plunged into the river. They pulled the colonel out with a boat-hook, and when they got him on shore one of his friends rushed up, crying: "Colonel! Are you hurt?"

"No!" he snorted. "Never swallowed a damn drop!"

Grace: I did something last night that I'd never done before in my life.

Joyce: Gosh! I can't imagine what it was. —T. S. News.

"I am never well—can't say why," said the patient. "I get a sort of pain. I don't know exactly where, and it leaves me in a kind of—oh, I don't know what."

"This is a prescription for I don't know what," said the doctor. "Take it I don't know how many times a day for I can't think how long, and you'll feel better. I don't know when." —T. S. News.

The trouble with blowing your own horn is that it seldom leaves you any wind for climbing.

NIGHT FISHING

Mr. Jones kept a toy shop, and among various things sold fishing rods. For the purpose of advertising them he had a large rod hanging outside, with an artificial fish at the end of it.

Late one night, when most people were in bed, a man who was rather the worse for his night's enjoyment, happened to see this fish. He looked at it and then went cautiously up to the door and knocked gently. Jones did not hear this, but after the man had knocked a little louder he responded at the window up above.

"Who's there?" said Jones.

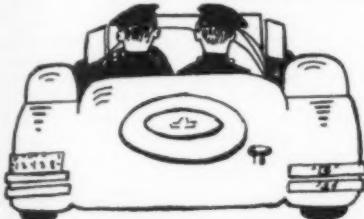
"Don't make a noise," said the man in a whisper, "but come down as quietly as you can."

At the request our friend thought there was something the matter, so, after dressing and coming down as quietly as possible, he proceeded to know what it was.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Sh!" said the man. "Pull your line in quick; you've got a bite!"

—Variety Jokes.



"What kind of car is this?"

"An R. F. D."

"What's that?"

"Rescued from dump."

A shortsighted old lady entered a large curio shop, and, after pottering around for a while, asked an assistant, "How much is that big Japanese idol by the door worth?"

"A great deal," replied the assistant; "that's the proprietor."—Tit Bits.

We're willing to believe that "matches are made in heaven," but where did the cigarette lighters come from?

Peppery Colonel (to partner on the golf course): "What is the present-day girl coming to? Imagine her parents allowing her to appear in public in plus-fours and Eton crop. Attempting to copy our dress, Bah!"

Partner: "That, sir, is my daughter."

P. C.: "Sorry, I did not know you were her father."

Partner: "I'm not, I'm her mother."

—Leg. Gd. News.

A youth from the backwoods section had been invited to a dance and was frankly horrified at the up-to-date ways of the young women. His partner, after spending half of one dance in agony over his awkwardness, suggested that they sit out the other half and led him to the veranda. There she drew out a gold cigarette case and remarked:

"Of course, you don't mind girls smoking."

But the young man was determined to be just as modern as she.

"Lady," he retorted earnestly, "I don't give a hoot if you chew."

—American Legion Weekly.

ANOTHER GOOD IDEA

Hostess: "What's the idea of bringing two boy friends with you?"

Guest: "Oh, I always carry a spare." —Hurty Peck.

Young Corporal Nolan, a Pearl Harbor Marine, hesitatingly entered her father's presence. With a preliminary clearing of the throat, and a nervous twitch of the fingers, he said:

"I have come to ask if I may marry your daughter Gertrude?"

"You are Corporal Nolan, of the Marine Corps?" asked her father in deep, gruff tones.

"Yes," I am Corporal Nolan now, but I get paid off next year!"

"Well, you may then marry Gertrude," said the father, who then passed Nolan some cigars. "And, may I take you into my confidence?" asked the father.

"Why, yes," exclaimed Nolan, surprised at so sudden a question from his father-in-law.

"Well, my boy," said her father, "I just want to say that as you pass around among your Marine friends, I wish you would get some of them excited about Margaret, Dorothy, Bella and Nancy. And, put a couple more cigars in your pocket!"—P. H. Weekly.



Main Gate Sentry: "Do you like Marines with blue eyes?"

Main Gate Susie: "No; I like Marines with greenbacks."

Tommy—What becomes of stars in the daytime, Daddy?

Daddy (a theatrical manager)—Most of them sleep 'till noon.—Bystander.

Red and Sparks were working on the roof of a building one day when one made a misstep and fell to the ground. Sparks leaned over and called:

"Are ye dead or alive, Red?"

"I'm alive," said Red, feebly.

"Sure, yer such a liar I don't know whether to believe ye or not."

"Well, I must be dead," said Red, for ye would never dare call me a liar if I were living."—Pearl Harbor Weekly.

MAKING IT CLEAR

A man asked the Pullman agent for a berth.

"Upper or lower? There's a difference in price, you know. Let me explain.

"The lower berth is higher than the upper. The higher price is for the lower. If you want it lower you'll have to go higher.

"In other words, the higher, the lower. Most people don't like the upper, although it is lower on account of its being higher. When you occupy an upper, you have to get up to go to bed, and get down when you get up. You can have the lower if you pay higher. The upper is lower than the lower because it is higher. If you are willing to go higher, it will be lower."

"Guess I'll go to the settin' car," replied the man who thought he wanted a berth.—A. S. News.

"Well, if they put you in a glass bowl without your swimming suit, you'd turn red, too," protested the flapper goldfish.

Motor Cop (to professor of mathematics): "So you saw the accident, sir. What was the number of the car that knocked this man down?"

Professor: "I'm afraid I've forgotten it. But I remember noticing that if it were multiplied by fifty, the cube root of the product would be equal to the sum of the digits reversed."

—Boston Transcript.

The Navy poet was dashing off a little poem to his sweetheart back home, and he got off to a fairly good start:

Here I am far out to sea,
But at your side I'd like to be,
For every breeze and ocean zephyr—
Then the poet got stuck. "Hey, shipmate," he called to a pal, "What rhymes with zephyr?"

"Heifer," was the quick response. "Quit beefin'," said the poet. "Do you think I'm writing a poem to a cow?"

—T. S. News.



Femme: "Was your wound terribly painful?"

Gyrene: "Not so bad, but the shock caused me to lose the use of my arms."

Femme: "When do you expect to recover?"

Marian—My husband has given me the loveliest dress for my birthday.

May—Did he choose it himself?

Marian—Oh, dear, no—he doesn't even know it yet.—Pathfinder.

THE BROADCAST

(Continued from page 25)

During his enlistment he received an injury on ship board, and was under the care of the doctor for three months, but did not receive any wounds while fighting.

He was in South America for some time, where he experienced some very interesting adventures. He was on the "Powhatan" when it escorted the "Monitor," under Admiral Dalgren, to Panama, in 1865.

At Fort Fisher, Mr. Hall came near death, when bullets came so close that they passed through his clothing.

In 1866 he witnessed an earthquake, which, he stated, was one of the most terrifying sights he has ever experienced. He was on the Powhatan, and saw eight vessels which were in the harbor, go down, and one gunboat was left high and dry a quarter mile from the shore. Mr. Hall, at present, is remarkably well, considering his age and an injured limb which he received a few years ago in an auto accident.—Lewistown, Pa. *Sentinel.*

MARINE DETACHMENT, U. S. S. "TEXAS," LEON, NICARAGUA

By Hearn & Richardson

This detachment, commanded by Captain T. E. Kendrick and Lieutenant T. C. Perrin, landed at Corinto, Nicaragua, on 14 June, and proceeded to Leon where we assumed the duties of town police; which we have been performing ever since.

Except for one engagement, popularly termed Guerrilla Warfare, under Lieutenant Levie and 1st Sergeant Rasmussen, the detachment's entire maneuvers have been confined to the city limits of Leon. We have had a few parades and full guards to render honors to inspecting generals and admirals, but we serve mostly in the capacity of MP's, which is sufficient excitement in this country.

Among the interesting things in this vicinity, not to mention the numerous hordes of birds, better known as buzzards, is the strange customs of the natives; the incessant ringing of bells, and members of the detachment revealing unlimited sex appeal while striving

to vamp poor damsels, offering as a poor excuse to "El Padre" the ancient and noble art of learning Spanish—in three parts.

Of the numerous members of the detachment to speedily forget the Gay White Way, Coney Island, Third Avenue, etc., the most notable to succumb to the "Lure of the Tropics" was none other than "Baby Face"—the man direct from Scotland Yards, otherwise known as S. S. (Sleuth Sheik) Newkirk. S. S. recently rejected an attractive movie contract that he might appease his insatiable desires to break the hearts of the most desperate lovers in the world—Spanish Senoritas.

Another who possesses the above mentioned Sex Appeal is "Rabbit" Rennstrom, whose sole delight is posing with a pair of knocked knees before one Romona. From all official accounts lately received we have come to the conclusion that Abbie must have had a slight misunderstanding with a certain fair maiden on the East Side of the great Metropolis; but this Romona seems to offer some alleviation for his deep remorse.

Too many compliments cannot be paid Hogan and his galley force for the excellent chow we have been getting lately. Robinson and Palin are the two cooks of which this outfit boasts, and we are certain they could give any French chef a few pointers, or make model husbands for modern girls.

Colonel John C. Beaumont, U. S. M. C., arrived to take command of the troops in the Western Area. That alone makes us feel at home, for the colonel has been Fleet Marine Officer aboard the "Texas" since November, 1927. Another old shipmate who came down with the colonel is none other than our friend Sergeant Major Hanford.

The old gang that was left aboard the "Texas" has been transferred to MB, NYd., New York. It is too bad we had to lose them, but we are looking forward to serving with them again some day.

Rairden, the best looking sergeant in the detachment, has been detailed as Post Exchange Clerk, leaving an opening for Police Sergeant, which Tommy Rayburn fills with the usual growl that accompanies the job.

Yesterday Kangaroo Court, of which Hogan was senior member, met to decide the fate of one of the mascots (the

coons). Bobby Upton's plea before the jury on behalf of the animal was one that would melt the heart of man, but it was utterly ignored by the worthy court. Said coon was sentenced: "To be discharged from this detachment, escorted to the jungles of Nicaragua and headed in the general direction of Sandino's outfit, with the prayers of all members of this court that he will there prove as great a pest as he has been on the 'Texas' Detachment."

The next morning the coon found his way in from the wilds, and reported for duty again. Bobby immediately got busy and requested that the convening authority place the animal on six months' probation.

That's all.

PORT AU PRINCE, HAITI
BY T-A-D

The Brigade baseball team defeated the American Legion club from the Canal Zone by the score of 3-2. The game was called in the fifth inning to permit the lads from Uncle Sam's big ditch to catch their ship. The team was composed of boys sixteen years old and under, mostly under, judging from their sizes. They had won the Canal Zone championship, and were on their way to the States to compete for the Junior championship. The winners will visit the World's Series in the fall, and the First Brigade wishes its late midget opponents the best of luck.

The 2nd Regiment's baseball team won the Van Reed cup by taking the longest and hardest fought game of the year from the Brigade Headquarters and Headquarters Company. The game went fourteen innings to the score of 4-3.

Everyone, the 2nd Regiment excepted, is of the opinion that the regiment would have finished 4th in a four-team league had they not had Bukowy of the Marine Corps team to do their pitching. They also grabbed off "Wee" Hall before the "Kittery" docked on her July trip. He was one of the best infielders in the Marine Corps, and he played fast baseball in every game. However, the Brigade Headquarters and Headquarters Company is going out to win the Howat cup this fall; this series begins on the first of November each year.

The Brigade personnel lost their popular Sgt. Major Cartier August 8, but they are fortunate in securing Sgt. Major Jack Fleiy as his relief.

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MARINE MOUNTAIN ARTILLERY AT
MATAGALPA, NICARAGUA

By H. R. O.

I'm writing this by the aid of a lantern with a broken bulb. Perhaps some of the outfit's shining lights would do better. Our officers are Captain Arnett and First Lieutenants Galt and Marshall. At present Mr. Galt is in Managua having his molars non-skidded (I think it's from eating Nicaraguan bull meat). These old bulls get tough after putting in four or five hitches on the business end of a bull cart. Our officers are all that any outfit could desire. Captain Arnett and Mr. Galt certainly know their stuff when it comes to cocking a cannon and Mr. Marshall has this bunch of army mules buffaloed.

The men consist of volunteers from several other outfits, but by this time we're mountain battery from start to finish. We were organized at Leon, where we established the fact for all time (I hope) that to lead a mule you must first know more than the mule. Undoubtedly, most of our sixty-four animals were veterans but they sure went bolshievik in Leon. Anyway, I've a suspicion the Army slipped us the worst outlaws they could find, and darned if I blame 'em. It took us six months to get the situation well in hand, but now every time Mr. Marshall walks by a mule you'd think it was a kitten except for the ears.

We finally left Leon via the scenic route coast to coast footpath along the railroad for Managua. No, my child, we did not ride. Riding makes one callous. We hiked with our little six hundred pound sling-shots so that our grandchildren would be able to look back with tears in their dear little glimmers and pride in their hearts and say—now in the old Marine Corps, etc., etc. Well, to stop the suspense we finally arrived at Managua after four of the most delightful days one could imagine on the trail. The best soldier in our outfit is Private Alderman, the original answer to a school girl's prayer. He claims he's getting his foreign duty in the U. S. Marine Corps, temporarily detached from the Georgia Militia. Aldie always bathes before hiking. When we discovered that across lake Managua there is an active volcano that is due to erupt, somebody remarked it might save the Marines some trouble if it suddenly exploded. Most likely the delay is blamed to us anyway.

From Managua we went to Matagalpa, a grease spot surrounded by scenery. Matagalpa is eighty some miles north of Managua. We have used Matagalpa as a sort of base for patrols. Said patrols weren't bad at all until the rainy season hit us—the rain ain't bad, the mud is. "Oh, why didn't I join the Tank Corps" is a song I am going to write. Sergeant Monty has a habit of petting mad dogs. One day at Mataguas, Monty enticed a mad dog into close quarters but before the mutt could bite a native brained it with a club. By the way, Monty says he will never take that M. C. I. Lion Tamers' course; he's going to become a truant officer for them instead.

Captain Arnett is now commanding officer of this burg and as a sideline runs a Spanish School. Something nice to ship over for. The Army mules have

THE LEATHERNECK

been formed into a pack train at Richardson's Ranch north of here and from there to Tuma (another mud house). They pack supplies to the ships detachment, U. S. S. "Rochester." Oh, yes! at present I am a member of said pack train. As far as Sandino is concerned I have come to the conclusion that he is on an indefinite furlough not due to return. Well, if I don't get drowned in the mud I will write more later.

66TH COMPANY, 5TH REGIMENT.
ESTELI, NICARAGUA
By Private Saul Gross

Our first experiment to get news published in The Broadcast seems to have worked, so we are going to attempt another. We have just received our copy of The Leatherneck for August and noted our items dispatched two months ago inserted on a page of your department.

It seems somewhat late to recount our doings here on the Fourth of July, but it was too well enjoyed to let it go unnoticed.

We awoke at 5:55 a. m., to the roar of a string of giant firecrackers resembling a Stokes trench mortar bomb in that they exploded twice, on being set off and again in midair. They made a loud enough "boom" to get our "music," Trumpeter Wilson, out of bed in his "skivvies" with a "forty-five" in one hand and a Thompson sub-machine gun in the other, sleepily asking if Sandino was in town.

Through the efforts of First Sergeant Saffley and Sergeant North, a series of events for a field meet had been arranged and our guests in town, the Second Machine Gun Company, on their way to San Rafael, were invited to take part.

The games were started with a shoe race which was won by Pfc. Cummings of the 2nd Machine Gun Company. By the way, Cummings is the same big blond fellow who may be remembered as being so instrumental in the piling up of those football victories by the Parris Island Marines last season. He is on his way back to the States at this writing to take part in this year's games (the lucky dog). Well, we wish him lots of luck.

To get back to our field meet; Pfc. Comisac, our erstwhile athlete, won the next event, the sack race, with "Pat" Regan a close second. Comisac also came out on top in the broad jumps, clearing seventeen feet one and a half inches with a pair of hobnailed shoes on. Our radio operator and one time Quantico "champ," Corporal Cox, captured the high jump with a scant four feet, nine inches. After some hard fought games, the team consisting of Corporal Cox, Corporal Gigear, Pfc. Comisac, Pvt. Spannard and Pvt. Huff won the volley ball tournament.

After some horse shoe tossing games we went in to a dinner of turkey and fixins, mince pie, ice cream and lemonade. We spent the next half hour throwing all kinds of fireworks (this continued all day and, surprisingly, no one was hurt) and then some one suggested an informal parade. We dressed up as bandits, pirates and in every other form of brigandry imaginable and shoul-

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Meshed Markings

dering the flint-locks, sawed-off shot-guns, muzzle loaders and other old and useless rifles turned in by bandits, we paraded all over town shouting, "Viva Estados Unidos," Viva Nicaragua, Viva Sandino en Inferno, and shooting firecrackers with two musics playing some marching tunes in between. Some of the natives were a little shocked but most of them got a big "kick" out of it.

After supper the prizes were distributed to the winners of the morning's events and then we held a little smoker of our own in the town square. We had three boxing matches, a "Charles-ton" contest, some clog dances and a few

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You either own one or you don't. You always have two alternatives. If you don't, there is nothing to worry about, except getting one. If you do, you have two alternatives; either you insure it or you do not.

If you insure it, you don't need to worry. If you don't, there are two alternatives; either you sustain an accident or you don't. If you don't, you needn't worry. If you do, there are two alternatives; either you get damages, or you pay the other fellow. You have two alternatives each way. You either get paid by him or you don't. If you do, you're lucky. If you don't, you may sue. If you don't get a judgment, you're out of luck; if you do, he may have nothing you can attach, and you're still out of luck. If you pay his damages, no need to worry. If you don't, he may sue you. If he loses, let him worry. If he wins—

Have you cash to pay the judgment of damages? If you have, you're lucky. If you have not, are you judgment-proof? Can he collect? These are the answers to the last two questions, no alternatives available. If you are in the Services, No to the first, and Yes to the second. Better let us pay for you.

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songs by the company duo, Pvt. Madden and Miller. Later that evening an informal dance was held at the home of Don Antonio Molina, but the writer did not attend as he is not versed in the tripping of the light fantastic or any of its sisters and first cousins.

So much for the Fourth. The school detachment has been at work for almost a month under Major Pate of the U. S. Army and will soon be prepared to take over their share in the supervision of the coming elections here.

The Tenth Company of the Guardia Nacional, under Captain Peard, arrived last month and they have taken over the duties of civil police and so forth from the Marines.

Well, will sign off until next time.

BRITISH 1928 RIFLE CHAMPIONSHIP

Lieutenants Harry E. Leland and I. M. Bethel, U. S. M. C., using rifles they had borrowed, and to which they were unaccustomed, fired in the British meet. Considering the handicaps they encountered they made a very creditable showing by winning third and fourth places.

It will be remembered that Lieutenant Leland's score of 232, in the All Comers match, Shanghai, China, established a record over the course in which the new Bisley targets were used.

NAVAL AMMUNITION DEPOT, ST. JULIEN'S CREEK, VA.

By Clarence C. Kelly

At present our command consists of forty-two enlisted men and one officer. First Lieutenant H. T. Nicholas, our former commanding officer, was detached August 15, and assumed his duties as Post Quartermaster, Marine Barracks, Hampton Roads. Our present commanding officer, 1st Lieut. H. A. Riekers, is a capable man, well liked by the entire command. He is also Post Quartermaster, Post Exchange Officer and Officer in charge of Post Laundry. He has just purchased a new radio for the men. Many friendly disputes arise as to who shall operate the instrument, and what programs shall be listened to.

First Sergeant Edwin C. Sipes is our top kick, and a more fair-dealing man would be hard to find. He bought an automobile recently, and says it can't be beat.

Readers who were on the U. S. S. "New York" during 1925-26-27 will remember the following men: Corporal F. M. Brown, who extended two years for this post; Corporals R. J. Clegg; T. M. Sheffield, M. M. Stamps, our Post Exchange steward; Pfc. C. L. Crigg; M. J. Johnson, who still claims he's part Irish; W. J. Thrower, our much harassed cook; L. S. Ulmer; Pvt. L. H. Bourassa; C. D. Jones, and W. F. O'Connor, who will campaign for Al Smith at Deep Creek, Va.

We have a very promising stable of pugilists. Corporal H. D. LaFever recently scored a K. O. over Bobby Greenwood, the popular idol of the Twin Cities, Norfolk and Portsmouth, Va. All the matchmakers have been chasing him ever since he showed the TNT in his right mitt. Pvt. L. H. Bourassa shows every promise of becoming a second Dempsey. He is continually training

and has developed quite a repertoire of damaging punches. We expect him to give a severe drubbing to the heavies and light-heavies of this vicinity in the near future.

WILD AND WOOLLY; LET 'ER BUCK

By Billy Stiltner

The people of Shanghai, represented by a committee composed of the American Consul-General, Judge Milton D. Purdy; Mr. French, and several others, requested that the Fourth Regiment, U. S. M. C., stage a show of some sort to celebrate Independence Day. After some debating it was finally decided that a real Wild West Rodeo, being something unusual, should render the greatest satisfaction. Accordingly some of the rough ridin', broncho-bustin', sons of the West, with the cooperation of the officers and the men of the regiment, presented one that would have been a credit to Miller Brothers of the 101 Ranch.

We don't claim all the credit for this show, but the action certainly appealed to the public, and that is what we are crowing about. We are grateful for the assistance we received from Judge C. S. Franklin; Brig. Gen. E. B. Macnaught, C. M. C., D. S. O.; Capt. W. E. Sauer and Mr. and Mrs. Gardener Crane, from whom we borrowed horses, revolvers and equipment, and for their general help in making the affair so successful.

The rodeo, billed as the feature of the day, lived up to all expectations. Twenty cowpunchers, now serving with the regiment, and a dozen or so men from the same outfit, bedecked themselves with gaudy Indian war paint and amused 8,000 spectators at the race track.

It began at 5 p. m. with a parade of the riders, and the western salute. This was followed by a pony express ride with Privates R. E. McLaughlin and L. W. Clayton as the participants. The second event was a relay race between Privates R. E. McLaughlin and G. F. Felt. The latter emerged victorious when his opponent encountered difficulty in readeling. The third event was the capture of an Indian horse thief. Sergeant N. B. Hazeltine and Private J. E. Dillon, as cowboys, rode in wild pursuit and jerked the redskin's appetite loose from his frame with a lariat.

Privates A. O. Pearce, C. A. Puett and A. C. Bartmess gave a rope spinning exhibition which was one of the best events of the program. Pearce stood up on his horse and spun his rope in a circle around the animal and himself.

The broncs, however, were not up to the tricks of the real western "bad uns," but they served the purpose as well as their horse conscience would allow them. The first one out of the chute was a long-eared Missouri jar-head, commonly called a mule, ridden with a surcingle. His exhibition consisted of a few healthy jumps, and then, to show his disgust, he broke into a run.

The second was equally tame, but the third and last furnished enough thrills to make up for the others. He came plunging out of the chute, bucking and sunfishing. Humping and rearing, he used every trick of the wily broncho to dislodge his rider, but McLendon remained "topside" without pulling leather and left the arena as riding champion.

The attack by Indians of a covered wagon, and the subsequent rescue by cowboys furnished a dramatic close and climax to the rodeo.

One of the participants, Sergeant Hazeltine, wore a ten-gallon hat, a vivid green shirt, and leather chaps. But the rodeo was the least of "Buck's" worries. He had his weather eye open for signs of a stork. He was concentrating so hard on a certain hospital in Shanghai that he didn't give enough attention to the saddling of his mount. When he tried his first pick-up from the ground his cinch slipped and he plowed up about two hundred feet of turf with his nose. Buck remounted and showed his stuff, but it was babies and not bronchos he was thinking about.

After the rodeo he was overheard to say, "Gee, I hope it's a boy. I'll make him the best cowboy in China and America." But Buck was fooled. It was a girl. "Well," he said philosophically, "they can't beat me that way, I'll make her a cowgirl instead."

NOTES FROM THE BIRDS AT A. S., E. C. E. F., QUANTICO, VA.

By Arnhem

Time rolls around again for a few more notes from the air, and here we are. In the future we will be singing from new altitudes, and in our aeroplanes. Captain Shearer and our "SANDY" brought two new Corsairs down from New York the other day, and bets have already been made as to who will be the first ones to get sick in them. The line forms to the right.

"Red" Fischer has gone to MB, Washington, D. C., as an embryo master of the pig-skin. We feel sure that he will give a good account of himself, and when the Marine football teams line up against its opponents this fall and winter, "Red" will make a name for himself. We believe he will give Levey a good run for his money.

Speaking of football, the hopefuls around here are working out every day under the tutelage of Lieutenant Hughes and the prospects are for a better team than last year. Right now we are on the lookout for some games. We have one booked with the Richmond Blues, to be played in Richmond, and negotiations are under way for a couple in Washington.

"Rosie" Dykes is back in the fold. All ye olden Haitiens will understand the nick-name. Anyway he is back to do some more "tallling."

We feel that an open apology is due Sgt.-Maj. Lang, and we wish to offer it through these columns, for what appeared in "The Leatherneck" last month. We feel sure that Lang is doing all in his power to promote the "Spirit of LOOIE BOURNE." The old spirit of Aviation is "One for all and all for one."

Yes, Garfield is behaving himself again. Since the Studebaker Roadster went to Philadelphia, John has been a good boy. We wonder how long it will last. It is also our belief that John is the originator of the old saying that "one is as old as one feels."

First Sgt. La Grasse reported in the other day, and has taken over the reins of VO-6M. That, by the way, is old VJ-6, its designation having been recently changed.

THE LEATHERNECK

Forty-nine

A forest fire patrol has been inaugurated around a few of the adjoining counties, and twice a day a ship leaves here to look out for forest fires. Another incident of the Marine Corps cooperating with the civil authorities.

Captain Presley joined from Port-au-Prince this month, and has taken over the duties of "Exec," and Operations Officer.

Toney Jesuale went on liberty again this pay-day, but we have heard no reports about unlocked doors. A word to this wise will keep the wolf from the door.

"Salty" May says that if those parcel post packages don't stop coming in for Gloria Elaine he will have to build another room on his quarters to hold them all.

In some cases these crack-ups seem to be prosperous. Look at the case of "Pop" Cole in Nicaragua. Then Dugald Steele comes back from Great Lakes after their accident, and is now driving around in a Nash sport roadster. How do they do it?

"Hook" Endsley and "Jimmy" Smith had a very enjoyable week-end in Washington, thank you. Smitty says the only thing that he did not like about it was that they had no siren on their car. He says when he goes for a ride he likes for people to know it; and proceeded to "bawl out" the people responsible for him taking the ride.

You should see "Bill" Brown's new Nash. The Q. M. must be doing good business. Again we say, how do they do it?

What's the matter with Haiti? We never see any news from down there. Wake up, you fellows, and get some dope in "The Leatherneck." We want to know if Straba is still getting lots of mail.

The birds have warbled, and there are no more notes left in their claws. Have some more next month.

"OLIVE OIL."

STATION NOLA BROADCASTING By Home Brew

For the first time in many months Station NOLA will again take the air to broadcast to the rest of the Leatherneck world some of our statics. Our first remark is to state as loudly as possible that this is one of the best stations in the U. S. Everybody is happy and contented with the excellent duty, climate, Cajun gals, shrimp gumbo, red beans and rice and the best home brew. There is only one reason for any sadness here. We are so close to the out-board motor drivers, who are constantly falling out of their boats in Nicaragua that all fear that a new detail may be called for any day to don their life-preservers and go chasing after the exclusive Sandino.

Now for some official dope. Captain Israel has been the CO and Post Quartermaster here for the past three years and is well thought of by everyone. He plans to leave us soon for parts at present unknown, and we will have Captain Shaler Ladd to take over the duty. We take this method of welcoming Captain Ladd to our midst and assure him that we will do all in our power to make his stay here the most enjoyable one in every way. Lieutenant Mitchell parted with his appendix and departed for the

(Continued on page 52)

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Laurel, Miss.

ZI-O-DINE
DENTAL CREAM

HE SOAKED HIS WATCH

(Continued from page 9)

sheiks, after viewing the tremendous effect Sandino had on the opposite sex, borrowed the animal and sallied forth on conquest. His success can only be determined by the many subsequent requests that were made by the rest of the boys to borrow the ocelot for an evening in order to clinch their drag with the new Sheba. Lofland says that he might transfer his interests for a few hundred; so you sheiks who are searching for a new pet with which to snow the girl friend under had better start saving your pennies.

Sandino has put the ocelot in a class of its own for pets. The Marine Corps Base appreciates the honor of housing such an unusual mascot, and all hope he will continue to remain with us even after the departure of Corporal Lofland.

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THE GAZETTE
Major General J. A. Lejeune,
Commandant

Officers last commissioned in the
grades indicated:

Col. F. J. Schwable.
Lt. Col. C. B. Vogel.
Maj. S. L. Howard.
Capt. L. A. Dessez.
1st Lt. M. B. Twining.

Officers last to make number in the
grades indicated:

Col. F. J. Schwable.
Lt. Col. C. B. Vogel.
Maj. S. L. Howard.
Capt. E. B. Moore.
1st Lt. W. W. Davidson.

MARINE CORPS CHANGES

August 16, 1928

No changes were announced.

August 17, 1928

Lt. Col. J. J. Meade, on or about August 16th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, NS, St. Thomas, V. I., via the U. S. S. "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about August 22nd.

Major C. E. Nutting, on or about August 30th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Second Brigade, Marine Corps, Nicaragua, via the U. S. A. T. "U. S. Grant," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about September 5th.

Second Lt. S. K. Bird, upon the reporting of his relief detached MD, U. S. S. "Tennessee," and to special temporary duty beyond the seas with the Second Brigade, Marine Corps, via the U. S. A. T. "U. S. Grant," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about September 5th.

Second Lt. G. K. Frisbie, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MD, U. S. S. "Tennessee," and to special temporary duty beyond the seas with the Second Brigade, Marine Corps, via the U. S. A. T. "U. S. Grant," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about September 5th.

August 18, 1928

No changes were announced.

August 20, 1928

Major S. L. Howard, promoted to grade of major with rank from July 16, 1928.

Captain L. A. Dessez, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MD, U. S. S. "Maryland," and to special temporary duty beyond the seas with the Second Brigade, Marine Corps, via the U. S. A. T. "Chateau Thierry," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about September 12th.

Second Lt. G. M. Britt, detached NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to AS, Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via first available commercial conveyance from Los Angeles, Calif.

Second Lt. L. A. Brown, on August 20th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, NYd, Norfolk, Va.

August 21, 1928

Captain C. H. Brown, detached Department of the Pacific to Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Okla., to report not later than September 7th.

Captain W. B. Croka, assigned to duty at MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

Captain W. H. Davis, dismissed.

Captain C. H. Medairy, upon arrival in the United States ordered to the MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., for duty, and to Naval Hospital, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., for treatment.

First Lt. J. C. Grayson, assigned to duty with MD, NP, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

First Lt. J. F. Connaughton, dismissed.

First Lt. P. A. Lesser, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Second Lt. R. O. Bare, detached MB, NYd, Puget Sound, Wash., to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

Second Lt. M. B. Twining, assigned to duty at MB, NYd, Puget Sound, Washington.

Second Lt. L. T. Burke, detached MB, Washington, D. C., to Army Signal School, Fort Monmouth, N. J. Authorized duty reporting until Sept. 13th.

Chf. Qm. Clk. H. H. Betheram, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Qm. Clk. W. V. Harris, upon arrival in the United States ordered to the MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., for duty, and to Naval Hospital, Mare Island, Calif., for treatment.

August 22, 1928

Captain W. B. Croka, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, NYd, Norfolk, Va.

Captain C. Grimm, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Department of the Pacific in accordance with recommendation of a Board of Medical Survey.

Second Lt. W. A. Hamilton, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, Washington, D. C.

Second Lt. R. O. Bare, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

August 23, 1928

No changes were announced.

August 24, 1928

Major O. Floyd, on or about September 15th detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, Quantico, Va., via first available Government conveyance.

First Lt. D. W. Davis, detached Third Brigade, China, to MD, U. S. S. "Asheville."

First Lt. R. D. Foote, resignation accepted to take effect September 2nd.

First Lt. E. M. Callaway, detached Third Brigade, China, to MD, U. S. S. "Helena."

Second Lt. M. R. Carroll, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via first available Government conveyance.

August 25, 1928

No changes were announced.

August 27, 1928

No changes were announced.

August 28, 1928

Major E. H. Morse, assigned to additional duty as OIC, Recruiting District of Chicago, effective September 7th.

Captain O. R. Caulfield, on September 4th detached MB, NYd, Norfolk, Va., to Gendarmerie d'Haiti, via the U. S. S. "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about September 26th.

Captain L. L. Leech, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to FAS, Fort Sill, Okla., to report not later than September 7th.

Captain R. Livingston, upon discharge from the Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C., detached Headquarters Marine Corps to MB, NYd, Norfolk, Va.

Captain W. H. Sitz, on September 1st detached Recruiting District of Chicago, Chicago, Ill., to MB, Quantico, Va.

First Lt. G. J. O'Shea, on or about August 21st detached MD, RR, Wakefield, Mass., to Gendarmerie d'Haiti, via the U. S. S. "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about Sept. 25.

Second Lt. W. G. Manley, detached Department of the Pacific to AS, Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the U. S. A. T. "Chateau Thierry," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about Sept. 12.

Second Lt. H. R. Paige, detached MB, NA, Annapolis, Md., to MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

August 29, 1928

No changes were announced.

August 30, 1928

Captain M. Corbett, upon the reporting of his relief detached Recruiting District of Seattle, Seattle, Washington, to duty with the Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment, via the U. S. A. T. "Cambrai," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about October 17th.

Captain D. R. Fox, upon the reporting of his relief detached MB, NYd, Norfolk, Va., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the first available steamer of the Cuyamel Steamship Co., sailing from New Orleans, La.

Captain G. C. Jackson, detached Department of the Pacific to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Captain C. I. Murray, on September 18th detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to Gendarmerie d'Haiti via the U. S. S. "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about Sept. 26.

Captain R. Winans, about September 12th detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Recruiting District of Seattle, Seattle, Washington.

Chf. Qm. Clk. J. Strong, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H., via first available commercial steamer from Los Angeles, Calif., to Honolulu.

August 31, 1928

No changes were announced.

September 1, 1928

Captain W. K. Snyder, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the S. S. "Ecuador," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about September 15th.

First Lt. F. C. Biebush, detached Third Brigade, China, to MD, AL, Peking, China.

First Lt. L. H. Healey, detached MD, U. S. S. "Asheville," to Third Brigade, China.

First Lt. D. M. Taft, detached MD, U. S. S. "Galveston," to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., for duty, and to Naval Hospital, New York, N. Y., for treatment.

Second Lt. R. S. Burr, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, NYd, Norfolk, Va., via first available Government conveyance.

Second Lt. J. H. Stillman, detached Third Brigade, China, to MD, AL, Peking, China.

Second Lt. W. O. Thompson, detached Third Brigade, China, to MD, AL, Peking, China.

Mar. Gun. Clk. C. R. Nordstrom, appointed a marine gunner and assigned to duty with the Second Brigade, Nicaragua.

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October, 1928

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Chf. Qm. Clk. R. W. Jeter, detached MB, Parry Island, S. C., to duty with the Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment and Guardia Nacional of Nicaragua, via the S. S. "Ecuador," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about September 15th.

Chf. Qm. Clk. H. J. Smith, upon the reporting of his relief detached from duty with Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment and Guardia Nacional of Nicaragua, to MB, Quantico, Va., via first available Government conveyance.

September 4, 1928

Major N. A. Eastman, detached 8th Regt., Eastern Reserve Area, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

First Lt. C. L. Marshall, relieved from present duties and assigned to duty with AS, Second Brigade, Nicaragua.

Qm. Clk. W. V. Harris, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Chf. Pay Clk. C. J. Conroy, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

September 5, 1928

Major C. S. Baker, AQM, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., via first available Government conveyance.

Captain J. D. McLean, upon the reporting of his relief detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to MB, NYd, Norfolk, Va.

Second Lt. C. F. Cresswell, on September 5th detached Office of Naval Communications, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., to U. S. S. "California."

September 6, 1928

No changes were announced.

September 7, 1928

Major D. M. Randall, detail as an Assistant Adjutant and Inspector revoked as of September 6th.

Captain R. B. Dwyer, died on September 5th.

Captain C. Grimm, assigned to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., for duty and to Naval Hospital, Mare Island, Calif., for treatment.

The following named officers have been promoted to the grades indicated:

First Lt. G. F. Good, Jr., 1st Lt. W. C. Lemly, 1st Lt. M. B. Twining, Chf. Mar. Gnr. W. G. Allen, Chf. Mar. Gnr. C. H. Eurtton.

September 8, 1928

No changes were announced.

September 10, 1928

Colonel H. C. Snyder, detached Headquarters Department of the Pacific to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Captain J. E. Davis, on or about September 29th detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to duty with AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Captain J. A. McDonald, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Norfolk, Va., for duty and to Naval Hospital, Norfolk, Va., for treatment.

Captain J. B. Neill, on or about September 29th detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to duty with AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Second Lt. J. N. Hart, on or about September 29th detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to duty with AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Qm. Clk. L. Ledoux, upon acceptance of appointment as quartermaster clerk assigned to duty at Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

September 11, 1928

No changes were announced.

September 12, 1928

No changes were announced.

QUARTERMASTER SERGEANTS

John W. Baker—Guam to U. S.

Albert W. Finlay—3rd Brigade to Guam, Homer J. Graville—Promoted 23 August.

Robert L. Kemp—Boston to MB, Philadelphia.

Harold L. Lindstrom—Promoted 15 July, Carmon Petringolo—Promoted 6 August for duty at Philadelphia Depot.

Ray W. Pickering—3rd Brigade to Cavite, William H. Resch—Discharged, own confinement, 15 August.

James Rowan—Promoted 5 August.

William R. Sands—Transferred to FMCR 29 August.

James E. Smith—3rd Brigade to Guam, Henry C. Wonderly—Nicaragua to MB, Washington, D. C.

SUPPLY SERGEANTS

Daniel E. Foran—Promoted 15 July and transferred from Managua to Puerto Cabezas.

Alton P. Trapnell—Promoted 4 August.

Peter J. Wilgus—Promoted 28 August.

NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Arrived Mare Island 21 August. Will leave Mare Island 8 October; arrive San Francisco 8 Oct., leave 9 Oct.; arrive San Pedro 10 Oct., leave 11 Oct.; arrive San Diego 12 Oct., leave 13 Oct.; arrive Honolulu 20 Oct., leave 21 Oct.; arrive Guam

THE LEATHERNECK

31 Oct., leave 1 Nov.; arrive Shanghai 6 November.

HENDERSON—Sailed Hong Kong 10 September for Shanghai. Operating temporarily with Asiatic Fleet. Will leave Shanghai 6 October for the United States on the following itinerary: Arrive Guam 12 Oct., leave 13 Oct.; arrive Honolulu 25 Oct., leave 27 Oct.; arrive San Diego 4 Nov., leave 5 Nov.; arrive San Pedro 6 Nov., leave 7 Nov.; arrive San Francisco 9 November.

KITTERY—Arrived Hampton Roads 11 September. Will leave Hampton Roads 26 September for the West Indies on the following itinerary: Arrive Cape Haitien 1 Oct., leave 2 Oct.; arrive Port au Prince 3 Oct., leave 4 Oct.; arrive Guantanamo 5 Oct., leave 6 Oct.; arrive Hampton Roads 11 October.

NITRO—Arrived Mare Island 9 September. Will leave Mare Island 22 September for the East Coast of the United States on the following itinerary: Arrive San Pedro 23 Sept., leave 24 Sept.; arrive San Diego 24 Sept., leave 26 Sept.; arrive Corinto 4 Oct., leave 9 Oct.; arrive Guantanamo 12 Oct., leave 12 Oct.; arrive Hampton Roads 16 October.

PATOKA—Arrived Yorktown 11 September. Will leave Yorktown 12 Sept.; arrive Melville, R. I., 14 Sept., leave 17 Sept.; arrive Port Arthur 26 Sept., leave 29 Sept.; arrive Pensacola 30 Sept., leave 2 Oct.; arrive Key West 4 Oct., leave 5 Oct.; arrive Port Arthur 8 Oct., leave 10 Oct.; arrive Melville, R. I., 19 October.

RAMAPO—Arrived Mare Island 24 August for overhaul. Scheduled to leave Mare Island 9 Oct.; arrive San Pedro 11 Oct., leave 13 Oct.; arrive Manila 11 Nov., leave 22 Nov.; arrive San Pedro 19 December.

SALINAS—Sailed Port Arthur 11 September for Charleston. Due Charleston 17 Sept., leave 21 Sept.; arrive Yorktown 23 Sept., leave 26 Sept.; arrive Port Arthur 4 Oct., leave 6 Oct.; arrive Charleston 12 Oct., leave 19 Oct.; arrive Yorktown 21 Oct.

SAPELO—Arrived Norfolk Yard 17 August for overhaul. Will leave Norfolk 1 Oct.; arrive Canal Zone 9 Oct., leave 11 Oct.; arrive Corinto 13 Oct., leave 13 Oct.; arrive San Pedro 23 Oct., leave 25 Oct.; arrive Corinto 4 Nov., leave 4 Nov.; arrive Canal Zone 7 Nov., leave 9 Nov.; arrive Guantanamo 12 November.

SIRIUS—Arrived Mare Island 8 September. Will leave Mare Island 18 Sept.; arrive Puget Sound 21 Sept. Will leave Puget Sound 25 September for the East Coast of the United States on the following itinerary: Arrive Mare Island 28 Sept., leave 6 Oct.; arrive San Pedro 7 Oct., leave 8 Oct.; arrive San Diego 9 Oct., leave 12 Oct.; arrive Corinto 21 Oct., leave 21 Oct.; arrive Canal Zone 24 Oct., leave 26 Oct.; arrive Hampton Roads 2 Nov., leave 10 Nov.; arrive New York 16 Nov., leave 22 Nov.; arrive Boston 23 Nov., leave 30 Nov.; arrive Hampton Roads 2 December.

VEGA—Sailed Mare Island 11 September for San Pedro. Due San Pedro 12 Sept., leave 13 Sept.; arrive San Diego 14 Sept., leave 17 Sept.; arrive Corinto 26 Sept., leave 26 Sept.; arrive Canal Zone 29 Sept., leave 1 Oct.; arrive Hampton Roads 8 Oct., leave 16 Oct.; arrive New York 17 Oct., leave 23 Oct.; arrive Philadelphia 24 Oct., leave 29 Oct.; arrive Hampton Roads 30 October.

BRAZOS—Arrived Hampton Roads 24 August.

BRIDGE—Arrived Hampton Roads 31 August.

ARCTIC—Arrived San Diego 5 September.

CUYAMA—Sailed Pearl Harbor 4 September for San Diego.

KANAWHA—Arrived Bremerton 10 September.

NECHES—Arrived San Diego 24 August. Will leave San Pedro 15 Sept. for Pearl Harbor; arrive Pearl Harbor 26 Sept., leave 30 Sept.; arrive San Pedro 10 Oct., leave 11 Oct.; arrive San Diego 11 October.

PECOS—Sailed Tsingtao 31 August for Chefoo.

RECENT GRADUATES OF THE MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

Major Bennet Puryear, Jr.—French.

Captain William F. Becker—Spanish.

Captain Ray A. Robinson—Spanish.

Second Lieutenant Edward W. Snedden—Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing.

Second Lieutenant Floyd A. Stephenson—Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing.

First Sergeant Albert R. Consonine—Greenhouse Vegetable Growing.

Staff Sergeant Philip R. Higuera—Spanish.

Sergeant John D. Long—Poultry Farming.

Sergeant William F. Thomas, Jr.—Railroad Station Agent.

Yeoman 3rd Class Hugh M. Scofield—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

Corporal John J. Angel—Railway Postal Clerk.

Corporal Otto Venhor—Spanish.

Corporal Theodore R. Walker—Radio.

Pvt. 1cl. Theodore R. Engleman—Salesmanship.

Pvt. 1cl. Vernon C. Hagestad—Railway Postal Clerk.

Pvt. 1cl. Martin Lee—Automobile Mechanics.

Pvt. Samuel W. Ford—Selected Subjects.

Pvt. Charles A. Funk—Railway Postal Clerk.

Pvt. Private Theodore R. Harris—Engine Running.

Pvt. Alton M. Hooker—Farm Crops.

Pvt. Lyle J. Kelley—Salesmanship.

Pvt. Orrin C. Leach—Aeroplane Engines.

Pvt. Emilio J. Lima—Aeroplane Engines.

Pvt. Donald A. Malicoat—Aeroplane Engines.

Pvt. Joseph C. Schwalke—Good English.

Pvt. John O. Smith—Automobile Mechanics.

DEATHS

SPICER, William F., Lt. Col. (retired), died August 10, 1928, of disease, at Portsmouth, N. H. Next of kin: Mrs. W. F. Spicer, wife, Kittery, Maine.

KIRKEY, Joseph W., Marine Gunner (retired), died August 2, 1928, of disease, at Philadelphia, Pa. Next of kin: Mrs. Elva M. Kirkey, wife, 524 North Fairhill St., Philadelphia.

BURNISON, Milbert J., Pvt., died August 4, 1928, of accidental drowning, near Wakefield, Mass. Next of kin: Mrs. Ruth Bruni, wife, 25 Temple St., Newburyport, Mass.

GOEN, John R., Pvt., accidentally drowned August 11, 1928, in Nicaragua. Next of kin: William R. Goen, father, Griffin, Ga.

HAGOPIAN, Hrant, Pvt., died August 8, 1928, in China. Next of kin: None given.

MOHR, Philip W., 1st Sgt., died August 28, 1928, of disease at Port au Prince, Haiti. Next of kin: Mrs. Mary Mohr, mother, 46 Centre Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.

STENGEL, Meyer, Pvt., killed in action August 7, 1928, in Nicaragua. Next of kin: Nettie Stengel, mother, 367 Albany Ave., Hartford, Conn.

WITHROW, Hugh, Pvt. 1st Class, died August 28, 1928, of disease in China. Next of kin: Mrs. Lutie Withrow, mother, Route G, Box 198D, Fresno, Calif.

ZENGER, Joseph A., Pvt., died August 8, 1928, of disease, at Peking, China. Next of kin: Mrs. Anna Rongstad, sister, 2737 Chadwick St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

HINKLE, Wilard D., Pvt., FMC (inactive), died June 15, 1928, at Cincinnati, Ohio. Next of kin: Mrs. Margaret Hinkle, mother, 1106 West 33rd St., Latonia, Ky.

WAGNER, Robert L., Sgt. Major (MCR (inactive)), died March 9, 1928, of disease, at Pensacola, Fla. Next of kin: Mrs. Lillian M. Wagner, wife, Warrington, Fla.

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THE BROADCAST

(Continued from page 49)

Signal School at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, so we have only one officer besides the Captain who is everything the Captain is not . . . vice Post Exchange Officer, Mess Officer, Athletic Officer, Recorder of the Summary Court, and Purchasing Agent for the Branch Post Exchange at Puerto Cabezas, Nicaragua. . . Lieutenant Shaughnessy is the one who is burdened with all this work.

We have a mighty fine gang of non-coms. QM. Sgt. "Nick" Nichols is one QM. Sgt. who doesn't know how to say "I ain't got—you can't have." Our Top Kick Cox knows his muster and payrolls and keeps us on the guard detail. Sergeant "Bam" Bambalere still holds forth in ye galley and his slaves are Allen, Eskridge, Harry Hollis, Chance and Rich. Old "Concrete" Harris, of P. I. fame, passes out the brooms, shovels, and swabs, not to mention plenty of growls at police call. Then we have "Bigamy Benny" Cox, "Whoopee" Payton, the boss of the Mexico City Bar, and Henry Ford's partner in crime, and "Wee Willie" Roberts as the remainder of the "sarmentos." Incidentally "Whoopee" Payton is no longer known as the "woman hater" since he was recently identified as Mr. X with the red headed "Cajun parked in his baby "Lincoln" out on the Burman highway.

Our two-stripers are Covington, Faulk Noland, Pence and Old Tom Thomas. Pence and Noland have just inherited their "jawbone" arm bands. Covington says he once knew a Marine who was made a corporal and it made a man out of him. That's funny because most of my thoughts of them would not connect with such a thing; however, that's something for both Pence and Noland to look forward to. Old Tom says he's a good Democrat, and wants to vote the straight ticket, so he burns nightly candles on his shelf to put him in the mood.

Our noble PFCS are "Alice" Eckhoff, the pride of eight building, and our mail orderly. "Tony" Giesen does the gyping in the Post Exchange, and how. "Chink" Griffin, "Padget" Helton, "Rosy" Sirman, and "Sammie" McElrath are some more of the high-class privates. "Felix" McGuffee wears the red fireman's suit, and also drives the White, GMC and Ford. Bauguss and Pipitone rend the otherwise peaceful atmosphere with their conceptions of reveille, chow and pay calls.

Anderson, Barnes, Dowis, Farobent, Harvey, Leitess, McManus and Watson are some of the \$21.00 beauties. Hooper does the trimming in the Barber Shop, while McClary does worse with the carpenter tools, and baby you should see him sling a paint brush. To see "Mac" walk around working hours you would think he was at least forty-five, but just let a young gal step into view, or if he hits a two-bagger, then watch him step.

Our baseball team has had a very successful season. They have won twenty-one, tied three, and lost four, so far with only three more games to go for the end of our season. The team here is composed of Marines, Sailors and civilian employees and they've shown us some

wonderful games. They have been handicapped in almost every way, sickness, injuries, shortage of men, grand opera dispositions, and what have you. But they've come through with flying colors in every game, with the opponents always being assured of having been in a ball game. "Speedy" Pence, the mainstay of the pitching staff last year, has been sick nearly all season and unable to twirl his best brand of ball. "Fanny" Uhle and "Happy" Hansen complete our pitching staff. "Tony" Giesen has been doing the bulk of the receiving for the trio of pitchers. "Ethel" Cox, our able top, wrenched his knee on Decoration Day, and has not been able to return to the lineup; however, he's now doing his stuff as the "ump." There are several who might be mentioned as stars, but I think the wreath should be split up this year and passed on the whole team. All have contributed some wonderful plays sometime or other to discourage the opponents, while the batting eyes of all have been focused on the ball with the results of a team batting average of .346, and a fielding average of .981. "Cloudy" Fairweather has taken good care of the gate at first, while Cox and McClary have torn up the turf around second. Salter has played the most consistent game at third and Farobent and Uhle have alternated at short. Schiefer, Dowis, Vitter, Sanders, and Wilcks, have taken care of the outer gardens. The team has been most ably managed by "Slum and Hash" Bambalere, our beloved mess Sgt. Dowis, Giesen, McClary and Uhle are our best grand-stand shrieks. Bam declares that it's too bad they could not stay up there all the time, but somebody has to be out on the diamond to pull the boners.

Some of the wise-cracks heard around the station:

Rabb says he was so ugly when he was a baby that his mother used to hide him out by the pig-pen in the weeds and borrow Felix McGuffee when company came.

Payton went on a twenty-dollar furlough by proxy.

Dowis had just returned from a two-bit liberty with a winsome young 'Cajun. Pence—"Does your new girl pet?" Dowis—"Yup; dumb animals!" Pence, with a twinge of jealousy—"You lucky goat."

McClary wants the QM to issue colored sox; he says he has no sex appeal with the white ones.

"Chink" Griffin says: "Once a mason always a mason, but once Knight is not always the answer to a maiden's prayer."

Farobent was humming a tune in the wash room the other day when Watson entered and asked "When you gonna wash your neck?"

Farobent evidently didn't hear, for he continued to hum "When the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold!"

Our Scotch barber, Hooper, has been raving all week because the Ferry people have reduced their rates and he can't save as much by swimming the river!

Home Brew signing off.

October, 1928

Fifty-three

THE LEATHERNECK

THE "CAMP VERY MARINES' FOUNTAIN" IN HAWAII NEI

By E. N. McClellan

The first permanent Marines arrived at Honolulu on board the Army transport Sheridan on February 9, 1904. Their commanding officer was Captain Albertus W. Catlin who arrived at Honolulu from Manila on the transport Sheridan on January 5, 1904.

The first Marine Barracks was a "large coal-shed on the Naval Station Grounds" which had been "transformed into temporary barracks." The Marines were quartered in this building for about four years when they moved into tents on a site which is now covered by Fort Armstrong. The camp was named "Camp VERY" in honor of the Commandant of the Naval Station.

Between the sea-wall and the tennis court and to the Ewa direction of the Officers' Quarters at Fort Armstrong there stands a very pretty fish-pond (as it is called) which would be better named a fountain if water were spouting up from the cylindrical column rising from the center. It is made of shells and coral and was erected by the men of Company B, of the Marines, stationed at Camp Very many years ago.

This "Fish Pond" is about six by six feet and is very attractive. On the Ewa side of the fountain are the letters, "U. S. M. C." worked-in shells. Originally this monument was situated makai of the present Non-Commissioned Officers' Quarters located over in the waikiki area of Fort Armstrong. It became necessary to enlarge these quarters and so the "Camp Very Marines' Fountain" was moved to a place of honor where it now proudly stands a monument to Marines of old Camp Very.

The Marines are grateful to the Army for preserving and maintaining this unique and valuable land-mark.

AROUND GALLEY FIRES

(Continued from page 10)

P. R. "Salty" Iman, P. H. "Pete" Krueger, and Fred R. "Shiek" Trimble. A pensioner in the person of a sorrel horse is also enjoying well-earned retirement at the Barracks. This 34-year-old was General Elliott's horse and is known as "Tom."

* * *

At the Naval Prison detachment is found QM. Sgt. Hinkle, who has recently completed sixteen years service and is still going strong. He is well liked by all members of the detachment because he is always on the job when they need clothes. I might say that the clothing business is a big one in this section of the country, as there are times when a lot more than a bathing suit has to be worn for comfort. First Sergeant Curcey is always to be seen or heard around the prison, and is ably assisted by the company clerk, Pvt. 1cl. Russell E. Purvis, who says he can easily hold down the "Top Kick's" job as far as administrative work is concerned. I might also say that Curcey is the proud owner of a "rattling" good Chevrolet. Gy.-Sgt. Jacobson may be seen riding around the Navy Yard on his bicycle instead of an

automobile, and he seems to have more cash to make liberties with in Lawrence, Mass.

Several old-timers are among the non-commissioned officers of the prison detachment. Sgt. William L. Barron has over eight years service. Sgt. Wilbur L. Kunes, who is contemplating retiring on thirty years if allowed to be a mess sergeant for the next fourteen years, is now enjoying a thirty-day furlough. Sgt. Alvie L. Thomas has an enviable record of almost sixteen years in the Corps. Sgt. William H. Tobin, the "Postmaster General" of the prison, has about a year in on his second cruise and says he is a thirty-year man. Sgts. Charlie W. Johnson and Andrew Stancisko have recently been promoted to that rank but are by no means recruits in the outfit. Sgt. William C. Crawford it is said will soon need cushion for the radiator in the prison lobby, as the time is drawing near when the heat will be turned on and he will not be able to sit on the bare radiator.

First Sergeant Curcey says he has had numerous applicants for extensions of enlistments since Corporal Lamusga has assumed the duties as mess sergeant.

The detail of sixteen men who recently arrived from the Asiatics (China) have reported that they lost a lot of laundry while in China. It seems strange that they should "lose" their laundry in a country like China. Corporal Thomas H. Gordon, who has been at the prison for over a year, also hails from the Asiatics. He may be heard most any time telling of his experiences while "over there." Some of the boys are a little skeptical about believing all that he says, but as there is no one around who was with him that can authenticate his statements they are taking his word.

Trumpeter Clarence S. Libby is now six feet four inches, having grown about two inches since my last visit. There is no doubt about him being one of the "higher-ups."

I'm told that Corporal Thomas A. Caudill and Private Robert E. Hockenberry are planning a voyage to Copenhagen in a row boat for the purpose of obtaining themselves a supply of snuff.

THE HAITIAN CAMPAIGN IN 1919

(Continued from page 3)

with lukewarm water from hot canteens. Silence prevails. The Cacos have scattered. A litter is made of poles and belts and the body of the major is placed on it. Ammunition boxes are gathered up and with an advance and rear guard the men begin the two-hour hike to camp.

From the left flank, at every opening in the bushes, shots are fired at the column. No one is hit but it serves to retard the progress of the men. This continues to within five miles of Mirebalais. The details carrying the body are changed frequently.

Sunset in camp. The flag is lowered to the sad, sweet notes of Evening Colors and the eyes of the sergeant who lowers it are dimmed by tears; just inside the building, on a table, lies the body of the major, covered with a sheet.

(To be continued.)

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MAIL DAY

(Continued from page 5)

but her mouth was soft and quivery when you kissed it, and unshed tears are bright in the eyes and fall like slow rain upon the heart—Man's a fool to go to sea! And he always goes...

"Rot—mustn't get sentimental—" And then, you might as well—the cabin-door is shut, and you're five thousand miles from anywhere and most of a year removed, down on the Rainless Coast. . . . A ship is a man's world, quite. No place for women in it, whether in the wardroom country among the spurious and exact comforts of bachelors; or along the clanging living spaces forward, with the black little billet-hooks where the hammocks hang, and the unabashed guard, coming off, changes into something loose. Nor in the cabins, all painted and varnished and set with brightwork on which the mess-boy spends his soul, and where the faces of sweethearts and wives and children look inharmonious and a little strange.

Mail day, though, brings a gentle influence to the hardest ship, no matter where the striped sacks catch up with her. There are, somewhere around the world, for most of us, women. And on this day, in a remoteness with a name out of the geography, they come aboard with the letters, mothers and sweethearts and wives, and are with us for a little. . . .

And after, you can look forward to the next mail.

(Copyright by the Bell Syndicate.)

TRIMMED AND BURNING

(Continued from page 2)

It happened so suddenly that the mountaineer, a past master in quickness, was taken wholly unaware and powerless to help himself. With his left hand Dale Garland thrust the rifle's barrel out of a line with his head—at the same time he struck over his left arm with his right, and his iron-hard fist landed with terrific force on Bill Young's throat. Young instinctively took a hand from his weapon's breech to ward off the blow after it had gone home, and Garland seized the rifle and wrenched it from its owner's grip—all within less than a pair of seconds. The two men sprang erect. Blizzard stepped backward a few yards and watched with a keen mulish curiosity. Blizzard saw Dale Garland wreck the Winchester's mechanism by dashing it against a stone, and then he saw the two men fly at each other like tigers.

Young didn't run because he was desperately angry and because he believed he could whip the easy-going, the good-natured, "the irresponsible" Garland. He led out with a straight right that caught the young officer on the point of the jaw and staggered him, and followed it with a straight left that Garland somehow warded off. Then the law's representative assumed the quality of exploding dynamite. He feinted and sent a pile-

driver punch to the bottom of Young's breastbone, and Young fell crashing. Garland snatched a pair of old-fashioned chain manacles, that hung at his belt, and made for the fallen mountaineer. But Young scrambled to his feet at a bare glimpse of the iron, and the two grappled.

Then young Bill Young went at Garland with what seemed to be a last burst of his waning strength, and Garland flattened him on the leaves with a blow over the heart. Young rose with a roundish stone the size of a big apple in his hand. He threw it, after Garland had refused to strike him when he was down. It struck Garland squarely in the forehead, and Garland pitched to the ground on his face under the mule, turned over spasmodically, and lay there ashend and red and quivering.

Blizzard proved the entirely unknown and unguessed quantity of his thoroughly mulish spirit by standing as motionless as though he were posing for an equestrian statue.

"I reckon," Bill Young foamed madly, "that fixed yuh clock fo' ye."

But it didn't.

Passed a minute that seemed a long, dim time to Dale Garland. He opened his eyes about half and saw that Bill Young was trying weakly to get himself into Blizzard's saddle; Young had already unsnapped the halter rope. Soon the hillman succeeded, and, marvel of marvels, the mule did not put forth an objection to his mounting. Young's long legs hung below the mule's body. He began to fumble with his feet for the stirrups.

Garland came to life all at once. "Trimmed and burning," had flashed on the palimpsest of his brain—"trimmed and burning." He did a little quick work with his hands, and then by sheer will power forced his sore and bruised muscles to put him quickly on his feet, he tore the bridle off the mule, and gave the animal a resounding kick that sent him flying through the laurels, his head turned homeward at last, with young Bill Young holding around his neck in lieu of reins!

Garland smiled a queer smile, sank to his knees dizzily, and passed a bleeding hand across his swollen eyes. He heard faintly the gurgling of a brook, and he crawled toward it. The cold water soothed his wounds. After half an hour of rest, he rose and started, staggering somewhat at the first, toward the lowland. He had not covered a mile when he found himself confronted by the two wildcat brothers of Bill Young, and they were armed.

"Seen anything o' Bill?" one of them asked narrowly.

"Seen anything of Bill?" repeated Garland. "I most certainly have seen something of Bill. He left me his kind regards on the forehead, which you can see if you'll take the pains to look. Then Bill got on my mule and rode off."

The Youngs laughed. "Rode off!"

"Like a streak of blue lightning. So long, boys, I've got to be movin'. I'm the sheriff of o' Cantrell County, and I've got business in Bainsville."

It was after noon when he arrived at the jail, about which Bainsville's usual idle crowd of curiosity seekers had gathered. Deputy Fraser and John Millard met him at the main entrance.

"By George, Dale!" exclaimed Millard. "We were just fixing to send men out to the Back Half to see what had become of you! Well, you did the trick, all right. It was certainly clever. Young told us something of it, a syllable at a time. Young is ugly, Dale."

"When did he get in?" said Garland. "Oh, more than an hour ago. Want to see him?"

The sheriff nodded. The three of them walked down the whitewashed corridor and halted before the door of iron bars set in a wall of the same strong material. Inside the cell young Bill Young sat on the back of Blizzard, the red mule—sat there for the simple and very good reason that his legs were manacled around the mule's body!

"None o' my keys would fit them old fashioned cuffs, Dale," said Fraser, "and so we jest made sure of everything by puttin' the mule in jail with Mr. William Young—"

"My name's Bill, dang you, and not William!" blazed the jailbird.

"On his back," Fraser went on as though he had not been interrupted. "John was on the street when the mule found him, and he brought 'em both here. How did you do it, Dale?"

"A little quick work with my hands," smiled Dale. "The cuffs fitted his ankles perfectly, and the chain was just long enough to stretch across. I knew nobody could stop that mule without a bridle, after he got started for home. If you make as good a deputy as Blizzard made, Fraser, I'll sure be proud of you!"

John Millard whispered a few words to Garland, and Garland pressed closer to the bars.

"Bill," said he, quite soberly, "let's you and me talk some plain common sense. Do you know what State's evidence is, Bill?"

Young favored the sheriff with a slow nod. Young was very well cowed now. Nearly all the fire was out of him.

"It means, of course," said Garland, "tellin' what you know on other people in order to help yourself. But you'd better tell before the other fellows get away, Bill, so you won't have to shoulder the whole burden. Nebo Slayter promised you law protection, didn't he? Did you get it, or didn't you? You're good for twenty years, Bill, even if you don't hang, for killin' Al Fyfer. Remember that."

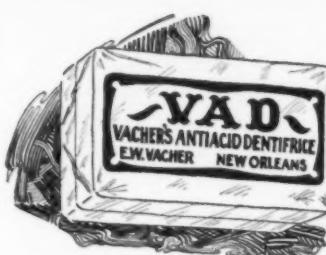
At the mention of Nebo Slayter, Young's bruised face went white. If he had to suffer, he wouldn't suffer alone.

"Nebo Slayter and William Dandridge," he suddenly fumed, "they left five hundred dollars at my house, a-layin' on the table, and said they'd like to have me fix things so Fyfer wouldn't bother 'em no more, and they both winked at me when they said it. That's where Slayter and the judge got their starts. And then, asides that—"

It was a long story, and in it were charges of almost everything from mayhem to manslaughter, and most of those charges were beautifully well based. The reformers had all the missing links in the chain of evidence they had been for so long trying to forge around the chiefs of the Cantrell County ring.

Garland unlocked the manacles. Bill Young slipped from the red mule's back. John Millard led the animal out and away.

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Shortly afterward Nebo Slayter and Judge Dandridge walked up to Dale Garland in the jail's corridor. Their faces betrayed keen anxiety in spite of them.

"I understand," began Slayter, "that you've got Bill Young in here. The judge and I wish to see him."

Garland led them back to Bill Young's cell. Young sat slumped on a narrow bed on the farther side. Garland unlocked the door, and the visitors walked in; Garland closed the door behind them and turned the key.

"Much obliged to you, certainly," he said with a triumphant smile. "You see, I was just goin' to arrest you two. Now don't begin any jawin', you highway robbers, or I'll put you on bread and water in solitary."

Slayter and Dandridge stared at each other in white-faced chagrin. Young Bill Young laughed a wicked laugh that was not wholly without mirth.

Garland went to his office, and the phone rang as he entered. With one hand Deputy Fraser took it up, and with the other he pointed to a new revolver lying on the desk before him.

"You didn't even take your gun with you, Dale," he said. He put the receiver to his ear and bawled a lusty "Hel-lo!"

"I forgot it!" confessed Garland. Fraser passed him the instrument with a twinkle in his eyes; he took it and heard the voice of Alice.

"The sheriff's office? Has Dale got back yet? Are you going to send out to find him? Do you think anything has happened to him?"

The sheriff of Cantrell County chuckled a chuckle that came perilously near ending in a choke.

"Little old side-kicker," he asked softly, "does it matter?"

There followed a moment when neither of them said anything. Over the wire he could hear her breathing. Then, in tones that were very low and very calm:

"More than anything else in the world."

GAS AND SMOKE

(Continued from page 7)

Under the act of Congress approved June 4, 1920, training and instruction of the Army in chemical warfare will consist of the following:

Under the act of Congress approved June 4, 1920, training and instruction of the army in chemical warfare will be confined to the use of smoke, incendiary materials, nontoxic gas for training, and gas defense appliances, and will consist of the following:

1. The conduct of a special service school for training and instruction in chemical warfare, both offensive and defensive. . . .

2. Provision for officers of the chemical warfare service as instructors in both offensive and defensive chemical warfare at general service schools and at certain special service schools as directed by the War Department.

1. The conduct of a special service school for training and instruction in defensive chemical warfare. . . .

2. Provision for chemical warfare personnel as instructors in defensive chemical warfare at general service schools and at certain special service schools as directed by the War Department.

4. Provision for the availability of such portions of the first gas regiment as are necessary for demonstration and instructional purposes at special service schools.

5. Provision for suitable units of special gas troops for departments and corps areas during periods of field training and the operation of such troops during these periods.

The dates of these orders are important. The United States Army committed itself actually, by decisive orders, to the elimination of poison gas, and did this early in June, 1922. At that time, Italy alone among the other nations had ratified the Washington treaty. The War Department did not wait for the other signatory parties, but played the game fairly and squarely and eliminated poison gas from the American Army. Of course it is still continuing research and experimentation, in order to be prepared with suitable protective appliances. New types of gas masks, lately developed and produced, bear witness to its activity in this regard. But this is a merely defensive policy.

IV

Of the value of poison gas in war, there can be little doubt. A gas shell diffuses its contents more widely and makes more casualties than a high explosive shell. The fumes linger and continue to disable men. Twenty-seven per cent of the American World War casualties resulted from gas. Mustard gas, which clings to the ground and persists amazingly under favorable conditions, has been called the greatest defense weapon in the world. There is no other weapon devised by man that can be left to continue its action for two weeks without any control by manpower. Properly laid down, it denies the enemy almost absolutely any access to hollows, defiles, woods, and other covered avenues of approach.

There is another great advantage in the fact that it kills only one out of every forty men it reaches. A wounded or gassed man, calculations show, engages five men in the rear to carry him to the hospital, care for him, cure him. In modern war it is thus better to disable than to kill, for by wounding you load your foe down with tremendous rear installations and hosts of line-of-communications personnel.

Great Britain, Italy, France, Japan, Spain, Switzerland, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Sweden all have chemical warfare services in one form or another. The British Field Service regulations provide for gas tactics, when responsible authorities have determined the need for them. France has a section of its war ministry studying offensive gas warfare. Russia is active in preparing for it, and has had gas casualties as a result of accidents on maneuvers. A pamphlet emanating from the Fort Leavenworth command and general staff school, in May, 1922, freely discussed the effectiveness of chemical warfare, and said: "It is distinctly preferable in general to employ deadly gas attacks so far as the available means permit." But then came the

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general orders of June, 1922, and the corresponding Leavenworth document in use today is much more guarded. It discusses chemicals in war in the abstract, prefacing the discussion with a note on the treaty of 1922, and seemingly apologizes for discussing the matter at all by saying:

However, the fact that not all nations are signatories and the possibility of the use of chemical materials by an unscrupulous enemy, make it essential that the manner of meeting gas attacks and of dealing effectively with them should be studied.

Whether or not poison gas will be used in future wars, it is not possible to say. Laocoön was the most famous military prophet in history, and he was strangled by snakes. Soldiers do not clamor to emulate him. They only know that poison gas may be used and that therefore it should be studied. They know, too, that chemical smoke screens are not banned by any treaty or barred by sentimental opinion, and they feel that such screens are almost certain to be used. Therefore, although the United States Army is living up to the spirit of the yet unratified treaty so far as poisons are concerned, it has not altogether abandoned all idea of chemical warfare. Smoke screens were devised and used before poison gas was considered practicable. Torpedo-boat destroyers have for long been belching tumbling clouds of black smoke to screen the battle-fleet. Planes have learned to drop gleaming white curtains to hide movements from the foe.

Indeed, the use of smoke is historic. When Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, the father of modern war, marched on Bavaria in 1631, before he defeated Tilly at Breitenfeld, he found his movements into position hindered by smoke from the burning village of Podelwitz. The following Spring, he again faced Tilly at Rain, on the Lech River near Augsburg. The foe had broken down the bridge and there was none other nearer than twenty miles. Says Hart:

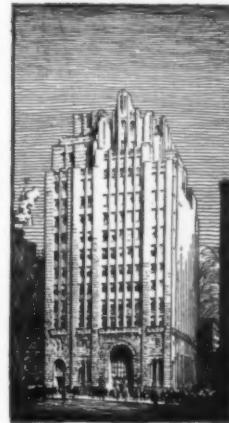
At a spot where the swiftly flowing river made a bend to the west, forming a salient toward the Swedes, Gustavus established seventy-two guns to command the passage. Meanwhile, by a personal reconnaissance, he discovered another possible passage a mile up-stream, where there was a small island in mid-river. At both points he began bridges, the first under cover of a heavy fire, and the second unknown to the enemy. At the first point, by setting fire to wet straw, he created a smoke screen to cloak the crossing—a method of concealment foreshadowing World War developments, when, improved by science, it became a vital factor. Did not Ludendorff declare that tanks and smoke were the two most dangerous enemies the Germans had to face in the final phases of the war?

Gustavus Adolphus's successor on the throne of Sweden, the brilliant Charles XII, the Madman of the North, profited by the example. In that great northern war which he waged from 1699 until he fell in action in 1718, he found himself on the Dvina River with Saxon troops arrayed opposite him, confronted with a situation similar to that which had confronted Gustavus Adolphus. Charles XII saw his foes across the river, which was very deep. He had boats built with high hinged sides, up for protection while crossing, down for gangways to be used in speedy disembarkation. Let Voltaire tell the story:

Having noticed that the wind blew from the north where he was, to the south where his enemies were encamped, he had great masses of damp straw set afire, from which

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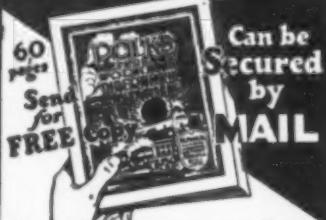
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the thick smoke spreading over the stream, deprived the Saxons of sight of his troops and knowledge of his intentions. Taking advantage of this cloud, he had pushed forward more boats filled with the same burning straw, so that the smoke increased and, driven by the wind into the eyes of his enemies, prevented them from knowing if the King was crossing or not. In a quarter of an hour he was on the other side. He had his guns immediately disembarked and formed line of battle before his enemies, their vision obscured by the smoke, could oppose him.

Small wonder, then, that modern commanders cling to the use of smoke. The Leavenworth pamphlet of 1922 says that it is useful to secure concealment, surprise, or deception. It adds: "Smoke is particularly valuable for screening river crossings." In 1918, in France, it was extensively employed to conceal movements and to neutralize air attacks. It was used as a feint, to draw the enemy's attention to a front on which no attack was to be made. It was employed, according to Sir Douglas Haig, by the Ninth Division on July 19, 1918, as a fake gas attack. For some time previous, gas had been used on a certain front, in conjunction with smoke and high explosives. When the real attack was started, gas was omitted from the barrage and the British infantry went forward to find the foe confusedly masked and expecting gas.

It used to be the idea that a screen of smoke would conceal your own troops and reduce the accuracy of enemy fire, and therefore reduce casualties. I could point out problems and demonstrations given at the Fort Benning Infantry School in which smoke was employed almost exclusively to hide advancing infantry from machine-gun enfilade. But in 1922, the Chemical Warfare Service began saying that the use of smoke for this purpose was not entirely suitable in a pitched battle, for it would necessarily draw the enemy fire. Then, too, all defensive machine-guns now have what are known as "final protective lines." When a foe advances, the guns are swung back on to these battle lines and kept constantly in action, so as to maintain a steadily streaming band of fire across the front of the position. Into such a band of fire, advancing infantry has to march, obscured by smoke or not. General Dickman tells how it worked at the Marne on July 18, 1918, when the fierce final thrust of the Germans was repulsed by the Third American Division:

After the Infantry, crossing in boats at 2:10 A. M., had gained a footing on the south bank, a heavy smoke screen was to be spread over the entire valley to favor the operation of pontoon ferries, the construction of pontoon bridges, and the crossing of masses of infantry in broad daylight so as to occupy the "storm" position.

The General then goes on to say that one battalion of the German 398th Infantry was reduced to the size of a company by our artillery fire. In front of companies G, H, and E of the 38th American Infantry, "the enemy delivered a destructive fire on our front lines and under cover of a smoke screen attempted to cross. All his efforts in front of companies H and E were disastrously defeated."

The newest doctrine of smoke is quite different from that which the Germans followed. The new idea is: Don't try to hide the object. Try to blind the eyes. In Leavenworth's present pamphlet, it is stated that smoke should be used:

(1) To blind hostile observation posts and machine-gun nests; to mask the front and flanks of attacking infantry and tanks, concentrations of guns and tanks, roads, forming places, and the construction of bridges, trenches and other works; to blind the flashes of artillery in action; to hamper hostile aerial observation, and to screen landings on hostile shores.

(2) As a feint, to draw the enemy's attention to a front on which no attack is to be made.

(3) To simulate a gas attack, forcing the enemy to mask.

(4) To fill valleys with smoke, concealing the infantry advance.

The British Manual on the Use of Smoke, issued in 1923, had a different idea. It stated that smoke made advancing units lose direction. The object was to deny the enemy opportunity for aimed fire. It declared that the ideal method was to have the smoke screen close to the enemy and with a wind blowing it slowly parallel to his lines. The British wished to blind the enemy and keep their own vision. They knew that smoke would draw heavy fire, and so they insisted that the screen should be far in advance of friendly, and as close as possible to hostile, troops. That leads to the latest American doctrine upon the subject. I quote Major-General Robert H. Allen, Chief of Infantry:

A little over a year ago the question came up as to whether we wanted a smoke-producing apparatus with the tank. It was referred to the Tank School and they said that the apparatus had no place on the tank. Then the Infantry School indorsed what the Tank School had said. I thought everybody was out of step but myself. . . . Before the World War, the fundamental principles of war were fire and movement, but since then there are three—fire, movement, and smoke. The use of smoke is primarily to blind the enemy, and the tank is a means of carrying the smoke to the enemy; and I believe, as far as infantry front line units are concerned, that it will be far more effective than smoke by artillery or any other means. . . . When the tank reaches the area from which the machine-gun fire that has held up the infantry is coming, it can turn loose smoke screens and blind the enemy. Recent tests have been made of the effect of smoke-screens. First, a unit fired with rifles and machine-guns without any smoke-screen and its fire effect had a certain efficiency, which we will say is 100. Then a smoke-screen was placed in front of the targets and, with the same unit firing, the fire effect was 25 as compared with 100 without the smoke. Then the smoke was put down on the unit that was firing and the fire effect was eight as compared with 100. If you blind the enemy by smoke—not screening our own troops, but blinding the enemy—you have killed the effectiveness of his fire.

Therefore, when you give a tank the equipment to produce an excellent smoke-screen, you give it an excellent weapon. . . . This new tank that we are developing will have an apparatus that will throw an efficient smoke screen for about 30 minutes.

V

It was back in February, 1925, that Major C. R. Alley and Major Leigh F. J. Zerbee, both of the Chemical Warfare Service, first argued out the problem. Since then the Chemical Warfare School has fired many tests, and has induced the Infantry to make others of the same sort. The results have been a complete reversal of doctrine on the only general weapon the American gas soldiers have left. They have proved that in war you must not be an ostrich. The group in the smoke is subject to casualties from bullets fired into the cloud, and it has so completely lost sense of direction that its own fire is almost totally ineffective. The old plan was to put the smoke screens down on yourself! By 1922, the chemical folk in the Army had concluded that it was "invariably desirable" to

bring the heaviest concentrations of smoke directly upon the enemy force and blind his observation.

But that was in 1922 and no one listened to them as they are listened to now. If you are attacking, the enemy wants to shoot you down. Blind him, and he cannot tell where to shoot—that is the new doctrine. If he is attacking he will probably try at some time or other to establish what is known as fire superiority, without which attacking troops cannot advance. When he tries to do that, lay down your smoke on him and make his shooting wild. Smoke is not merely an annoyance. It is no longer only a device for ambushing or surprising a foe. It has become a weapon.

Surprises and concealments were relatively easy in former days. But of recent years the airplanes with their swiftness of wing and their photographic eyes have peered out the hidden spaces. No longer can an army move widely and unbeknown around the flank, as Stonewall Jackson did at Chancellorsville and at Second Manassas. The aviators would spy him out; the commander would be warned. But now comes smoke; to conceal movements, to make for new feints and stratagems.

In more remote days there used to be bandied about a phrase: "the fog of war." It expressed the ignorance of fact and the confusion of mind among any and all commanders in battle. On maneuvers, you were told that the enemy was thus and so; he was here and he was there. But in war, you knew nothing of him except what your cavalry and your patrols could wring from his outpost line and his actions on the immediate front. Your sources of information might be many and various, but were often of doubtful credibility. That was "the fog of war." Then came the airplane, not completely supplanting all other sources of information and observation, but at least supplementing them very fully and very completely.

Today soldiers cannot be hidden away completely. The "eyes of the army" spot them now and again. So the old fog of war has begun to disappear. But with the development of chemical smoke, with screens and clouds artificially created, a new fog of war has appeared. This new war cloud, this screen of smoke, is in actuality, in appearance, in conduct much like a veritable fog. Chemically created, carried in compressed form, it can be artfully released in such a manner as to spread, in vast billowing folds down an entire countryside, an artificial fog magically brought by man and placed at the spot where he wants it.

Poison gas has its values. It also has its disadvantages. It can return upon its sender as no bullet ever did. It can lurk in hollows and patches of shrubs in the enemy's area and then burn and scorch its creators when the enemy retires. It is—rightly or not—abhorred of men. But smoke, the latest product of modern scientific chemical warfare, has no such horrors, no such aversions. It is more subtle and more artful. It is attractive and intriguing. It makes more for ingenuity and cleverness and thought. It will stimulate tactics, freshen the military art. It is the latest contribution to military science, and upon it the last word has not yet been spoken.

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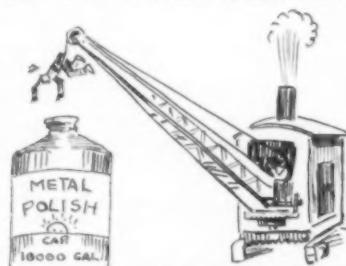
THIS YOUNG MAN IS EMPLOYED IN WHAT IS KNOWN AS "GOLDBRICKING" A WAY OF HOLDING DOWN A JOB WITH THE LEAST EFFORT.



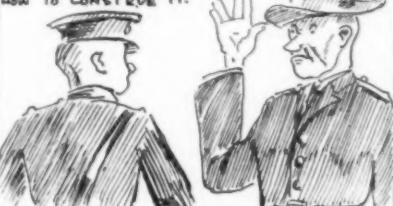
A DOG-ROBBER ABOUT TO ADD TO HIS COLLECTION. THIS TERM IS USUALLY APPLIED TO CLERKS, ORDERLIES AND OTHERS WHO ARE NOT ON STRAIGHT DUTY.



OUR CONCEPTION OF AN APPROPRIATE PUNISHMENT FOR THE BOZO WHO ANSWERS EVERY QUESTION WITH "I HOPE TO SPIT ON YOUR BRIGHTWORK."



THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN ON THE RIGHT HAS JUST SAID TO THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN ON THE LEFT "AYE, AYE, SIR." THE TERM HAS MANY MEANINGS, DEPENDING ON THE INFLECTION OF THE SPEAKER'S VOICE. IN THIS CASE THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN ON THE LEFT IS NOT MEAN CERTAIN HOW TO CONSTRUE IT.



THE OFFICER BELOW IS NOTIFYING A GROUP OF SALUTING MARINES THAT THEY MAY REVERT TO THEIR FORMER STATUS. HOWEVER IT SEEMS TO HAVE NO EFFECT, THE REASON BEING THAT THE MEN ARE NOT SALUTING HIM BUT "COLORS" WHICH IS BEING SOUNDED IN THE NEAR DISTANCE.



THIS PERSON IS ABOUT TO HAVE A WULL MARKED OPPOSITE HIS NAME ON THE MORNING REPORT. HE HAS JUST BECOME OBSESSED WITH A DESIRE TO GO PLACES AND SEE THINGS.



AN EQUACULATION EXACERBATED IN TIMES OF EXTREME STRESS. GENERALLY THERE IS NOTHING TO HOLD.



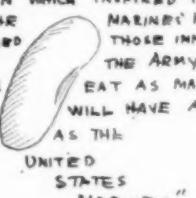
A PILE OF SWABS. THERE ARE 10,000 SWABS IN THIS PILE, BELONGING TO THE 10,000 GOBS WHO LAID DOWN THEIR SWABS TO LICK ONE POOR MARINE. THE TRUTH IS, HOWEVER, THAT THE GOBS LAID DOWN THEIR SWABS, NOT SO MUCH BECAUSE THEY HAD ANYTHING AGAINST THE MARINE, BUT BECAUSE ANY EXCUSE TO LAY DOWN THE SWABS WAS WELCOME.



IT IS RELATED IN BIBLICAL HISTORY THAT PRIVATE SAMSON KNOCKED A THOUSAND Philistines FOR A GOAL WITH THE JAWBONE OF AN ARMY MULE. MARINES HAVE BEEN JAWBONING EVER SINCE. SAMSON GOT A LOT WITH NOTHING. SO DO THE MARINES, ALTHOUGH MOST OF THEM EVENTUALLY KICK IN.



A RATION IS A VARIABLE QUANTITY OF FOOD, DEPENDING ON THE CONDITION OF THE MEET SERGEANT. THE MOST IMPORTANT ITEM OF THE NAVY RATION, IS THE BEAN, ISSUE, NAVY, BELOW DEPICTED. IT WAS THIS BEAN WHICH INSPIRED THE WRITER OF THE WHEN HE REPLIED WORDS: "IF THE NAVY EVER BEANS, THEY MANY EXPERTS



—IAP FELLOWES-1928

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